THE

WORKS

Serfojee Rajah · 1829

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

WITH

AN ESSAY

ON

HIS LIFE AND GENIUS,

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, IN FOURTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson; J. Nichols and Son; R. Baldwin; F. and C. Rivington; Otridge and Son; W. J. and J. Richardson; R. Faulder and Son: G. Nicol and Son; T. Payne; G. Robinson; W. Lowndes; Wilkie and Robinson; Scatcherd and Letterman; Lane and Newman; J. Walker; Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe; R. Lea; J. Nunn; Lackington, Allen, and Co.; Cuthell and Martin; Barker and Son; C. Law; E. Jeffery; Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme; Cadell and Davies; Black, Parry, and Co.; W. Miller; I. Booker; R. H. Evans; S. Bagster; J. Harding; J. Mawman; J. Asperne; P. and W. Wynne; and Joseph Harding.

1808.

Hazard and Carthew, Printers, Beech Street, Barbican.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

	Page
The Intriguing Chambermaid, a Comedy . .	1
Don Quixote in England, a Comedy . . .	57
The Old Man taught Wisdom; or, the Virgin Unmask'd; a Farce	137
The Universal Gallant; or, The Different Husbands, a Comedy	169
Pasquin, a Dramatic Satyr on the Times . .	277

THE INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID:

A

COMEDY

OF

TWO ACTS.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE,

1733.

Majores nusquam ronchi; juvenésque senésque
Et pueri nasum Rhinocerotis habent.

Martial.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

Mrs. CLIVE.

MADAM,

If addresses of this nature (notwithstanding the base purposes to which they have been perverted) were originally intended to express the gratitude of the author for some favour received, or to celebrate the merit of some particular friend; I think you have a very just title to this.

Dedications, and indeed most panegyrics, have been generally confined to persons in high life; not that good qualities are so; but as the praise which most authors bestow comes not from the heart, nor is the effect of their gratitude for past favours, but of their necessity of future, it is not so much their business to enquire who best deserves praise, as who can best pay for it. And thus we often see an epistle crammed with such

gross, false, and absurd flattery, as the poet ought to be ashamed of writing, and the patron of accepting.

But while I hold the pen, it will be a maxim with me, that vice can never be too great to be lashed, nor virtue too obscure to be commended; in other words, that satire can never rise too high, nor panegyric stoop too low.

It is your misfortune to bring the greatest genius for acting on the stage, at a time when the factions and divisions among the players have conspired with the folly, injustice, and barbarity of the town, to finish the ruin of the stage, and sacrifice our own native entertainments to a wanton affected fondness for foreign music; and when our nobility seem eagerly to rival each other, in distinguishing themselves in favour of Italian theatres, and in neglect of our own.

However, the few who have yet so much English taste and good-nature left, as sometimes to visit that stage where you exert your great abilities, never fail to receive you with the approbation you deserve; nay, you extort, by the force of your merit, the applause of those who are languishing for the return of Cuzzoni.

And here I cannot help reflecting with some pleasure, that the town, that part of it, at least, which is not quite Italianized, have one obligation to me, who made the first discovery of your great capacity, and brought you earlier forward on the theatre, than the ignorance of some and

the envy of others would have otherwise permitted. I shall not here dwell on any thing so well known as your theatrical merit, which one of the finest judges and the greatest man of his age hath acknowledged to exceed in humour that of any of your predecessors in his time.

But as great a favourite as you at present are with the audience, you would be much more so, were they acquainted with your private character; could they see you laying out great part of the profits which arise to you from entertaining them so well, in the support of an aged father; did they see you who can charm them on the stage with personating the foolish and vicious characters of your sex, acting in real life the part of the best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, and the best friend.

The part you have maintained in the present dispute between the players and the patentees, is so full of honour, that had it been in higher life, it would have given you the reputation of the greatest heroine of the age. You looked on the cases of Mr. Highmore and Mrs. Wilks with compassion, nor could any promises or views of interest sway you to desert them; nor have you scrupled any fatigue (particularly the part which at so short a warning you undertook in this farce) to support the cause of those whom you imagined injured and distressed; and for this you have been so far from endeavouring to exact an exorbitant reward from persons little able to afford it, that I have known you offer to act for nothing, rather than the patentees should be injured by the dismission of the audience.

In short, if honour, good-nature, gratitude, and good sense, joined with the most entertaining humour, wherever they are found, are titles to public esteem, I think you may be sure of it; at least, I am sure they will always recommend you to the sincere friendship of,

MADAM,

Your most obliged

Humble servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

TO

Mr. FIELDING,

OCCASIONED BY THE

REVIVAL OF THE AUTHOR'S FARCE.

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY AN UNKNOWN HAND.

While wit, like persecution reigns, and all
Must in the furious inquisition fall,
Untry'd, unheard: while guiltless crowds expire,
Martyrs to spleen! in each poetic fire;
Nor characters, nor worth, nor sex, nor age,
Nor sacred majesty escapes her rage;
Against example who shall dare commend?
Avow good-nature or confess the friend!

Hard is the task, in such a soil, to raise
From her decay the long-lost art of praise;
Where the sharp thistle springs t' implant the corn,
Or graft the rose upon the spiny thorn.

Willing, yet weak, and fearful of the fight,
In vain I mourn th' abuse I cannot right;
Yet this remains—with chearful warmth to pay
To real worth this tributary lay.

Accept, then, Fielding! from a heart sincere,
A gift commended by its being rare,
Unfeign'd applause! by no mean motive sway'd,
Nor yet to thee, but to thy merit paid.

Long have I seen, with sorrow and surprise,
Unhelp'd, unheeded, thy strong genius rise,
To form our manners and amend our laws,
And aid, with artful hand, the public cause.

When modern crimes, to elder times unknown,
With worse than Sodom's guilt pollute this town,
Ty'd to old rules, tho' Westminster must aid,
The shame and scandal of the nuptial bed,
Thy equitable muse asserts her claim,
To mark the monster with eternal shame,
The brute appears, in thy most just decree,
Triumphant only in his infamy.

But see! the politician mounts the stage,
The bane and weakness of our clime and age!
Who can unmov'd behold th' instructive scene?
Indulge his laughter? or contain his spleen?
When he reflects that such grave heads, so late
Control'd our senate, and inflam'd our state!

O! had the Muse a due attention found,
Her flights encourag'd, and her labours crown'd;
Each busy knave had felt her vengeful hand,
And laughter branded whom the laws should brand!

In vain we wish!—and the compliant bard,
The public taste must sway, that must reward;
To that conforming, he must fill the scene,
With puppets, players, Henley, harlequin;
Farce, masque, and opera, Grubstreet, and the court,
Link'd of nonsense must club to make us sport.

Yet here, even here what sense! with how much art,
He courts the head, since we deny the heart;
Mark, in his mirth how innocent he plays!
And while he mimes the mimick, hurts not Bayes—
Tho' much provok'd, no base ill-natured stains,
With murd'rous dye, his unpolluted strains.

Proceed, even thus proceed, bless'd youth! to charm,
Divert our heats, and civil rage disarm,
Till Fortune, once not blind to merit, smile
On thy desert, and recompense thy toil:
Or Walpole, studious still of Britain's fame,
Protect thy labours, and prescribe the theme,
On which, in ease and affluence, thou may'st raise
More noble trophies to thy country's praise.

PROLOGUE:

UPON THE

REVIVAL OF THE AUTHOR'S FARCE.

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. CLIVE.

As when some ancient hospitable seat,
Where plenty oft has giv'n the jovial treat,
Where in full bowls each welcome guest has drown'd
All sorrowing thoughts, while mirth and joy went round,
Is by some wanton worthless heir destroy'd,
Its once full rooms grown a deserted void;
With sighs, each neighbour views the mournful place;
With sighs, each recollects what once it was.

So does our wretched theatre appear;
For mirth and joy once kept their revels here.
Here, the Beau-monde in crowds repair'd each day,
And went well pleas'd and entertain'd away.
While Oldfield here had charm'd the list'ning age,
And Wilks adorn'd, and Booth had fill'd the stage;

Soft eunuchs warbled in successless strain,
And tumblers shew'd their little tricks in vain.
Those boxes still the brighter circles were,
Triumphant toasts receiv'd their homage there.

But now, alas! how alter'd is our case!
I view with tears this poor deserted place;
None to our boxes now in pity stray,
But poets free o' th' house, and beaux who never pay.
No longer now, we see our crowded door
Send the late comer back again at four.
At seven now into our empty pit
Drops from his counter some old prudent cit,
Contented with twelve-penniworth of wit.
—Our author of a generous soul possess'd,
Hath kindly aim'd to succour the distress'd;
To-night what he shall offer in our cause
Already hath been blest with your applause.
Yet this, his muse maturer hath revis'd,
And added more to that, which once so much you priz'd.
We sue, not mean to make a partial friend,
But without prejudice at least attend.
If we are dull, e'en censure; but we trust,
Satire can ne'er displease you when 'tis just.
Nor can we fear a brave, a generous, town
Will help to crush us, when we are almost down.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Goodall	Mr. Jones.
Valentine	Mr. Stoppelaer.
Lord Pride	Mr. Hewson.
Lord Puff	Mr. Charles Jones.
Colonel Bluff	Mr. Mecklin.
Oldcastle	Mr. Norris.
Rakeit	Mr. Mullart.
Marquis	Mad. Grognet.
Slap	Mr. Topham.
Trick	Mr. Hallam.
Security	Mr. Giles.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Highman	Mrs. Mullart.
Charlotte	Mrs. Atherton.
Lettice	Mrs. Clive.

Ladies, Constables, Servants; &c.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, Covent-Garden.

Mrs. Highman, Lettice.

Mrs. Highman.

Oh! Mrs, Lettice, is it you? I am extremely glad to see you; you are the very person I would meet

Let. I am much at your service, Madam.

Mrs. High. Oh! Madam, I know very well that; and at every one's service, I dare swear, that will pay you for it. But all the service, Madam, that I have for you is to carry a message to your master—I desire, Madam, that you would tell him from me, that he is a very great villain, and that I entreat him never more to come near my doors; for if I find him within 'em, I will turn my niece out of them.

Let. Truly, Madam, you must send this by another messenger; but pray, what has my master done, to deserve it should be sent him at all?

Mrs. High. He has done nothing yet, I believe; I thank Heaven, and my own prudence: but I know what he wou'd do.

Let. He wou'd do nothing but what becomes a gentleman, I am confident.

Mrs. High. Oh! I dare swear, Madam, debauching a young lady is acting like a very fine gentleman; but I shall keep my niece out of the hands of such fine gentlemen.

Let. You wrong my master, Madam, cruelly; I know his designs on your niece are honourable.

Mrs. High. You know!

Let. Yes, Madam, no one knows my master's heart better than I do. I am sure, were his designs otherwise, I would not be accessary to 'em: I love your niece too much, Madam, to carry on an amour in which she should be a loser. But as I know that my master is heartily in love with her, and that she is heartily in love with my master; and as I am certain they will be a very happy couple, I will not leave one stone unturn'd to bring them together.

Mrs. High. Rare impudence! Hussy, I have another match for her; she shall marry Mr. Oldcastle.

Let. Oh! then, I find it is you that have a dishonourable design on your niece.

Mrs. High. How, sauciness!

Let. Yes, Madam, marrying a young lady, who is in love with a young fellow, to an old one whom she hates, is the surest way to bring about I know what, that can possibly be taken.

AIR I.—(SOLDIER LADDY.)

When a virgin in love with a brisk jolly lad
You match to a spark more fit for her dad,
'Tis as pure, and as sure, and secure as a gun,
The young lover's business is happily done:
Tho' it seems to her arms he takes the wrong rout,
Yet my life for a farthing,
Pursuing
His wooing,
The young fellow finds, tho' he go round about,
Its only to come
The nearest way home.

Mrs. High. I can bear this no longer, I wou'd advise you, Madam, and your master both, to keep from my house, or I shall take measures you won't like. [*Exit.*

Let. I defy you; we have the strongest party, and I warrant we'll get the better of you. But here comes the young lady herself.

SCENE II.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE.

Charl. So, Mrs. Lettice!

Let. 'Tis pity you had not come a little sooner, Madam; your good aunt is but just gone, and has left positive orders that you should make more frequent visits at our house.

Charl. Indeed!

Let. Yes, Madam; for she has forbid my master ever visiting at yours, and I know it will be impossible for you to live without seeing him.

Charl. I assure you! Do you think me so fond then?

Let. Do I! I know you are; you love nothing else, think of nothing else all day; and, if you will confess the truth, I dare lay a wager that you dream of nothing else all night.

Charl. Then to shew you, Madam, how well you know me—the devil take me—if you are not in the right.

Let. Ah! Madam, to a woman practis'd in love, like me, there is no occasion for confession: for my part, I don't want words to assure me of what the eyes tell me. Oh! if the lovers wou'd but consult the eyes of their mistresses, we should not have such sighing, languishing, and despairing, as we have.

AIR II.—(BUSH OF BOON.)

What need he trust your words precise,
Your soft desires denying,
When, oh! he reads within your eyes
Your tender heart complying?
Your tongue may cheat,
And with deceit
Your softer wishes cover;
But, oh! your eyes
Know no disguise,
Nor ever cheat your lover.

SCENE III.

LETTICE, CHARLOTTE, VALENTINE.

Val. My dearest Charlotte! this is meeting my wishes, indeed! for I was coming to wait on you.

Let. Its very lucky that you do meet her here; for her house is forbidden ground: you have seen your last of that, Mrs. Highman swears.

Val. Ha! not go where my dear Charlotte is? What danger could deter me? What difficulty prevent me? Not cannon, nor plagues, nor all the most frightful forms of death, should keep me from her arms.

Charl. Nay, by what I can find, you are not to put your valour to any proof; the danger is to be mine: I am to be turn'd out of doors, if ever you are seen in them again.

Val. The apprehensions of your danger, wou'd indeed, put it to the severest proof. But why will my dearest Charlotte continue in the house of one who threatens to turn her out of it? Why will she not know another home, one, where she would find a protector from every kind of danger?

Charl. How can you pretend to love me, Valentine, and ask me that in our present desperate circumstances?

Let. Nay, nay, don't accuse him wrongfully. I won't indeed insist that he gives you any great instance of his prudence by it; but I'll swear it is a very strong one of his love; and such an instance, as when a man has once shewn, no woman of any honesty, or honour, or gratitude, can refuse him any longer. For my part, if I had ever found a lover who had not wicked mercenary views upon my fortune, I should have married him, whatever he had been.

Charl. Thy fortune?

Let. My fortune! Yes, Madam, my fortune. I was worth fifty-six pounds before I put into the lottery; what it will be now, I can't tell; but you know somebody must get the great lot, and why not I?

Val. Oh, Charlotte! would you had the same sentiments with me! For, by Heavens! I apprehend no danger but that of losing you; and, believe me, love will sufficiently reward us for all the hazards we run on this account.

AIR III.—(FANNY BLOOMING FAIR, &c.)

Let bold ambition lie
 Within the warrior's mind;
False honours let him buy,
 With slaughter of mankind:
To crowns a doubtful right,
 Lay thousands in their grave;
While wretched armies fight
 Which master shall inslave.

Love took my heart with storm,
 Let him there rule alone,
In Charlotte's charming form,
 Still sitting on his throne.
How will my soul rejoice,
 At his commands to fly,
If spoken in that voice,
 Or look'd from that dear eye!

To universal sway
 Love's title is the best;
Well, shall we him obey,
 Who makes his subjects blest?
If Heaven for human good
 Did empire first design,
Love must be understood
 To rule by right divine.

Let. Hist! hist! get you both about your business. Mr. Oldcastle is just turn'd the corner;

and if he should see you together, you are undone. [*Exeunt* Valentine *and* Charlotte.
Now will I banter this old coxcomb severely: for I think it is a most impertinent thing in these old fumblers to interpose in young people's sport.

SCENE IV.

LETTICE, OLDCASTLE.

Old. Hem, hem! I profess it is a very severe easterly wind; and if it was not to see a mistress, I believe I should scarce have stirred abroad all day.

Let. Mr. Oldcastle, your very humble servant.

Old. Your humble servant, Madam: I ask your pardon; but I profess I have not the honour of knowing you.

Let. Men of your figure, Sir, are known by more than they are themselves able to remember. I am a poor handmaid of a young lady of your acquaintance, Miss Charlotte Highman.

Old. Oh! your very humble servant, Madam; I hope your lady is well.

Let. Hum! so, so. She sent me, Sir, of a small message to you.

Old. I am the happiest man in the world.

Let. To desire a particular favour of you.

Old. She honours me with her commands.

Let. She begs, if you have the least affection for her, that she may never see you here again.

Old. What! what!

Let. She is a very well-bred, civil, good-natur'd lady, and does not care to send a rude message; therefore only bids me tell you, she hates

you, scorns you, detests you more than any creature upon the earth; that if you are resolved to marry, she wou'd recommend to you a certain excellent dry nurse, who might possibly be brought by your money to do any thing, but go to bed with you; and lastly, she bids me tell you, in this cold weather, never to go to bed without a good warm posset, and never to lie without, at least, a pair of flannel shirts.

Old. Hold your impertinent saucy tongue.

Let. Nay, Sir, don't be angry with me, I only deliver my message; and that too in as civil and concise a manner as possible.

Old. Your mistress is a pert young hussy, and I shall tell her mother of her.

Let. That will never do; you had better trust to her own good-nature; 'tis I am your friend, and if we can get over three little obstacles, I don't despair of marrying you to her, yet.

Old. What are those obstacles?

Let. Why, Sir, there is in the first place, your great age; you are at least some sixty-six.

Old. It's a lie; I want several—months of it.

Let. If you did not, I think we may get over this: one half of your fortune makes a very sufficient amends for your age.

Old. We shan't fall out about that.

Let. Well, Sir, then there is, in the second place, your terrible, ungenteel air: this is a grand obstacle with her, who is doatingly fond of every thing that is fine and foppish; and yet I think we may get over this too, by the other half of your fortune.—And now there remains but one, which, if you can find any thing to set aside, I believe I may promise you, you shall have her; and that is, Sir, that horrible face of yours, which it is impossible for any one to see without being frighten'd.

Old. Ye impudent baggage! I'll tell your mistress, I'll have you turn'd off.

Let. That will be well repaying me indeed, for all the services I have done you.

Old. Services!

Let. Services! yes, Sir, services; and to let you see I think you fit for a husband, I'll have you myself! Who can be more proper for a husband, than a man of your age and taste? for I think you cou'd not have the conscience to live above a year, or a year and half at most: and I think a good plentiful jointure wou'd make amends for one's enduring you so long as that; provided we live in seperate parts of the house, and one had a good handsome groom of the chambers to attend one.

AIR IV.—(HARK, HARK, THE COCK CROWS.)

When a lover like you,
Does a woman pursue,
She must have little wit in her brain, Sir;
If for better and worse,
She takes not the purse,
Alas, with her singing poor swain, Sir;

Tho' hugg'd to her wishes,
Amidst empty dishes,
Much hunger her stomach may prove, Sir;
But a pocket of gold,
As full as 'twill hold,
Will still find her food for her love, Sir.

Old. You are an impertinent, impudent baggage! and I have a mind to——I am out of breath with passion; and I shall not recover it this half hour. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

LETTICE, RAKEIT.

Let. A very pretty lover for a young lady, indeed.

Rak. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice; what have you and the great squire Oldcastle been entertaining one another with?

Let. With his passion for your young mistress, or rather her passion for him. I have been bantering him 'till he is in such a rage, that I actually doubt whether he will not beat her or no.

Rak. Will you never leave off your frolics, since we must pay for them. You have put him out of humour; now will he go and put my lady out of humour; and then we may be all beaten for aught I know.

Let. Well, sarrah! and do you think I had not rather twenty such as you should be beaten to death, than my master shou'd be robbed of his mistress?

Rak. Your humble servant, Madam; you need not take any great pains to convince me of your fondness for your master. I believe he has more mistresses than what are in our house; but hang it, I am too polite to be jealous; and if he has done me the favour with you, why, perhaps, I may return it one day with somebody else. I am not the first gentleman of the party-colour'd regiment, who has been even with his master.

Let. Not with such gentlemen as Mr. Valentine. Indeed with your little, pert, skipping, beaux, I don't know what may happen. Such masters and their men are often, both in dress and

behaviour, so very like one another, that a woman may be innocently false, and mistake the one for the other. Nay, I don't know whether such a change as you mention, may not be sometimes for the better.

AIR V.—(AS DOWN IN A MEADOW, &c.)

See John and his master as together they pass,
Or see them admiring themselves in the glass:
Each cocks fierce his hat, each struts and looks big,
Both have lace on their coat, and a bag to their wig.
Both swear, and both rattle, both game, and both
drink,
When neither can write, or can read, or e'er think.
Say then where the difference lies if you can,
Faith! widows, you'd give it on the side of the
man.

Rak. But, my dear Lettice, I do not approve this match in our families.

Let. Why so?

Rak. You know how desperate his circumstances are, and she has no fortune.

Let. She hath indeed no fortune of her own; but her aunt Highman is very rich.

Rak. She will be little the better for't.

Let. Then there is a chance of both her brothers' death: besides an uncle in Yorkshire, who hath five children only, one of which hath never had the smallpox: nay, there are not above sixteen or seventeen between her and an Irish barony.

Rak. Ay, this lady wou'd make a fine fortune, after two or three good plagues. In short, I find

there is but little hopes on our side, and if there be no more on yours——

Let. Oh, yes, there are hopes enough on ours. There is hopes of my young master's growing better, for I am sure there is no possibility of his growing worse. Hopes of my old master's staying abroad. Hopes of his being drown'd if he attempts coming home. Hopes of the stars falling—

Rak. Dear Mrs. Lettice, do not jest with such serious things as hunger and thirst. Do you seriously think that all your master's entertainments are at an end?

Let. So far from it, that he is this day to give a grand entertainment to your mistress, and about a dozen more gentlemen and ladies.

Rak. My chops begin to water. I find your master is a very honest fellow, and it is possible may hold out two or three weeks longer.

Let. You are mistaken, Sir, there will be no danger of his giving any more entertainments; for there is a certain gentleman call'd an Upholsterer, who, the moment that the company is gone, is to make his entrance into the house, and carry every thing out on't.

Rak. A very good way, faith, of furnishing a house to receive a wife in; your master has set me a very good pattern against you and I marry, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Sauce-box! Do you think I'll have you?

Rak. Unless I can provide better for myself.

Let. Well, that I am fond of thee I am certain, and what I am fond of I can't imagine; unless it be thy invincible impudence.

Rak. Why, faith, I think I have the impudence of a gentleman, and there is nothing better to succeed with the ladies.

AIR VI.

When modesty sues for a favour,
What answers the politic lass?
Let. That she mightily likes his behaviour,
And thinks in her heart he's an ass;
And thinks in her heart he's an ass.

Rak. But when bolder impudence rushes,
And manfully seizes her charms?
Let. Lard! you're rude, Sir, she cries, then she blushes,
And folds the brisk youth in her arms.
And folds, &c. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

VALENTINE, TRICK.

Val. You say I owe you five hundred pounds principal and interest?

Trick. Yes, Sir; you will please to cast it up yourself, and I believe our accounts will correspond.

Val. I'll take your word for it, Sir; and if you please to let me have five hundred more, I shall owe you a thousand.

Trick. Sir, the money was none of my own, I had it from another; and it must be paid, Sir; he hath called it in.

Val. He may call as long as he pleases; but till I call it in, it will signify not much, Sir. I have thought of an expedient, if the money you lent me was another's, and he be impatient for it;

you may pay him off: lay me down the other five hundred, and take the whole debt upon yourself.

Trick. I am quite out of cash, Sir, or you know you might command me; and therefore I hope you will not put off the payment any longer.

Val. I am extremely busy to-day, and beg you would call another time.

Trick. I have called so often, that I am quite weary of calling; and if I am not paid within these three days, I shall send a lawyer for my money—and so your servant. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, TRUSTY.

Val. So, honest Trusty, what success?

Trusty. I went to the jeweller's with the ring which your honour told me cost a hundred pound, but he refus'd to give me any more than fifty for it, so I e'en took that.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. As for the old silver bowl which your father valu'd at fourscore pounds, Mr. Whiting said, there was so much reckon'd for fashion; and that it was so old and ungenteel, that he offer'd me but twenty: but I knew your honour wanted money, and so I took it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. The gold repeating watch I carried to the maker, and told him he had received fifty odd guineas for it two years ago; but he said it was much the worse for wearing; and that the nobility and gentry run so much into Pinchbeck, that he had not dispos'd of two gold watches this month.

However he said he would give half; and I thought that better than nothing, so I let him have it.

Val. Very well.

Trusty. But this was nothing to that rogue in Monmouth-street, who offer'd me but sixteen pounds for the two suits of fine cloaths, that I dare swear stood your honour in above a hundred pounds. I flew into a great passion with him, and have brought them back again.

Val. You should have taken the money.

Trusty. One piece of surprising good fortune was the saving of your medals, which just as I was going to dispose off, a gentleman whispered in my ear, that a certain knight that would be in town in a fortnight, wou'd give six times as much for them.

Val. A fortnight! what of a fortnight? A fortnight's an age. I wou'd not give a shilling for the reversion of an estate so long to come. Here, give me what money you have brought, and go and dispose of the rest immediately.

Trusty. But, Sir, I wish your honour would consider: for my part, I dread my old master's coming home; and yet if he does not, what you will do any longer, Heaven knows.

Val. Don't trouble thyself about that; but go execute my commands. [*Exit.* Trusty.

AIR VII.—(EXCUSE ME.)

Let misers with sorrow to-day,
Lay up for to-morrow's array,
Like Tantalus thirsty, who craves
Drink, up to his chin in the waves.

But Fortune, like women, to-day may be kind,
And yield to your mind,
To-morrow she goes,
And on others bestows
The blessing.
The lover who yields to the fair one's delays,
Oft loses the day,
Then fly to her arms,
For we are sure
Of her charms
When possessing.

SCENE VIII.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, a gentleman in mourning desires to see you.

Val. Shew him in. [*Exit.* Servant.] Wou'd my dear Charlotte were here.

SCENE IX.

VALENTINE, SLAP.

Val. Your most obedient servant, Sir; I have not the honour of knowing you, Sir.

Slap. I believe you do not, Sir; I ask pardon, but I have a small writ against you.

Val. A writ against me!

Slap. Don't be uneasy, Sir; it is only for a trifle, Sir; about two hundred pounds.

Val. What must I do, Sir?

Slap. Oh, Sir! whatever you please; only pay the money, or give bail, which you please.

Val. I can do neither of them this instant, and I expect company every moment. I suppose, Sir, you'll take my word till to-morrow morning?

Slap. Oh, yes, Sir; with all my heart. If you will be so good as to step to my house hard by, you shall be extremely well us'd, and I'll take your word.

Val. Your house! s'death, you rascal!

Slap. Nay, Sir, 'tis in vain to bully.

Val. Nay, then?—who's there—my servants. [*Enter* Servants.] Here, kick this fellow down stairs.

Slap. This is a rescue, remember that—a rescue. Sir; I'll have my lord chief justice's warrant. [Slap *is forc'd off by the servants.*

SCENE X.

VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE.

Charl. Oh Valentine! what's the matter? I am frighten'd to death. Swords drawn! Oh my heart! you are not then hurt?

Val. By none but you, my love; I have no wounds but those you can cure.

Charl. Heaven be prais'd! But what was the occasion of this bustle?

Val. Nothing, my dear, but a couple of fencing-masters—I happened to turn about, and one of them cut me on the back; that's all.

Charl. You see the dangers I run on your account; should my aunt know of my being here, I should be undone for ever. Nay, and what the rest of the company will think when they see me here before them I dread to imagine.

Val. You know you have it in your power to silence the tongues of the world whenever you please: and, oh Charlotte! I wish you would this day consent to make this house your reputable home.

Charl. Press me not, Valentine: for whatever be the consequence, if you should, I feel, I cannot deny you.

AIR VIII.—(SPRING'S A COMING.)

Virgins wary
Wou'd ne'er miscarry,
If lovers wou'd take a denial or two:
If he pursues her still,
Can she refuse him still,
What she herself hath a mind to do?
Val. Turtles, tho' with each other they die,
Shall be less constant and fond than I:
For April's soft showers,
Nor June's sweet flowers,
In softness and sweetness with thee can vie.
Charl. Turtles, tho', &c.

Charl. Cou'd I be assur'd of your constancy; cou'd I find you always fond and endearing as now; believe me, it wou'd not be in the power of fortune to make me miserable.

Val. If thou canst place any confidence in vows, I know not how to bind myself faster to you than I have done already; but you have a better, which is in your own merit. Believe me, Charlotte, men are more constant than you imagine. He that marries for money, is constant to the love of his wife's money. He that marries for beauty,

is commonly constant while that beauty lasts; and a love that's fix'd on merit as mine, will be constant while that endures.

Charl. Well, we must all run a risk, believe me; as to the point of fortune, it is the least of my thoughts. A woman, who can carry her prudence so far as that, cheats you when she pretends to love. Love reigns alone in every breast it inhabits, and, in my opinion, makes us amends for the absence of Madam Prudence, and all her train.

Val. Thou dearest girl, this night shall make me thine.

AIR IX.—(POLWORTH ON THE GREEN.)

Come, Charlotte, let's be gay,
Let's enjoy ourselves to-day;
To-morrow's in the hands of the powers,
To-day alone is ours.
Let fools for wealth,
Spend time, and health;
While we, more happy, try,
In each soft kiss,
Transporting bliss,
Which treasures ne'er can buy.

Charl. Let age grave lessons preach,
'Gainst what she cannot reach;
Let prudes condemn, what they esteem,
All fools our joys impeach.

Both. Let fools, &c.

ACT II. SCENE I.

VALENTINE *and company, seated as after dinner.*

VALENTINE.

CALL in the dancers. I hope, ladies, your good nature will make you as kind to this part of the entertainment as it hath to the other.

Marq. Je vous felicite de votre gout ravissant, Monsieur Valentine, mais allons! dancons nous mesmes.

Val. My father arriv'd, say you.

Let. Yes, Sir, and will be here instantly.

Val. Death and hell! what shall I do, Lettice? I must trust to the contrivance of thy brain, or I am undone.

Let. Well, I will do the best I can for you; in the mean time be not chagrined, enjoy your friends, and take no notice of it. I will lie perdue for him, and meet him at the door. Be sure to keep close garrison, and after I am gone out, open the doors to none.

Val. Send thee good luck, my best wench. Come, gentlemen and ladies, what say you, are you for cards or hazard?

All. Hazard, hazard.

Marq. Hazard! ma voix est tousjours pour hazard! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

GOODALL, LETTICE, *and Servant with a portmanteau.*

Good. This cursed stage-coach from Portsmouth, hath fatigu'd me more than my voyage from the Cape of Good-Hope: but, heav'n be prais'd, I am once more arriv'd within sight of my own doors. I cannot help thinking how pleas'd my son will be to see me returned a full year sooner than my intention.

Let. He would be much more pleased to hear you were at the Cape of Good Hope yet. [*Aside*

Good. I hope I shall find my poor boy at home, I dare swear he will die with joy to see me.

Let. I believe he is half dead already; but now for you my good master. [*Aside.* Bless me! what do I see? an apparition?

Good. Lettice!

Let. Is it my dear master Goodhall returned, or is the devil in his shape? Is it you, Sir, is it positively you yourself?

Good. Even so. How do you do, Lettice?

Let. Much at your honour's service. I am heartily glad to see your honour in such good health. Why, the air of the Indies hath agreed vastly with you. Indeed, Sir, you ought to have stay'd a little longer there for the sake of your health——and our quiet. [*Aside.*

Good. Well, but how does my son do? And how hath he behaved himself in my absence? I hope he hath taken great care of my affairs.

Let. I'll answer for him, he hath put your

affairs into a condition that will surprise you, take my word for it.

Good. I warrant you, he is every day in the alley. Stocks have gone just as I imagined! and if he followed my advice, he must have amassed a vast sum of money.

Let. Not a farthing, Sir.

Good. How, how, how!

Let. Sir, he hath paid it out as fast as it came in.

Good. How!

Let. Put it out I mean, Sir, to interest, to interest, Sir; why, our house hath been a perfect fair ever since you went, people coming for money every hour of the day.

Good. That's very well done, and I long to see my dear boy. [*To* Lettice.] Knock at the door.

Let. He is not at home, Sir—and if you have such a desire to see him——

SCENE III.

SECURITY, GOODALL, LETTICE.

Sec. Your servant, Mrs. Lettice.

Let. Your servant, Mr. Security.—Here's a rogue of a usurer, who hath found a very proper time to ask for his money in.

Sec. Do you know, Mrs. Lettice, that I am weary of following your master day after day in this manner, without finding him; and that if he does not pay me to-day, I shall sue out an execution directly. A thousand pounds are a sum

Good. What, what, what's this I hear?

Let. I'll explain it to you by and by, Sir,

Good. Does my son owe you a thousand pounds?

Sec. Your son, Sir!

Good. Yes, Sir, this woman's young master, who lives at that house, Mr. Valentine Goodall, is my son.

Sec. Yes, Sir, he does; and I am very glad you are returned to pay it me.

Good. There go two words tho' to that bargain.

Let. I believe, Sir, you will do it with a great deal of joy, when you know that his owing this money is purely an effect of his good conduct.

Good. Good conduct! Owing money good conduct!

Let. Yes, Sir, he hath bought a house of the price of two thousand pounds, which every one says is worth more than four: and this he could not have done without borrowing this thousand pounds. I am sure, Sir, I and he, and Trusty, ran all over the town to get the money, that he might not lose so good a bargain. I believe there will not go many words to the payment on't now. [*Aside*

Good. I am overjoy'd at my son's behaviour.—Sir, you need give yourself no pain about the money; return to-morrow morning, and you shall receive it.

Sec. Sir, your word is sufficient for a much greater sum, and I am your very humble servant [*Exit*

Good. Well, but tell me a little, in what part of the town hath my son bought this house?

Let. In what part of the town?

Good. Yes, there are, you know, some quarters better than others—as for example, this here—

Let. Well, and it is in this that it stands.

Good. What, not the great house yonder is it?

Let No, no, no; do you see that house yon-

der—where the windows seem to have been just cleaned.

Good. Yes.

Let. It is not that——and a little beyond, you see another very large house higher than any other in the square.

Good. I do.

Let. But it is not that——Take particular notice of the house opposite to it, a very handsome house, is it not?

Good. Yes, indeed, is it.

Let. That is not the house——but you may see one with great gates before it, almost opposite to another that fronts a street, at the end of which stands the house which your son hath bought.

Good. There is no good house in that street, as I remember, but Mrs. Highman's.

Let. That's the very house.

Good. That is a very good bargain, indeed; but how comes a woman in her circumstances to sell her house?

Let. It is impossible, Sir, to account for people's actions; besides, she is out of her senses.

Good. Out of her senses!

Let. Yes, Sir, her family hath taken out a commission of lunacy against her; and her son, who is a most abandoned prodigal, hath sold all she had for half its value.

Good. Son! why, she was not marry'd when I went away.

Let. No, Sir; but to the great surprise of every one, and to the great scandal of all our sex, there appeared all of a sudden a very lusty young fellow, of the age of three and twenty, whom she owned to have been her son, and that his father was a grenadier in the first regiment of guards.

Good. Oh, monstrous!

Let. Ah, Sir! if every child in this city knew his own father; if children were to inherit only the estates of those who begot them, it would cause a great confusion in inheritances.

AIR X.—(PIEROT'S DANCE.)

Were all women's secrets known,
Did each father know his own,
Many a son now bred to trade,
Then had shin'd in rich brocade:
    Many cits
    Had been wits,
In estate, tho' not in sense;
    Many beaux
    Birth-day clothes
Had not worn at cit's expence.

For did our women, wise, indeed,
Contrive no way to mend the breed,
Our sparks such pretty masters grow,
So spruce, so taper, and so low;
    From Britons tall,
    Our heroes shall
    Be Lilleputians all.

Good. Well, but I stand here talking too long: knock at the door.

Let. What shall I do? [*Aside.*

Good. You seem in a consternation! No accident hath happened to my son, I hope!

Let. No, Sir, but————

Good. But! but what? Hath any one robbed me in my absence?

Let. No, Sir: not absolutely robbed you, Sir.——What shall I say?

Good. Explain yourself? speak.

Let. Oh, Sir! I can withhold my tears no longer.——Enter not, I beseech you, Sir, your house, Sir; your dear house, that you and I, and my poor young master lov'd so much, within these six months——

Good. What of my house, within these six months?

Let. Hath been haunted, Sir, with the most terrible apparitions that were ever heard or beheld!—You'd think the devil himself had taken possession of it! Nay, I believe he hath too: all the wild noises in the universe; the squaking of pigs, the grinding of knives, the whetting of saws, the whistling of winds, the roaring of seas, the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the braying of asses, the squalling of children, and the scolding of wives, all put together, make not so hideous a concert. This I myself have heard; nay, and I have seen such sights! One with about twenty heads, and a hundred eyes, and mouths, and noses in each.

Good. Heyday; the wench is mad. Stand from before the door: I'll see whether the devil can keep me out from my own house. Haunted, indeed!——

Let. Sir, I have a friendship for you; and you shall not go in.

Good. How! not go into my own house?

Let. No, Sir, not till the devil is driven out on't: there are two priests at work upon him now. Hark, I think the devils are dancing. Nay, Sir, you may listen yourself, and get in too, if you can. [*Laughing within.*

Good. Ha! by all that's gracious, I hear a noise.

Let. I have nothing but his monstrous superstition to rely on.

Good. Oh, Heavens! what monstrous squalling is that? [*Shriek within.*

Let. Why, Sir, I am surpris'd you should think I wou'd impose on you. I assure you, your house is haunted by a whole legion of devils. Your whole family have been driven out of it; and this was one reason why your son bought Madam Highman's house, not being able to live any longer in this.

Good. I am in a cold sweat! What! my son left this house!

Let. Oh, Sir! I am sure, had you known the terrors we underwent for a whole fortnight, especially poor I, Sir, who lay every night frightened, with the sight of the most monstrous large things, fearing every minute what they would do to me——

Good. Can all this be true, or are you imposing on me? I have, indeed, heard of such things as apparitions, on just causes, and believe in them; but why they should haunt my house, I can't imagine.

Let. Why, Sir, they tell me, before you bought the house, there was a murder committed in it.

Good. I must enquire into all these things: but, in the mean time, I must send this portmanteau to my son's new house.

Let. No, Sir, that's a little improper at present.

Good. What, is that house haunted? Hath the devil taken possession of that house too?

Let. No, Sir, but Madam Highman hath not yet quitted possession of it. I told you before, Sir, that she was out of her senses; and if any one does but mention the sale of her house to her, it throws her into the most violent convulsions.

Good. Well, well, I shall know how to humour her madness.

Let. I wish, Sir, for a day or two——

Good. You throw me out of all manner of patience, I am resolved I'll go thither this instant.

Let. Here she is herself: but pray remember the condition she is in, and don't do any thing to chagrin her.

SCENE IV.

LETTICE, GOODALL, *Mrs.* HIGHMAN.

Mrs. High. What do I see! Mr. Goodall return'd?

Let. Yes, Madam, it is him; but alas! he's not himself——he's distracted; his losses in this voyage have turn'd his brain, and he's become a downright lunatic.

Mrs. High. I am heartily concerned for his misfortune. Poor gentleman!

Let. If he should speak to you by chance, have no regard to what he says; we are going to shut him up in a mad-house with all expedition.

Mrs. High. [*Aside.*] He hath a strange wand'ring in his countenance.

Good. [*Aside.*] How miserably she is alter'd! She hath a terrible look with her eyes!

Mrs. High. Mr. Goodall, your very humble

servant. I am glad to see you return'd, tho' I am sorry for your misfortune.

Good. I must have patience, and trust in Heaven, and in the power of the priests, who are now endeavouring to lay those wicked spirits, with which my house is haunted.

Mrs. High. His house haunted; poor man! But I must not contradict him; that wou'd make him worse.

Good. In the mean time, Mrs. Highman, I shou'd be oblig'd to you, if you wou'd let me order my portmanteau to your house.

Mrs. High. My house is at your service; and I desire you wou'd use it in the same manner as your own.

Good. I wou'd not, Madam, on any account, insult your unfortunate condition——Lettice, this lady does not carry any marks of madness about her.

Let. She has some lucid intervals, Sir; but her fit will soon return.

Good. I am extremely sorry for your misfortune, Mrs. Highman; which, indeed, had I not been so well assured of, I cou'd not have believ'd. But I have known some in your way, who, during the intervals of their fits, have talk'd very reasonably: therefore, give me leave to ask the cause of your phrenzy. For I much question, whether this commission of lunacy that has been taken out against you, be not without sufficient proof.

Mrs. High. A commission of lunacy against me! Me!

Good. Lettice, I see she is worse than I imagin'd.

Mrs. High. However, if you are not more

mischievous than you at present seem, I think it is wrong in them to confine you in a mad-house.

Good. Confine me! Ha, ha, ha! This is turning the tables upon me indeed! But, Mrs. Highman, I wou'd not have you be uneasy that your house is sold; at least, it is better for you that my son hath bought it than another; for you shall have an apartment in it still, in the same manner as if it was still your own, and you were in your senses.

Mrs. High. What's all this? As if I was still in my senses! Let me tell you, Mr. Goodall, you are a poor distracted wretch, and ought to have an apartment in a dark room, and clean straw.

Good. Since you come to that, Madam, I shall shew you the nearest way out of doors; and I give you warning to take away your things; for I shall fill all the rooms with goods within these few days.

SCENE V.

LETTICE, GOODALL, *Mrs.* HIGHMAN, SLAP, CONSTABLE, *and Assistants.*

Slap. That's the door, Mr. Constable.

Let. What's to be done, now, I wonder?

Const. Open the door, in the king's name, or I shall break it open.

Good. Who are you, Sir, in the devil's name? And what do you want in that house?

Slap. Sir, I have a prisoner there; and I have my lord chief justice's warrant against him.

Good. For what sum, Sir? Are you a justice of peace?

Slap. I am one of his majesty's officers, Sir; and this day I arrested one Mr. Valentine Goodall, who lives in this house, for two hundred pounds: his servants have rescu'd him; and I have a judge's warrant for the rescue.

Good. What do I hear! But harkee, friend, that house you are going to break open is haunted; and there is no one in it but a couple of priests, who are laying the devil.

Slap. I warrant you I lay the devil better than all the priests in Europe. Come, Mr. Constable, do your office; I have no time to lose. Sir, I have several other writs to execute before night.

Let. I have defended my pass as long as I can; and now I think it is no cowardice to steal off. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Colonel Bluff, *Monsieur la* Marquess, Slap, Goodall, Constable.

Col. What, in the devil's name, is the meaning of this riot? What is the reason, scoundrels, that you dare disturb gentlemen, who are getting as drunk as lords?

Slap. Sir, we have authority for what we do.

Col. Damn your authority, Sir! If you don't go about your business, I shall shew you my authority, and send you all to the devil.

Slap. It is he! I have a warrant against him too, I wish it was in my pocket.

Const. Mr. Slap, shall we knock him down?

Slap. Sir, I desire you wou'd give us leave to enter the house, and seize our prisoner.

Col. Not I, upon my honour, Sir.

Mons. Que veut due cette bruit quelle vilain Anglois! quelle pouscon ventre bleu! Allons! Monsieur le Colonel! allons! frappons!

Slap. If you oppose us any longer, I shall proceed to force.

Col. If you love force, I'll shew you the way, you dogs. [Colonel *drives them off.*

Good. I find I am distracted! I am stark raving mad! I am undone, ruin'd, cheated, impos'd on! But, please Heaven, I'll go see what's in my house.

Col. Hold, Sir, you must not enter here.

Good. Not enter into my own house, Sir?

Col. No, Sir; if it be yours, you must not come within it.

Mons. Il ne faut pas entrer icy.

Good. Gentlemen, I only beg to speak with the master of the house.

Col. Sir, the master of the house desires to speak with no such fellows as you are: you are not fit company for any of the gentlemen in this house.

Good. Sir, the master of this house is my son.

Col. Sir, your most obedient humble servant: I am overjoy'd to see you return'd. Give me leave, Sir, to introduce you to this gentleman. Monsieur le Marquis, quelque chose, le pere de Monsieur Valentine.

Mons. Ah, Monsieur, que je suis ravi de vous voir.

Good. Gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant.

Col. Give me leave to tell you, Sir, you have the honour of being father to one of the finest gentlemen of the age: a man so accomplished, so

well bred, and so generous, that I believe he never wou'd part with a guest while he had a shilling in his pocket; nor indeed, while he cou'd borrow one.

Good. I believe it, indeed, Sir; therefore you can't wonder if I am impatient to see him.

Col. Be not in such haste, dear Sir; I want to talk with you about your affairs. I hope you have had good success in the Indies; have cheated the company handsomely; and made an immense fortune.

Good. I have no reason to complain.

Col. I am glad on't, Sir, and so will your son, I dare swear: and let me tell you, it will be very opportune; he began to want it. You can't imagine, Sir, what a fine life he has led since you went away. It wou'd do your heart good, if you was but to know what an equipage he has kept, what balls and entertainments he has made: he is the talk of the whole town, Sir; a man wou'd work with pleasure for such a son. He is a fellow with a soul, damn me! Your fortune won't be thrown away upon him; for, get as much as you please, my life he spends every farthing.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, let me see this miracle of a son of mine.

Col. That you shou'd, Sir, long ago; but really, Sir, the house is a little out of order at present; there is but one room furnished in it, and that is so full of company, that I am afraid there wou'd be a small deficiency of chairs. You can't imagine, Sir, how opportune you are come; there was not any one thing left in the house to raise any money upon.

Good. What, all my pictures gone?

Col. He sold them first, Sir: he was oblig'd

to sell them for the delicacy of taste: he certainly is the modestest young fellow in the world, and has complained to me a hundred times of the indecent liberty painters take in exposing the breast, and limbs of women; you had indeed, Sir, a very scandalous collection, and he was never easy while they were in the house.

SCENE VII.

VALENTINE, COLONEL, GOODALL, MONSIEUR.

Val. My father return'd! Oh, let me throw myself at his feet; and believe me, Sir, I am at once overjoy'd, and asham'd to see your face.

Col. I told you, Sir, he was one of the modestest young fellows in England.

Good. You may very well be asham'd; but come, let me see the inside of my house; let me see that both sides of my walls are standing.

Val. Sir, I have a great deal of company within, of the first fashion, and beg you would not expose me before them.

Good. Oh, Sir, I am their very humble servant; I am infinitely oblig'd to all the persons of fashion, that they will so generously condescend to eat a poor citizen out of house and home.

Col. Harkye, Val, shall we toss this old fellow in a blanket?

Val. Sir, I trust on your good-nature and forgiveness; and will wait on you in.

Good. Oh, that ever I should live to see this day!

Mons. Pardie viola homme extraordinaire.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Dining-Room.

Lord PRIDE, *Lord* PUFF, &c.

L. Pride. I told you, my lord, it would never hold long; when once the chariot disappear'd, I thought the master wou'd soon follow.

L. Puff. I help'd him on with a small lift, the other day, at piquet.

L. Pride. Did you do any thing considerable?

L. Puff. A mere trifle, my lord: it wou'd not have been worth mentioning, if it had been of any other; but I fancy, in his present circumstances, it cut pretty deep.

L. Pride. Damn me! there's a pleasure in ruining these little mechanical rascals, when they presume to rival the extravagant expences of us men of quality.

L. Puff. That ever such plebian scoundrels, who are oblig'd to pay their debts, shou'd presume to engage with us men of quality, who are not!

SCENE IX.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, COLONEL, MONSIEUR, *Lord* PRIDE, *Lord* PUFF, &c.

Val. Gentlemen and ladies, my father being just arriv'd from the Indies, desires to make one of this good company.

Good. My good lords (that I may affront none, by calling him beneath his title) I am highly sensible of the great honour you do myself and my son, by filling my poor house with your noble persons, and your noble persons with my poor wine and provisions. I dare swear you have been all highly instrumental in the extravagancies of my son; for which I am very much oblig'd to you, and humbly hope that I shall never see him, or any of your faces again.

L. Pride. Brother Puff, what does the fellow mean?

L. Puff. Curse me if I know.

Good. I am very glad that my son hath ruin'd himself in so good company; that when I disinherit him, he can't fail of being provided for. I promise myself, that your interest will help him to places and preferments in abundance.

L. Pride. Sir, any thing in my power he may always command.

L. Puff. Or mine.

L. Pride. But let me whisper a word in your ear.——Your son is a very extravagant fellow.

Good. That's very true, Sir; but I hope you will consider you assisted him in it; and therefore will help his necessities with a brace of thousands.

L. Pride. I don't understand you, Sir.

Good. Why then, Sir, that you may understand me, I must tell you in plain words, that he owes his ruin to entertaining such fine gentlemen as yourself.

L. Pride. Me, Sir! Rat me! I wou'd have you know, I think I do you too much honour in entering your doors: but I am glad you have taught me at what distance to keep such mecha-

nicks for the future. Come, Puff, let's to the opera: I see, if a man hath not good blood in his veins, riches won't teach him to behave line a gentleman.

L. Puff. Cannille!

[*Exeunt L.* Pride *and L.* Puff.

Good. S'bodikins! I am in a rage; that ever a fellow shou'd upbraid me with good blood in his veins, when, Odsheart! the best blood in his veins hath run through my bottles.

1 *Lady.* My lord Pride and my lord Puff gone! Come, my dear, the assembly is broke up; let us make hast away, or we shall be too late for any other.

2 *Lady.* With all my heart, for I am heartily sick of this.

3 *Lady.* Come, come, come; away, away!

[*Exeunt* ladies.

Mons. Allons, quittons le bourgion.

Col. Sir, you are a scrub; and if I had not a friendship for your son, I'd shew you how you ought to treat people of fashion.

[*Exeunt Col. and Monsieur.*

Charl. Poor Valentine! how tenderly I feel his misfortunes!

Good. Why don't you follow your companions, Sir?

Val. Ah! Sir, I am so sensible of what I have done, that I could fly into a desart from the apprehensions of your just wrath; nay, I will, unless you can forgive me.

Good. Who are you, Madam, that stay behind the rest of your company? There is no more mischief to be done here, so there is no more business for a fine lady.

Charl. Sir, I stay to intreat you to forgive

your poor unhappy son, who will otherwise sink under the weight of your displeasure.

Good. Ah! Madam, if that be all the business, you may leave this house as soon as you please; for him I am determin'd to turn directly out on't.

Charl. Then, Sir, I am determin'd to go with him. Be comforted, Valentine, I have some fortune which my aunt cannot prevent me from; and it will make us happy, for a while at least; and I prefer a year, a month, a day with the man I love to a whole stupid age without him.

Val. O, my dear love! and I prefer an hour with thee, to all that heaven can give me. Oh! I am so blest, that fortune cannot make me miserable.

AIR XI.—(THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.)

Thus when the tempest high
  Roars dreadful from above,
The constant turtles fly
  Together to the grove:
Each spreads its tender wings,
  And hovers o'er its mate;
They kiss, the cooe, and sing,
  And love, in spite of fate.

AIR XII.

My tender heart me long beguil'd,
  I now first my passions prov'd;
Had fortune on you ever smil'd,
  I'd known not how I lov'd.

Base passions, like base metals, cold,
With true may seem the same!
But would you know true love and gold,
Still try them in the flame.

SCENE X.

GOODALL, VALENTINE, CHARLOTTE, OLDCASTLE, *Mrs.* HIGHMAN.

Old. Here, Madam, now you may trust your own eyes, if you won't believe mine.

Mrs. High. What do I see! My niece in the very arms of her betrayer, and his father an abetter of the injustice!—Sir, give me leave to tell you, your madness is a poor excuse for this behaviour.

Good. Madam, I ask your pardon for what I said to you to-day. I was impos'd on by a vile wretch, who I dare swear, misrepresented each of us to the other. I assure you, I am not mad, nor do I believe you so.

Mrs. High. Thou vile wretch, thou dishonour of thy family! how dost thou dare to appear before my face?

Charl. Madam, I have done nothing to be asham'd of: and I dare appear before any one's face.

Good. Is this young lady a relation of your's?

Mrs. High. She was, before your son had accomplished his base designs on her.

Charl. Madam, you injure him; his designs on me have been still honourable; nor hath he said any thing which the most virtuous ears might not have heard.

Val. To-morrow shall silence your suspicions on that head.

Mrs. High. What, Mr. Goodall, do you forgive your son's extravagance?

Good. Is this lady your heiress?

Mrs. High. I once intended her so.

Good. Why then, Madam, I like her generous passion for my son so much, that if you will give her a fortune equal to what I shall settle on him, I shall not prevent their happiness.

Mrs. High. Won't you? And I see she is so intirely his, in her heart, that since he hath not dared to think dishonourably of her, I shall do all in my power to make it a bargain.

Val. Eternal blessings on you both! Now, my Charlotte, I am bless'd indeed.

Old. And pray, Madam, what's to become of me?

Mrs. High. That, Sir, I cannot possibly tell; you know I was your friend: but my niece thought fit to dispose of herself another way.

Old. Your niece has behaved like a——Bodikins! I am in a passion; and for her sake, I'll never make love to any woman again, I am resolv'd. [*Exit in a pet.*

Mrs. High. No imprudent resolution.

Good. I hope, Valentine, you will make the only return in your power to my paternal tenderness in forgiving you; and let the misery you so narrowly escaped from your former extravagancies, be a warning to you for the future.

Val. Sir, was my gratitude to your great goodness insufficient to reclaim me, I am in no danger of engaging in any vice, whereby this lady might be a sufferer;

Single, I'd suffer Fate's severest dart
Unmov'd; but who can bear the double smart,
When sorrow preys upon the fair one's heart.

TABLE OF THE SONGS

IN THE

INTRIGUING CHAMBERMAID.

AIR		PAGE
I.	When a virgin in love with a brisk jolly lad	15
II.	What need he trust your words precise	16
III.	Let bold ambition lie	18
IV.	When a lover like you	21
V.	See John and his master as together they pass	23
VI.	When modesty sues for a favour ..	25
VII.	Let misers with sorrow to-day	27
VIII.	Virgins wary	30
IX.	Come, Charlotte, let's be gay	31
X.	Were all women's secrets known ..	37
XI.	Thus when the tempest high	50
XII.	My tender heart me long beguil'd ..	50

EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY

MRS. CLIVE.

A Poet should, unless his fate he guest,
Write for each play two epilogues at least.
For how to empty benches can we say,
'What means this mighty crowding here to day?'
Or should the pit with flattery be cram'd,
How can we speak it, when the play is damn'd?
Damn'd did I say?——He surely need not fear it,
His play is safe——when none will come to hear it.
English is now below this learned town,
None but Italian warblers will go down.
Tho' courts were more polite, the English ditty
Cou'd heretofore at least content the city:
That, for Italian now has let us drop,
And Dimi Cara rings thro' every shop.
What glorious thoughts must all our neighbours
nourish
Of us, where rival operas can flourish.
Let France win all their towns, we need not fear,
But Italy will send her singers here;
We cannot buy 'em at a price too dear.

Let us receive them to our peaceful shore,
While in there own the angry cannons roar:
Here they may sing in safety, we reward 'em,
Here no Visconti threatens to bombard 'em.

Orpheus drew stones with his enchanting song,
These can do more, they draw our gold along.
——But tho' our angry poets rail in spite,
Ladies, I own, I think your judgments right:
Satire, perhaps may wound some pretty thing;
Those soft Italian warblers have no sting.
Tho' your soft hearts the tuneful charm may win,
You're still secure to find no harm within.
Wisely from those rude places you abstain,
Where satire gives the wounded hearer pain.
'Tis hard to pay them who our faults reveal,
As boys are forc'd to buy the rods they feel.
No, let 'em starve, who dare to lash the age,
And, as you've left the pulpit, leave the stage.

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

A

COMEDY.

AS IT WAS ACTED AT THE

NEW THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.

1733.

——— facilè quis
Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustràque laboret,
Ausus idem ———

Hor.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP EARL OF CHESTERFIELD,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER
OF THE GARTER.

MY LORD,

HOWEVER unworthy these scenes may be of your Lordship's protection, the design with which some of them were written cannot fail of recommending them to one who hath so gloriously distinguished himself in the cause of liberty, to which the corruption I have here endeavoured to expose may one day be a very fatal enemy.

The freedom of the stage is, perhaps, as well worth contending for as that of the press. It is the opinion of an author well known to your Lordship, that examples work quicker and stronger on the minds of men than precepts.

This will, I believe, my Lord, be found truer with regard to politics than to ethics: the most ridiculous exhibitions of luxury or avarice may likewise have little effect on the sensualist or the miser; but I fancy a lively representation of the calamities brought on a country by general corruption, might have a very sensible and useful effect on the spectators.

Socrates, who owed his destruction greatly to the contempt brought on him by the comedies of Aristrophanes, is a lasting instance of the force of theatrical ridicule: here, indeed this weapon was used to an ill purpose; but surely, what is able to bring wisdom and virtue into disrepute, will, with great facility, lay there opposites under a general contempt. There are among us who seem so sensible of the danger of wit and humour, that they are resolved to have nothing to do with them; and indeed they are in the right on't; for wit, like hunger, will be with great difficulty restrained from falling on, where there is great plenty and variety of food.

But while the powerful sons of dulness shed all their influence on their inferior brethren, be you, my Lord, who are the most favorite offspring of the British muses, the patron of their younger children; whom your Lordship has as much reason to love as others to fear: for you must have seen, that to be celebrated by them and applauded by the more discerning and worthy, are the only rewards which true patriotism (a word scandalously ridiculed by some) can securely expect. And here I am pleading the cause of others: for

the only title I have to enrol myself in the number of those I have recommended to your favour, is by being, with the most perfect admiration and respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient

and most humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

PREFACE.

This Comedy was begun at Leyden in the year 1728; and after it had been sketched out into a few loose scenes, was thrown by, and for a long while no more thought of. It was originally writ for my private amusement; as it would, indeed, have been little less than Quixotism itself to hope any other fruits from attempting characters wherein the inimitable Cervantes so far excelled. The impossibility of going beyond, and the extreme difficulty of keeping pace with him, were sufficient to infuse despair into a very adventurous author.

I soon discovered too, that my too small experience in, and little knowledge of the world, had led me into an error. I soon found it infinitely more difficult than I imagined to vary the scene, and give my knight an opportunity of displaying himself in a different manner from that wherein he appears in the romance. Human nature is every where the same: and the modes and habits of particular nations do not change it enough, sufficiently to distinguish a Quixote in England from a Quixote in Spain.

In these sentiments Mr. Booth and Mr. Cibber concurred with me, who, upon seeing the aforesaid sketch, both dissuaded me from suffering it to be represented on the stage; and accordingly it was remanded back to my shelf, where probably it would have perished in oblivion, had not the solicitations of the distressed actors in Drury-lane prevailed on me to revise it, at the same time that it came into my head to add those scenes concerning our elections.

Being thus altered, it was often rehearsed on that theatre, and a particular day appointed for its action; but the giant Cajanus, of a race who were always enemies to our poor Don, deferred his appearance so long, that the intervention of the actors benefits would have put it off till the next season, had I not brought it on where it now appears.

I have troubled the reader thus long, to account for this Comedy's appearing as it now does, and that he might distinguish those parts of it which were the production of this season, from those which were written in my more juvenile years, and before most of the pieces with which I have endeavoured to entertain the public.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Don Quixote	Mr. Roberts.
Sancho	Mr. Mullart.
Sir Thomas Loveland .	Mr. Machen.
Squire Badger	Mr. Macklin.
Fairlove	Mr. Warwell.
Mayor	Mr. Turbutt.
Voter	Mr. Machen.
Guzzle	Mr. Jones.
John	Mr. Hewson.
Brief, a Lawyer	Mr. Topham.
Dr. Drench, a Physician	Mr. Hallam.
Mr. Sneak	Mr. Hicks.

WOMEN.

Dorothea	Mrs. Atherton.
Jezebel	Mrs. Hide.
Mrs. Guzzle	Mrs. Martin.
Mrs. Sneak	Mrs. Egerton.
Miss Sneak	Miss Jones.

Stage-Coachman and Mob.

SCENE, AN INN IN A COUNTRY BOROUGH.

INTRODUCTION.

MANAGER, AUTHOR.

Manager.

No prologue, Sir! The audience will never bear it. They will not bate you any thing of their due.

Auth. I am the audience's very humble servant; but they cannot make a man write a prologue whether he can or no.

Man. Why, Sir, there is nothing easier. I have known an author bring three or four to the house with one play, and give us our choice which we would speak.

Auth. Yes, Sir, and I have now three in my pocket, written by friends, of which I chuse none should be spoke.

Man. How so?

Auth. Because they have all been spoke already twenty times over.

Man. Let me see them pray.

Auth. They are written in such damn'd cramp hands, you will never be able to read them; but

I will tell you the substance of them. One of them begins with abusing the writings of all my contemporaries, lamenting the fallen state of the stage; and lastly, assuring the audience that this play was written with a design to restore true taste, and their approving it is the best symptom they can give of their having any.

Man. Well, and a very good scheme.

Auth. May be so; but it hath been the subject of almost every prologue for these ten years last past. The second is in a different cast: the first twelve lines inveigh against all indecency on the stage, and the last twenty lines shew you what it is.

Man. That would do better for an epilogue. But what is the third?

Auth. Why, the third has some wit in it; and would have done very well but for a mistake.

Man. Ay! what mistake!

Auth. Why, the author never read my play; and taking it for a regular Comedy of five acts, hath fallen very severely on Farce. However, it is a pretty good one, and will do very well for the first genteel Comedy you bring on the stage.

Man. But don't you think a play, with so odd a title as yours, requires to be a little explain'd? May they not be too much surpriz'd at some things?

Auth. Not at all. The audience, I believe, are all acquainted with the character of Don Quixote and Sancho. I have brought them over into England, and introduced them at an inn in the country, where I believe no one will be surpriz'd that the knight finds several people as mad as himself. This I could have told them in forty dull lines, if I would; but I rather chose to let it

alone: for to tell you the truth, I can draw but one conclusion from the prologues I have ever seen, that the authors are so sensible of the demerits of their plays, that they desire to set the audience asleep before they begin. But of what real use is a bill of fare to any entertainment, where the guests are not left to their choice what part they will pick at, but are obliged to swallow the whole indifferently?

Enter a Player.

Play. Sir, the audience make such a noise with their canes, that, if we don't begin immediately, they will beat the house down before the play begins; and it is not adviseable to put them out of humour: for there are two or three of the loudest cat-calls in the gallery that ever were heard.

Auth. Be not frightened at that: those are only some particular friends of mine, who are to put on the face of enemies at first, and be converted at the end of the first act.

Man. Order then to play away the overture immediately. Come, Sir, what do you do with yourself?

Auth. I shall dispose of myself in some part of the house, where I shall see and not be seen. And I can assure you, Sir, if the audience are but half as well entertain'd with this play as I shall be myself, it will go off with universal applause.

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, An Inn.

Guzzle, Sancho.

Guzzle.

Never tell me, Sir, of Don Quixote, or Don Beelzebub: here's a man comes into my house, and eats me out on't, and then tells me he's a knight-errant; he is an arrant rogue, and if he does not pay me my bill, I'll have a warrant for him.

San. My master fears no warrant, friend; had you ever been in Spain, you would have known that men of his order are above the law.

Guz. Tell me not of Spain, Sir; I am an Englishman, where no one is above the law, and if your master does not pay me, I shall lay his Spaniardship fast in a place, which he will find it as difficult to get out of, as your countrymen have found it to get into Gibraltar.

San. That's neither here nor there, as the old saying is; many are shut into one place, and out of another. Men bar houses to keep rogues out,

and jails to keep them in. He that's hang'd for stealing a horse to-day, has no reason to buy oats for him to-morrow.

Guz. Sirrah, your horse, nor your ass neither, shall have any more oats at my expence; never were masters and their beasts so like one another. The Don is just such another lean ramscallion as his——what d'ye call him——his Rozinante; and thou art just such another squat bag of guts as thy Dapple. Send my house and my stable once well emptied of you, and if ever I suffer a Spaniard to enter my doors again, may I have a whole company of soldiers quartered on me; for if I must be eaten up, I had rather suffer by my own country rogues, than foreign ones. [*Exit.*

AIR I.

San. Rogues there are of each nation,
Except among the divines;
And vinegar, since the creation,
Hath still been made of all wines.
Against one lawyer Lurch
A country scarce can guard;
One parson does for a church,
One doctor for a churchyard.

SCENE II.

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

Quix. Sancho!

San. An't please your honour——

Quix. Come hither, Sancho, I smell an adventure.

San. And so do I, an't please your worship; the landlord of the house swears bitterly that he will have a warrant against us.

Quix. What landlord! what house! Wilt thou never be in thy senses? Are we not in a castle?

San. No marry are we not; but we are in a fair way to be in one.

Quix. What dost thou mean, oaf?

San. I mean that I shall see your honour in a gaol within these two days.

Quix. Me in a gaol! ha! caitiff!

San. Ay, Sir; we are got into a terrible country. A man's quality here can't defend him, if he breaks the laws.

Quix. Then indeed knight-errantry were of no use; but I tell thee caitiff, gaols in all countries are only habitations for the poor, not for men of quality. If a poor fellow robs a man of fashion of five shillings, to gaol with him: but the man of fashion may plunder a thousand poor, and stay in his own house. But know, thou base squire of the great Don Quixote de la Mancha, that an adventure now presents itself, not only worthy me, but the united force of all the knights upon earth.

San. Ah poor Sancho! there's an end of thee; a leg or an arm will not suffice this bout.

Quix. There is now arrived in this castle, one of the most accursed giants that ever infested the earth. He marches at the head of his army, that howl like Turks in an engagement.

San. Oh lud! oh lud! this is the country squire at the head of his pack of dogs.

Quix. What dost thou mutter, varlet?

San. Why, Sir, this giant that your worship

talks of, is a country gentleman who is going a courting, and his army is neither more nor less than his kennel of fox-hounds.

Quix. Oh, the prodigious force of enchantment! Sirrah, I tell thee this is the giant Toglogmoglogog, lord of the island of Gogmcgog, whose belly hath been the tomb of above a thousand strong men.

San. Of above a thousand hogsheads of strong beer, I believe.

Quix. This must be the enchanter Merlin, I know him by his dogs. But thou ideot! dost thou imagine that women are to be hunted like hares, that a man would carry his hounds with him to visit his mistress?

San. Sir, your true English squire and his hounds are as inseparable as the Spaniard and his Toledo. He eats with his hounds, drinks with his hounds, and lies with his hounds; your true errant English squire is but the first dog-boy in his house.

Quix. 'Tis pity then, that fortune should contradict the order of nature. It was a wise institution of Plato to educate children according to there minds, not to their births; these squires should sow that corn which they ride over. Sancho, when I see a gentleman on his own coach-box, I regret the loss that some one has had of a coachman: the man who toils all day after a partridge or a pheasant, might serve his country by toiling after a plough; and when I see a low, mean, tricking lord, I lament the loss of an excellent attorney. [*Singing within*] But, hark, some courteous lady in the castle prepares an entertainment for my ears.

AIR II.—(TWEED SIDE.)

Oh! think not the maid whom you scorn,
With riches delighted can be?
Had I a great princess been born,
My Billy had dear been to me.
In grandeur and wealth we find woe,
In love there is nothing but charms;
On others your treasures bestow,
Give Billy alone to these arms.

In title and wealth what is lost,
In tenderness oft' is repaid;
Too much a great fortune may cost;
Well purchas'd may be the poor maid.
Let gold's empty show cheat the great;
We more real pleasures will prove.
While they in their palaces hate,
We in our poor cottage will love.

SCENE III.

Don Quixote, Guzzle, Sancho.

Quix. Most illustrious and most mighty lord, how shall I sufficiently pay you for those sounds with which I have been ravish'd?

Guz. Sir, I desire no other payment but of this small bill; your worship's cattle are saddled, and it is a charming day for travelling.

Quix. Nothing; my lord, shall ever tempt me to leave you, till what I have this day seen within the castle walls be utterly demolished.

Guz. So! he has seen the surloin of beef at

the fire, I find. [*Aside.*]—But if your worship intends to stay any longer, I hope you design to satisfy this small matter here: I am in great necessity, I assure you.

Quix. To what mean actions does necessity force men! that ever a mighty lord should be obliged to borrow money!

Guz. I am ashamed to ask your worship so often for this trifle, but——

Quix. My lord, I see you are, I see the generous confusion which spreads your face.

Guz. I am so poor, an't please your honour, that it will be quite charity in you. It is the same as if you gave it me.

Quix. My lord, I am more confus'd than you; but do not think it a gift, since I see you so backward to receive it in that light. And since, my lord, every thing I have, saving to the charming Dulcinea del Toboso, her fixt and unalterable right, be justly yours, give me leave to call it a debt, my lord. Sancho, pay his lordship a thousand English guineas.

San. If your lordship will please to tell me where I shall get them; but there's no paying with an empty hand; where nothing is, nothing can come on't. Twelve lawyers make not one honest man.

Quix. Cease thy impertinence, and pay the money immediately.

San. If I have seen the colour of gold this fortnight, may I never see Teresa Pancha again.

Quix. I am confounded, my lord, at the extravagance of my squire, who, out of the spoils of so many giants he hath plunder'd, should not have reserv'd enough to oblige your lordship with such a trifle; but, if you know any one who will

disemburse that sum, or any other, I will sell him the reversion of the next island I conquer.

Guz. Do you make a jest of me, Sir?

Quix. Be not incens'd; I am sorry I am not able to give it you.

Guz. Sorry, forsooth! a pretty way of paying debts, truly; I fancy if I was to tell the exciseman, and my brewer, I was sorry I could not pay them, they would send me and my sorrow to gaol together; in short, Sir, I must and I will have my money.

San. You must get the philosopher's stone, before you can make any money of us.

Guz. You shall neither eat nor drink any more in my house, 'till I am paid, that I am resolv'd [*Exit.*

San. I wish your worship would think of changing your quarters; if it must be a blanketing, why let it be a blanketing. I have not eat any thing these twelve hours; and I don't find I am like to fare much better for the next twelve; and by that time I shall be so light, you may as well toss a feather in a blanket.

Quix. Sancho, come hither; I intend to make thee my ambassador.

San. Why truly, Sir, that's a post I should like hugeously well; your bassadours lead rare fat lives, they say; and I should make a very good bassadour, I can assure your worship.

Quix. Thou shalt go my ambassador to the court of Dulcinea del Toboso.

San. I suppose it is equal to your worship what court you send me to; and, to say the truth, I had rather go to some other; for tho' my lady Dulcinea be a very good woman, yet she has got such a woundy trick of being chanted, and I

fancy you, bassadours fare but ill at your chanted courts.

Quix. Reptile! reply not on thy life, but go and prepare thyself for thy journey; then come to me and receive further instructions, for thou shalt set out this very evening.——But, ha! the charming voice begins again.

AIR III.—(WHY WILL FLORELLA, &c.)

[Dorothea *sings within.*]

The pain which tears my throbbing breast,
What language can deplore?
For how should language have exprest
A pain ne'er felt before?
In other virgin wounded hearts,
Love's cruel sport we see;
But the most cruel of his darts,
He has reserv'd for me.

Quix. Unhappy princess!

Dor. Thy curse, O Tantalus! I'd prize;
Thy curse a bliss wou'd prove.
Ah! Heaven were kind, if with my eyes
I could enjoy my love.
Enchanted thus, romances tell
Their moans poor virgins make;
But where is found the powerful spell,
Can this enchantment break?

Quix. In this arm 'tis found. Look forth, most adorable, tho' most unhappy princess; look forth and behold whom fate hath sent to your re-

lief; the most renowned knight of the Woeful Figure, the invincible Don Quixote de la Mancha, for whose victorious arm alone this adventure is reserv'd.————Oh cursed inchanter, dost thou keep this charming princess invisible to my eyes; Open the castle gates, open them this instant, whoever is on the guard, or you shall feel the force of my attack. You shall find, caitiffs, that one single knight is too many for you all.

[*He attacks the walls, and breaks the windows.*

SCENE IV.

Don QUIXOTE, GUZZLE, *and* Mob.

Guz. Heyday! What, in the Devil's name, are you doing? what, do you intend to beat down my house?

Quix. Thou most uncourteous lord, deliver the princess whom thou so unjustly dost detain, or think not that all the inchanters on earth shall preserve thee from my vengeance.

Guz. Don't tell me of princesses and lords, I'm no lord, I am an honest man; and I can tell you, you may be a gentleman; but you don't act like one, to break a poor man's windows in this manner.

Quix. Deliver the princess, caitiff.

Guz. Pay me my bill, Sir, and go out of my house, or I'll fetch a warrant for you; I'll see whether a man is to have his vituals eat up, and drink drank out, and windows broke, and his walls shatter'd, and his guests disturb'd for nothing.

Quix. Ungracious knight! who so often throw-

est in my teeth that small entertainment, which thou art obliged to give men of my heroic profession.

Guz. I believe, indeed, your profession does oblige people sometimes to give, whether they will or no.

Quix. It is too plain, thou wretch, why thou wouldest have me gone; thou knowest the delivering of this high lady thou dost detain, is reserved for me alone; but deliver her this moment, with all her attendants, all her plate and jewels which thou hast robb'd her of.

Guz. Hear this, neighbours; I am accus'd of stealing plates and jewels, when every body knows I have but five dozen of plates, and those I bought and paid for honestly; and as for jewels, the devil of any jewels are there in this house, but two bobs that my wife wears in her ears, which were given her by Sir Thomas Loveland at his last election.

Quix. Cease thy equivocations, and deliver them this instant, or thou shalt find how vainly thou dost trust to all those giants at thy heels. [*The mob laugh.*] Do you mock me, caitiffs? Now thou most incomparable Dulcinea del Toboso, assist thy valiant knight. [*He drives them off, and Exit.*

SCENE V. *A Chamber.*

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! in spite of all my misfortunes, I cannot help laughing at the pleasant adventure of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

Jez. Do you think, Madam, this is the very

same Don——what d'ye call him, whom your father saw in Spain, and of whom he has told us such pure pleasant stories.

Dor. The same; it can be no other. Oh, Jezebel! I wish my adventure may end as happily as those of my name-sake Dorothea's did; I am sure they are very near as romantic; but have not I reason to blame Fairlove for suffering me to be here before him? The lover that does not outfly his mistress's desires, is slow indeed.

Jez. And let me tell you, Madam, he must be very swift who does.

AIR IV.

Dor. Oh hasten my lover, dear Cupid,
Wing hither the youth I admire;
The wretch is too lazy and stupid,
Who leaves me but time to desire.
Let prudes, who leave lovers in anguish,
Themselves in their fonder fits stay;
But leave not a virgin to languish,
Who meets her true lover half way.

Well, I'm a mad girl: don't you think this husband of mine, that is to be, will have a delightful task to tame me?

Jez. By what I can see, he's in a pretty fair way to be tamed himself.

SCENE VI.

SANCHO, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

San. Pray, ladies, which of you is the chanted princess; or are you both chanted princesses?

Jez. What is it to you what we are, saucebox?

Dor. Peace, dear Jezebel——This must be the illustrious Sancho himself.———I am the princess Indoccalambria.

San. My master, the knight of the Woeful Figure, (and a woeful figure he makes, sure enough) sends your ladyship his humble service, and hopes you will not take it amiss that he has not been able to knock all the people in the house on the head: however, he has made it pretty well up in breaking the windows; your ladyship will lie pure and cool, for the devil a whole pane is there in all your apartment: if the glazier had hir'd him, he cou'd not have done better.

Dor. Thou mighty squire of the most mighty knight upon earth, give my grateful thanks to your master for what he has undertaken upon my account; but tell him not to get his precious bones bruis'd any more, for I am sufficiently assur'd this adventure is reserv'd for some other knight.

San. Nay, nay, like enough; all men cannot do all things; one man gets an estate, by what another gets a halter. All is not fish that swims. Many a man wants a wife, but more want to get rid of one. Two cuckolds see each other's horns, when neither of them can see his own. Money is the fruit of evil, as often as the root of it. Charity seldom goes out of her own house; and ill nature is always a rambling abroad. Every woman is a beauty, if you will believe her own glass; and few, if you will believe her neighbours.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Pray, Mr. Sancho, might not one hope to see your illustrious master?

San. Nothing would rejoice his heart so much, Madam, unless he were to see my lady Dulcinea herself. Ah, Madam, might I hope your ladyship would speak a good word for me?

Dor. Name it, and be assur'd of any thing in my power, honest Sancho.

San. If your princess-ship could but prevail on my master, that I might not be sent home after my lady Dulcinea; for, to tell you the truth, Madam, I am so fond of the English roast beef and strong beer, that I don't intend ever to set my foot in Spain again, if I can help it: give me a slice of roast beef, before all the rarities of Camacho's wedding.

Dor. Bravely said, noble squire.

AIR V.—(THE KING'S OLD COURTIER.)

When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's
food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were
good
Oh the roast beef of old England,
And old England's roast beef!

Then, Britons, from all nice dainties refrain,
Which effeminate Italy, France, and Spain;
And mighty roast beef shall command on the main.
Oh the roast beef, &c.
San. Oh the roast beef, &c.

Dor. I have been told, noble squire, that you once impos'd a certain lady for Dulcinea on your master; now what think you if this young lady here should personate that incomparable princess?

Jez. Who, I?

San. Adod! your princess-ship has hit it; for he has never seen this Dulcinea, nor has any body

else, that I can hear of; and who my lady Dulcinea should be, I don't know, unless she be one of your chanted ladies: the curate of our parish, and Mr. Nicholas the barber, have often told me there was no such woman, and that my master was a madman; and sometimes I am half at a loss to guess whsther he be mad or no. I'm sure, if it was not for the sake of the little island that I am to govern, I should not have follow'd his errantries so long.

Dor. Fy, do not entertain such unworthy thoughts of that most glorious knight.

San. Nay, Madam, I can't find in my heart to think him mad neither; for he will talk sometimes, 'twould do one good to hear him talk; he will talk ye three hours, and I shan't understand one word he says. Our curate was a fool to e'en; and yet he has talk'd what I could not understand neither; but that's neither here nor there; an empty purse causes a full heart; an old woman's a very bad bride, but a very good wife; conscience often stops at a molehill, and leaps over a mountain; the law guards us from all evil but itself; what's vice to-day is virtue to-morrow; 'tis not only plumbs that make a pudding; physic makes you first sick, and then well; wine first makes you well, and then sick.

Jez. And your proverbs would make the devil sick.

Dor. Lose no time, good Sancho, but acquaint the most invincible knight that the lady Dulcinea is in the castle; we'll manage the matter so dexterously, you shall be in no danger of a discovery.

San. Since my bringing the last Dulcinea to him, I do not fear that; he that can swallow a

goose, will hardly keck at a gander; the bear may well dance when the ass plays the fiddle.

[*Exit* Sancho.

SCENE VII.

DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Well, for the future, I will never disbelieve a traveller; the knight and his squire are full as ridiculous as they were describ'd: we shall have rare diversion.

Jez. Poor Fairlove! thou art quite forgotten.

Dor. I've rather reason to think Dorothea so! I am sure, when a lover suffers his mistress to come first to the place of appointment, he cannot blame any innocent amusement with which she would shorten his absence; and to confess the truth to you, while I am still under apprehensions of the match my father intends for me, I have too great cause to try to divert my grief.

AIR VI.—(FROM ABERDEEN TO EDINGBURGH.)

Happy the animals who stray
In freedom thro' the grove;
No laws in love they e'er obey,
But those prescrib'd by love:
While we, confin'd to parents' rules,
Unfortunate, are told,
None follow love's sweet laws but fools;
The wise are slaves to gold.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

The Street.

Mr. Mayor, *and a Voter.*

May. Well, neighbour, what's your opinion of this strange man that is come to town, Don Quixote, as he calls himself?

Vot. Think, why, that he's a madman. What shou'd I think?

May. 'Ecod! it runs in my head that he is come to stand for parliament-man.

Vot. How can that be, neighbour; they tell me he's a Spaniard.

May. What's that to us? let him look to his qualifications when we have chose him. If he can't sit in the house, that's his fault.

Vot. Nay, nay, he can't be chose if he should stand; for, to my certain knowledge, the corporation have promis'd Sir Thomas Loveland, and Mr. Bouncer.

May. Pugh! all promises are conditional; and let me tell you, Mr. Retail, I begin to smoke a plot. I begin to apprehend no opposition, and then we're sold, neighbour.

Vot. No, no, neighbour; then we shall not be sold, and that's worse: but rather than it should come to that, I would ride all over the kingdom for a candidate; and if I thought Sir Thomas intended to steal us in this manner, he should have no vote of mine, I assure you. I shall vote for no man who holds the corporation cheap.

May. Then suppose we were to go in a body, and solicit Sir Don Quixote to stand? As for his being mad, while he's out of Bedlam it does signify.

Vot. But there is another objection, neighbour, which I am afraid the corporation will never get over.

May. What's that pr'ythee?

Vot. They say he has brought no money with him.

May. Ay, that indeed: but tho' he hath no money with him here, I am assur'd by his servant that he hath a very large estate: and so, if the other party come down handsomely with the ready, we may trust him; for you know, at last, we have nothing to do but not to choose him, and then we may recover all he owes us.

Vot. I do not care to be sold, neighbour.

May. Nor I neither, neighbour, by any but myself. I think that is the privilege of a free Briton.

SCENE IX.

GUZZLE, MAYOR, RETAIL.

Guz. Mr. Mayor, a good morrow to you, Sir; are you for a whet, this morning?

May. With all my heart; but what's become of the gentleman, the traveller!

Guz. He's laid down to sleep, I believe; pretty well tired with work. What the devil to do with him, I can't tell.

May. My neighbour and I have a strange thought come into our heads. You know, Mr. Guzzle, we are like to have no opposition, and that I believe you will feel the want of, as much as any man. Now, d'ye see, we have taken it into consideration, whether we should not ask this Sir Don to represent us.

Guz. With all my heart, if either of you will hang out a sign and entertain him; but he is far enough in my books already.

May. You are too cautious, Master Guzzle; I make no doubt but he is some very rich man, who pretends to be poor in order to get his election the cheaper; he can have no other design in staying among us. For my part, I make no doubt but that he is come to stand on the court interest.

Guz. Nay, nay, if he stands at all, it is on the court side, no doubt; for he talks of nothing but kings, and princes, and princesses, and emperors, and empresses.

May. Ay, ay, an officer in the army too, I warrant him, if we knew but the bottom.

Guz. He seems, indeed, to be damnably fond of free-quarter.

Rct. But if you think he intends to offer himself, would it not be wiser to let him; for then, you know, if he spends never so much, we shall not be obliged to choose him.

May. Brother alderman, I have reproved you already for that way of reasoning; it savours too much of bribery. I like an opposition, because otherwise a man may be obliged to vote against his party; therefore when we invite a gentleman to stand, we invite him to spend

his money for the honour of his party; and when both parties have spent as much as they are able, every honest man will vote according to his conscience.

Guz. Mr. Mayor talks like a man of sense and honour, and it does me good to here him.

May. Ay, ay, Mr. Guzzle, I never gave a vote contrary to my conscience. I have very earnestly recommended the country interest to all my brethren; but before that, I recommended the town interest, that is, the interest of this corporation; and first of all I recommended to every particular man to take a particular care of himself. And it is with a certain way of reasoning, that he that serves me best, will serve the town best; and he that serves the town best, will serve the country best.

Guz. See what it is to have been at Oxford; the parson of the parish himself can't out-talk him.

May. Come, landlord, we'll have one bottle, and drink success to the corporation: these times come but seldom, therefore we ought to make the best of them. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene, a Chamber in the Inn.

Don Quixote, Sancho.

Quixote.

Thou hast, by this time, fully perceiv'd, Sancho, the extreme difficulties and dangers of knight-errantry.

San. Ay, and of 'squire-errantry too, an't please your worship.

Quix. But virtue is its own reward.

San. Your worship may have a relish for these rewards, perhaps; but to speak truly, I am a poor plain man, and know nothing of these fine things; and for any reward I have hitherto got, I had much rather have gone without it. As for an island, I believe I could relish it as well as another; but a man may catch cold while his coat is making: and since you may provide for me in a much easier way, if I might be so bold as to speak ——

Quix. Thou knowest I will deny thee nothing, which is fit for me to give, or thee to take.

San. Then if your worship wou'd be so good as to set me up in an inn, I should make a rare landlord; and it is a very thriving trade among the English.

Quix. And couldst thou decend so low, ignoble wretch?

San. Any thing to get an honest livelihood, which is more than I find we are like to do in the way we are going on: for if I durst speak it——

Quix. Speak fearlessly——I will only impute it to thy ignorance.

San. Why then I find, Sir, that we are look'd on here to be neither more nor less, better nor worse, than a couple of madmen.

Quix. Sancho, I am not concern'd at the evil opinion of men. Indeed, if we consider who are their favorites, we shall have no reason to be so fond of their applause. Virtue, Sancho, is too bright for their eyes, and they dare not behold her. Hypocrisy is the deity they worship. Is not the lawyer often call'd an honest man, when for a sneaking fee he pleads the villains' cause, or attempts to exort evidence to the conviction of the innocent? Does not the physician live well in his neighbourhood, while he suffers them to bribe his ignorance to their destruction? but why should I mention those whose profession 'tis to prey on others? Look through the world. What is it recommends men but the poverty, the vice, and the misery of others? This, Sancho, they are sensible of: and therefore, instead of endeavouring to make himself better, each man endeavours to make his neighbour worse. Each man rises to admiration by treading on mankind. Riches and power accrue to the one, by the destruction of thousands. These are the general objects of the

good opinion of men: nay, and that which is profess'd to be paid to virtue, is seldom more to any thing than a supercilious contempt of our neighbour. What is a good natur'd man? Why, one, who seeing the want of his friend, cries, he pities him! Is this real? No: if it was, he would relieve him. His pity is triumphant arrogance and insult: it arises from his pride, not from his compassion. Sancho, let them call me mad; I am not mad enough to court their approbation.

San. Oh! good your worship proceed: I could fast an hour longer to hear your discourse.

SCENE II.

GUZZLE, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO.

Guz. An't please your honour, the mayor of the town is come to wait on you.

Quix. Give him admittance. This is the chief magistrate of the place, who comes, I suppose, to congratulate me on my arrival; he might have come sooner; but the neglect of his duty is better than the total omission. In the mean while, Sancho, post thou away this instant to Toboso; and heaven prosper thy embassy.

San. Prosperity may travel with me without tiring itself. [*Aside.*

SCENE III.

MAYOR, DON QUIXOTE.

May. I am your honour's most humble servant.

Quix. Sir, I am glad to see you; I think you are the chief officer of the town.

May. Yes, an't please your honour, I am Mr. Mayor of this town. I should have done myself the pleasure to have waited on you sooner, but I was quite ignorant of the design with which you came hither.

Quix. Be seated, Sir; you are a worthy man, and, to your praise be it spoken, the first that has done his duty since my arrival.

May. I can't answer for the whole town; but the corporation is as well affected a corporation as any in England, and I believe highly sensible of the honour you intend them. No man knows his strength till he tries it; and, notwithstanding what you might have heard of the knight of the Long-Purse, if you oppose him briskly, I dare answer for your success.

Quix. Is there a knight on earth I dare not oppose? Tho' he had as many hands as Briareus, as many eyes as Argus, I should not fear him.

May. This is a special stick of wood, I find.—A benefit ticket, adod. [*Aside.*

Quix. I see the reason of your apprehension; you have heard of my ill success in my last adventure——that was not my fault! [*Sighing.*

May. I see he has been thrown out at some place already.——I don't in the least, Sir, apprehend it was your fault; but there is nothing to be done without bleeding freely on these occasions.

Quix. Ha! do you think I fear to bleed?

May. Be not so passionate, Sir; this I assure you, you will do your business with less than any other. I suppose, Sir, it may lie in your power to do some services to this town.

Quix. Be assured it does. I will, for your

sake, preserve it for ever from any insults. No armies shall ever do you any harm.

May. I assure you, Sir, that will recommend you very much: if you can keep soldiers from quartering upon us, we shall make very little difficulty in the affair; but I hope your honour will consider that the town is very poor, Sir; a little circulation of money amongst us would———

Quix. Sir, you make me concern'd that it is not now in my power to give whatever you desire; but rest secure of this, there is not one whom you shall recommend, that shall not within this twelvemonth, be governor of an island.

May. This is a courtier, I find, by his promises. [*Aside.*

Quix. But who is this knight whom I am to encounter? Is he now in the castle?

May. Yes, Sir, he is now at Loveland castle, a seat of his about ten miles off. He was here the very day before your honour came to town, randying for a knight of his acquaintance, with no less than than six hundred freeholders at his heels.

Quix. Hump! those are a sort of soldiers I never heard of in spain——How are they arm'd?

May. Arm'd, Sir?

Quix. Ay; with carbines, with muskets, spears, pistols, swords, or how? I ask, that I may choose proper weapons to encounter them.

May. Ha, ha! your honour is pleas'd to be merry: why truly, Sir, they were pretty well arm'd when they went out of town: every man had four or five bottles in his head at least.

Quix. Base-born cowards! who owe their courage to the spirit of their wine! But be easy, Sir, within these two days, not one of them shall be alive.

May. Marry, heaven forbid! some of them are as honest gentlemen as any in the county.

Quix. Ha! honest! and in the train of the knight of the Long-Purse! Do I not know him to be a deflowerer of virgins, a destroyer of orphans, a despoiler of widows, a debaucher of wives——

May. Who, Sir Thomas Loveland, Sir? Why you don't know him, He's as good natur'd, civil a gentleman, as a man may say——

Quix. Why then do you petition me against him?

May. Nay, Sir, for that matter, let him be as civil as he pleases, one man's money is as good as another's. You seem to be a civil gentleman too; and if you stand against him, I don't know which would carry it: but this, I believe, you guess already, that he who spends most, would not have the least chance.

Quix. Ha! caitiff! dost thou think I would condescend to be the patron of a place so mercenary? If my services cannot procure me the election, dost thou think that my money should make me their knight? What should I get by undertaking the protection of this city and castle, but dangers, difficulties, toils, and enchantments? Hence from my sight! or by the peerless Dulcinea's eyes, thy blood shall pay the affront thou hast given my honour.——Was it for this that I was chosen in full senate the patron of la Mancha? Gods! to what will mankind degenerate! where not only the vile necessaries of life, but even honours, which should be the reward of virtue only, are to be bought with money.

SCENE IV.

Another Chamber.

Squire BADGER, SCUT, *his huntsman*, & GUZZLE.

Badg. That's it, honey's, Oh! that's it.—What have you no company in the house, landlord? Could not you find out an honest lad, one that could take a hearty pot?

Guz. Faith, noble squire, I wish you had spoke a little sooner; Mr. Permit the officer is just gone out of the house; your worship wou'd have lik'd him hugely; he is rare good company.

Badg. Well, but hang it, hast thou nobody?

Guz. I have not one guest in the house, Sir, but a young lady and her maid, and a madman, and a squire, as he calls himself.

Badg. Squire! Who, pr'ythee?

Guz. Squire——It is a cursed hard name, I never can remember. Squire Pancho Sancho——he calls himself.

Badg. Pr'ythee, what is he, a Whig or a Tory? Hey!

Guz. Sir, I don't know what he is: his master and he have been here in my house this month, and I can't tell what to make of 'em; I wish the devil had 'em before I had seen 'em, the squire and his master both.

Badg. What has the squire a master?

Guz. I don't know which is master nor which is man not I; sometimes I think one is master, and then again I think it is t'other.——I am sure I had rather be the squire, for he sleeps most, and eats most; he is as bad as a greyhound in a house;

there is no laying down any thing eatable, but if you turn your back, slap he has it up.——As for the knight, as he calls himself, he has more to pay for breaking windows, than eating: wou'd I were well rid of him! He will sit you sometimes in in the yard to guard the castle as he calls it but I am afraid his design is to rob the house, if he could catch an opportunity. I don't understand one word in ten of what he says; he talks of giants, and castles, and queens, and princesses, and chanters, and magicians, and Dulcineas; he has been a mighty traveller, it seems.

Badg. A comical dog, I fancy; go, give my service to him, and tell him I should be glad of his company; go.

Guz. I am afraid he is not in any of the best humours, for he was most confoundedly drubb'd just now.

Badg. Well, pr'ythee go and call him; here is some of the best physick for him. Come, Scut, sit down, and sing that song once more.

AIR VII.—(MOTHER QUOTH HODGE, &c.)

Scut. The doctor is fee'd for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a score;
Of all the best drugs the Dispensaries taught,
'Twere well could each cure one disease, and no more.
But here's the juice,
Of sovereign use,
'Twill cure your distempers. what ever they be:

In body, or spirit,
Wherever you bear it;
Take of this a large dose, and it soon sets you free.

By cunning directors, if trick'd of your pelf,
Your losses a dose of good claret can heal;
Or if you have been a director yourself,
'Twill teach you no loss of your honour to feel:
Stocks fall or rise,
Tell truth or lies,
Your fame and your fortune here remedy find;
If Silvia be cruel,
Take this water-gruel,
'Twill soon cure the fever that burns up your mind.

SCENE V.

Don Quixote, Guzzle, Scut, *and* Badger.

Quix. Most illustrious and mighty knight, I'm proud to kiss your hands.

Badg. Your servant, Sir, your servant.——A devilish odd figure this. [*Aside.*

Quix. To meet a person of your distinction, is a happiness I little expected; for I am much mistaken but you are either the knight of the Sun, or of the Black Helmet.

Badg. Or of the Black Cap, Sir, if you please.

Quix. Sir knight of the Black Cap, I rejoice in meeting you in this castle; and I wish the achievement of this glorious adventure, in which I

have been, by the cursed power of enchantment, foil'd may be reserv'd for you.

Badg. This is honest cousin Tom, faith, as mad as a March-hare. [*Aside.*

Quix. Would you guess, Sir knight of the Black Cap, that this uncourteous person, the lord of this castle, should detain within his walls, the most beautiful princess in the universe?

Badg. The devil he does.

Quix. Inchanted; and, if I mistake not, by that inchanter Merlin; I humbly suppose, the delivery of this princess was the design with which you came to this castle.

Badg. Ay, ay, Sir, I'll deliver her I warrant you; but come, Sir,——Pray, Sir, may I crave the honour of your name?

Quix. I am known, Sir, in chivalry, by the name of the knight of the Woeful Figure.

Badg. Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, will you please to sit down? Come, Sir, here's to you. Landlord, draw your chair. How long, Sir knight of the Woeful Figure, have you been in these parts?

Quix. It is not, Sir knight of the Black Cap, the business of a knight-errant to number time, like the inferior part of mankind, by the days which he lives, but by the actions he performs; perhaps you may have sojourn'd longer here than I. Are there many knights in this kingdom.

Badg. Oh! numberless!——There are your knights and baron knights, and knights of the post; and then there are your blue knights, and your red knights, and your green knights.

Quix. Well may this kingdom be said to be happy, when so many knights conspire for its safety.

Badg. Come let us be merry; we'll have a hunting song.——Sir knight, I should be glad to see you at my country-seat. Come, Scut, sing away:

AIR VII.—(THERE WAS A JOVIAL BEGGAR, &c.)

Scut. The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn:
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn:
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs his stay;
My dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to-day.
But a hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek;
For why, I carry'd, sound and good,
A cartload there last week.
And a hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in a ditch:
But a hunting we will go.

At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry homeward we return,
To feast away the night:
Then a drinking we will go.

Badg. Ha, ha, he! Sir knight of the Woeful Figure; this is the life, Sir, of most of our knights in England.

Quix. Hunting is a manly exercise, and therefore a proper recreation. But it is the business of a knight-errant to rid the world of other sorts of animals than foxes.

Badg. Here is my dear Dorothea to you, the most beautiful woman in the world.

Quix. Ha, caitif! dost thou dare say that in my presence, forgetting that the peerless Dulcinea yet lives? Confess thy fault this instant, and own her inferior to Dulcinea, or I will make thee a dreadful example to all future knights who shall dare dispute the incomparableness of that divine lady.

Badg. Throw by your spit, Sir; throw by your spit, and I don't fear you. 'Sbud! I'll beat your lanthorn jaws into your throat, you rascal.

[*Squire Badger offers to strike Don Quixote.*

Guz. Oh, that this fellow were at the devil! Dear squire, let him alone.

Quix. Ha! have I discovered thee, impostor? Thanks, most incomparable lady, that hast not suffered thy knight to pollute his hands with the base blood of that impostor squire.

SCENE VI.

Don Quixote, Sancho, *Squire* Badger.

San. Oh, Sir, I have been seeking your honour; I have such news to tell you!

Quix. Sancho, uncase this instant, and handle that squire as he deserves.

San. My lady Dulcinea, Sir———

Quix. Has been abus'd, has been injured, by the slanderous tongue of that squire.

San. But, Sir———

Quix. If thou expectest to live a moment, answer me not a word, till that caitif hath felt thy fist.

San. Nay, Sir, with all my heart, as far as a cuff or two goes.——I hate your squire-errants that carry arms about them.

Badg. I'll box you first one hand, second with both. Sirrah, I am able to beat a dozen of you—— If I don't lamb thee!—— [*They both strip.*

San. May be not, brother squire, may be not; threatened folks live long; high words break no bones; many walk into battle, and are carry'd out on't; one ounce of heart is better than many a stone of flesh; dead men pay no surgeons; safer to dance after a fiddle than a drum, tho' not so honourable; a wise man would be a soldier in time of peace, and a parson in time of war.

SCENE VII.

Mrs. Guzzle, *Squire* Badger, Sancho.

Mrs. Guz. What in the devil's name is the matter with you? Get you and your master out of my house, for a couple of pick-pockets as you are.——Sir, I hope your worship will not be angry with us.

Badg. Stand away, landlord, stand away.—— If I don't lick him!

San. Come along out into the yard, and let me have fair play, and I don't fear you——I don't fear you.

Mrs. Guz. Get you out, you rascal, get you out, or I'll be the death of you; I'll teach you to fight with your betters, you villain you; I'll curry you, sirrah.

SCENE VIII.

FAIRLOVE, *Squire* BADGER.

Fair. I am sorry to see a gentleman insulted, Sir. What was the occasion of this fray?

Badg. I hope you are no knight-errant, Sir?

Fair. Sir!

Badg. I say, Sir, I hope you are no knight-errant, Sir?

Fair. You are merry, Sir,

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you wou'd have been merry too, had you seen such a sight as I have. Here is a fellow in this inn, that outdoes all the shows I ever saw. He was going to knock my brains out for drinking my mistress's health.

Fair. Perhaps he is your rival, Sir.

Badg. Odd! that's like enough, now I think on't; who knows but this may be that son of a whore, Fairlove, whom I have been told on?

Fair. Ha!

Badg. As sure as a gun—this is he——Ods-bodlikins! Mrs. Dorothea, you have a very strange sort of a taste, I can tell you that.

Fair. Do you travel towards London, Sir? because I shall be glad of your company.

Badg. No, Sir; I have not above fifteen short miles to go, and quite across the country.

Fair. Perhaps you are going to Sir Thomas Loveland's.

Badg. Do you know Sir Thomas then, Sir?

Fair. Very intimately well, Sir.

Badg. Give me your hand, Sir.——You are an honest cock, I warrant you.——Why, Sir, I am going to fall in love with Sir Thomas's daughter.

Fair. You can't avoid that, Sir, if you see her; for she is the most agreeable woman in the world.

Badg. And then she sings like a nightingale! Now that is a very fine quality in a wife; for you know the more she sings, the less she'll talk. Some folks like women for their wit: Odsbodlikins! it is a sign they have none of their own; there is nothing a man of good sense dreads so much in a wife, as her having more sense than himself.

AIR IX.—(LILLIBULERO.)

Like gold to a miser, the wit of a lass
More trouble than joy to her husband may bring.
Fair. The fault's in the miser, and not in the mass;
He knows not to use so precious a thing.
Badg. Wit teaches how
To arm your brow;
A price for that treasure some husbands have paid.
Fair. But wit will conceal it;
And if you don't feel it,
A horn's but a pimple scarce seen on your head.

SCENE IX.

FAIRLOVE, *Squire* BADGER, JOHN.

John. Sir, Sir!

Fair. Well, what now?

John. [*Whispers.*]

Fair. How! here?

John. I saw her, Sir, upon my honour.

Fair. I am the happiest of mankind. [*Aside.*] ——Brother traveller, farewel.

Badg. What, shan't we drink together?

Fair. Another time, Sir; I am in a little haste at present—[*Aside.*] Harkye, John, I leave you with my rival: I need say no more.—— Dear Dorothea, ten thousand raptures are in the dear name. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

JOHN, *Squire* BADGER, DON QUIXOTE.

Badg. Harkye, mister; what is your master's name, pray?

John. Master, Sir?

Badg. I say, your master's name.

John. What do you see in me that should make you ask my master's name? I suppose you would take it very ill of me, if I were to ask you what your master's name is. Do I look so little like a gentleman as to stand in need of a master?

Badg. Oh, Sir, I ask your pardon; your dress, Sir, was the occasion of my mistake.

John. Probable enough; among you country gentlemen, and really in town, gentlemen and footmen dress so very like one another, that it is somewhat difficult to know which is which.

Badg. May be, Sir, then you are only an acquaintance of this gentleman's.

John. A travelling acquaintance.

Badg. May I crave his name, Sir?

John. Oh, Sir, his name, his name, Sir, is Sir Gregory Nebuchaddonnezzar. He is a very rich Jew, an Italian by birth, born in the city of Cork. He is a going into Cornwall to take possession of a small estate of twenty thousand pounds a year, left him the other day by a certain Dutch merchant's mistress, with whom he had an intrigue. He is a gentleman, Sir, universally esteemed in the beau monde.

Badg. Beau monde! Pray, what's that?

John. Beau monde, Sir, is as much as to say, a man of figure; when you say, he is a man of the beau monde, you mean just such another person as I am.

Badg. You will pardon the ignorance of a country gentleman.

John. Oh, Sir, we of the beau monde are never offended at ignorance.

Quix. [*Within*] Avaunt, caitifs!——Think not, thou most accursed giant, ever to enter within this castle, to bring any more captive princesses hither.

Badg. Heyday! what's the matter now?

Coachman. [*Within.*] Open the gates, will you? Are you mad?

Quix. You, my lord of the castle, suffer them to be open'd at your peril.

John. One might think, by this noise, that

we were at the outside of the Opera-house at a ridotto.

SCENE XI.

Mrs. GUZZLE, JOHN, *Squire* BADGER.

Mrs. Guz. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, come and assist us; this mad Don Quixote will ruin my house: he won't suffer a stage coach to come into the yard. Dear, good gentlemen, come and speak to him.——Oh! that ever I should live to see him!

John. I am too much a gentleman not to assist a lady in distress.——Come, Sir.

Badg. After you, Sir; I am not quite unbred.

John. O, dear Sir.

SCENE XII.

Yard.

Don QUIXOTE, *arm'd cap-a-pee, his lance in his hand,* SANCHO, GUZZLE, *Sq.* BADGER, JOHN, Mrs. GUZZLE.

Coachman. [*Within.*] If you don't open the ga'es this instant, I'll go to another inn.

Brief. [*Within.*] Sir, I'll have your house indicted; I'll have your sign taken down.

Guz. Gentlemen, here is a madman in the yard.——Will you let me open the gates, or no, Sir?

Quix. Open them, and I will shew thee that I

want no walls to secure me.—Open them, I say. ——You shall see the force of one single knight.

Mrs. Guz. Dear gentlemen, will nobody knock his brains out?

John. This is the most comical dog I ever saw in my life. [*Aside.*

Badg. If I have any thing to say to him while he has that thing in his hand, may I have it in my guts that moment.

Guz. There, the gates are open.

Quix. Now, thou peerless princess, Dulcinea. [*Exit.*

Coachman. Gee, gee, boys, hup! [*Exeunt* Sancho, &c.

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. Guzzle, Mr. Brief, Dr. Drench, Mr. Sneak, Mrs. Sneak, Miss Sneak; *Maid with candles.*

Mrs. Sneak. Don't be fright'ned, my dear, there is no danger now.

Mr. Sneak. That's owing to me, my dear; if we had not got out of the coach, as I advis'd, we had been in a fine condition.

Brief. Who is this fellow, woman, that has caus'd all this rout?

Mrs. Guz. Oh! dear Mr. Counsellor, I am almost frightened out of my wits; he is the devil, I think.—I can't get him out of my house.

Brief. What, have you no justice of the peace near you? You should apply to a justice of peace. The law provides a very good remedy for these sort of people; I'll take your affair into my hands.

Dr. Drench, do you know no neigbhouring justice?

Drench. What, do you talk of a justice? The man is mad, and physic is properer for him than law. I'll take him in hand myself after supper.

Mrs. Sneak. I wish, Mr. Sneak, you would go into the kitchen, and see what we can have for supper.

Mr. Sneak. Yes, my dear. [*Exit.*

Brief. Ay, do; the fresh air of the Downs, I protest, has got me an appetite.——Ladies, how do you do after your fright? Doctor, I fancy a dram of that cordial you carry in your pocket would do the ladies no harm.

Mrs. Sneak. You are a merry man, Mr. Counsellor. Come, child.

Mrs. Guz. This way, ladies. [*Exeunt women*

SCENE XIV.

MR. BRIEF, DR. DRENCH, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, *Squire* BADGER, JOHN.

Badg. Huzza! Hark! hark!——Agad he has routed the coach and horses bravely! My landlord and the coachman won't overtake them one while, I warrant.

Quix. Most illustrious and high lords, it is with great pleasure that I congratulate you on your delivery, which you owe only to the peerless Dulcinea. I desire therefore no other return, but that you both repair immediately to Toboso, and render yourselves at her feet.

Drench. Poor man! poor man! he must be put to bed. I shall apply proper remedies. His

frenzy is very high; but I hope we shall be able to take it off.

Brief. His frenzy! his roguery. The fellow's a rogue; he is no more mad than I am; and the coachman and landlord both have very good actions at law against him.

Quix. Sancho, do you attend those princes to the richest and most beautiful apartments.—Most illustrious princes, the governor of this castle is an enchanter: but be not alarm'd at it; for all the powers of hell shall not hurt you. I will myself keep on the guard all this night for your safety; and to-morrow I expect you set forward to Toboso.

Drench. Galen calls this phrenzy the phrenabracum.

Brief. My Lord Coke brings these people into the number of common cheats.

Drench. I shall order him bleeding, glistering, vomiting, purging, blistering, and cupping.

Badg. He may, besides an action of assault and battery, be indicted in the crown; he may also have an action of damages and trespasses laid on him.——In short, if he be worth five thousand pounds I don't question but to action him out on't——Come, doctor, if you please, we will attend the ladies. [*Exeunt.*

Badg. Why, Mr. Quixote, do you know whe these people were you called princes?

Quix. One of them I take to be the prince of Sarmatia, and the other of the Five Mountains.

Badg. One of them is a lawyer, and t'other a physician.

Quix. Monstrous enchantment! what odd shapes this Merlin transforms the greatest people into! But knight errantry will be too hard for him at last. [*Exit.*

John. Ha, ha, ha! a comical dog!

Badg. If you will accept of one bottle of stout, brother traveller, it is at your service.

John. With all my heart, Sir. I'm afraid this fellow has no good champaigne in his house. [*Exeunt.*

San. Hey! is the coast clear'd? Where, in the devil's name, has this mad master of mine disposed himself? for mad he is now, that's certain; this last adventure has put it past all manner of dispute. Ah, poor Sancho, what will become of thee? Would it not be the wisest way to look out for some new master, while thou hast any whole bones in thy skin. And yet I can't find in my heart to forsake my old one, at least till I have got this small island; and then, perhaps, when I have it, I shall lose it again, as I did my former government.——Well, if ever I do lay my fingers on an island more, I'll act like other wise governors, fall to plundering as fast as I can; and when I have made my fortune, why, let them turn me out if they will.

AIR X.—(BKACK JOKE.)

The more we see of human kind,
The more deceits and tricks we find,
In every land, as well as Spain:
For wou'd he ever hope to thrive,
Upon the mountains he must live;
For nought but rogues in vales remain.
The miser and the man will trick,
The mistress and the maid will nick.
For rich and poor
Are rogue and whore;
There's not one honest man in a score,
Nor woman true in twenty-four.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Scene, a Room.

Fairlove, Dorothea, Mrs. Guzzle.

Fairlove.

Depend on it, you shall be made amends for your damage you have sustain'd from this heroic knight and his squire.

Mrs. Guz. You look like a very honourable gentleman, Sir; and I would take your word for a great deal more than he owes me.

Dor. But pray Mrs. Guzzle, how came you by this fine dress, in which the lady Dulcinea is to be exhibited?

Mrs. Guz. About a month ago, Madam, there was a company of stage-players here, and they staid for above a fortnight acting their shows: but I don't know how it happen'd, the gentry did not give them much encouragement; so at last they all run away, except the queen, whom I made bold to strip of her finery, which is all that I have to shew for their whole reckoning.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! poor queen! poor travelling princess.

Mrs. Guz. The devil travel with her to the world's end, so she travel not hither. Send me any thing but stage-players and knight-errants. I'm sure fifty pounds won't make me whole again; would your ladyship think it, Madam? beside other articles, she ran in tick twenty shillings for thunder and lightning.

SCENE II.

JEZEBEL, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, MRS. GUZZLE.

Dor. Behold the peerless princess! Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I shall die! Ha, ha, ha!

San. Zooks! she'll put the real Dulcinea out of countenance, for no such gorgeous fine lady have I seen in all Toboso.

Fair. Is the knight appris'd, Mr. Sancho, of the approach of his Mistress?

San. Yes, Sir; it had like to have cost me dear I'm sure; for when I told him of it, he gave me such a hug, that I thought I shou'd never have fetch'd breath any more in this world. I believe he took me for the lady Dulcinea herself.

Dor. But why booted and spurr'd, Mr. Sancho? Are you going a journey?

San. Yes, Madam; your ladyship knows I was ordered to go for my lady Dulcinea; so what does me I, but rides into the kitchen, where I whipt and spurr'd about a sirloin of roast-beef, for a full half hour. Then slap, I return'd to my

master, whom I found leaning upon his spear, with his eyes lifted up to the stars, calling out upon my Toboso lady, as if the devil were in his guts; as soon as he sees me, Sancho, says he, with a voice like a great gun, wilt thou never have sufficiently stuffed thy wallet? Wilt thou never set out for Toboso? Heavens bless your honour's worship, and keep you in your senses, says I; I am just return'd from thence; I am sure if you felt half the weariness in your bones that I do, you'd think you set out with a vengeance. Truly then, Sancho, thou must have travelled by chantment. I don't know whether I travel by chantment, but this I know, that about five miles off, I met my lady Dulcinea. How! says he, and gave such a spring, I thought he would have leapt over the wall. Ay, says I, sure I know her ladyship. He that has stood in the pillory, ought to know what wood it is made of; and a woman, who walks the streets, ought to know whether they are pav'd or no.

Jez. I hope he won't offer to be rude.

San. Your ladyship need not fear that. I dare swear he loves your ladyship so much, he would not take a hundred pound to come within a yard of you; he is one of your high bred sort of gentry, and knows his distance.

Jez. Shou'd he offer to touch me, I shou'd faint.

San. If your ladyship pleases, I'll convey you to a proper place where you may see my master, and then I'll go and prepare him a little more for your arrival.

Mrs. Guz. I'll go see this show, I'm resolv'd; and, faith, I begin to doubt which of my guests is the maddest.

SCENE III.

FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA.

Dor. Shall we follow to the window, and see the sport?

Fair. How can my Dorothea think of trifling at this time?

Dor. Had I found you at my first arrival, I should scarce have invented this design; but I cannot see any retardment 'twill be to our purpose.

Fair. Why should we not fly away this instant: who knows but you may be pursued? I shall have no easy moment till you are mine beyond any possibility of losing you.

Dor. The morning will be time enough; for I have taken such measures, I shall not be miss'd till then; besides, I think there was something so lucky in your coming hither without having received my letter, that I cannot suspect the happy success of our affair. Ah, Fairlove! would I were as sure it would be always in your will, as it will be in your power, to make me happy: But when I reflect on your former life, when I think what a rover you have been, have I not a just occasion then for fear?

Fair. Unkind Dorothea!

AIR XI.—(HAVE YOU HEARD OF A FROLICKSOME DITTY, &c.)

Wou'd fortune, the truth to discover,
Of him you suspect as a rover,
Bid me be to some princess a lover,

No princess wou'd Billy pursue.
Dor. Wou'd Heaven but grant me the trial,
A monarch shou'd meet my denial;
And while other lovers I'd fly all,
I'd fly, my dear Billy, to you.

Fair. Whole ages my Dolly enjoying,
Is a feast that cou'd never be cloying;
With thee while I'm kissing and toying,
Kind fortune can give me no more.
Dor. With thee I'm so blest beyond measure,
I laugh at all offers of treasure;
I laugh at all offers of pleasure;
Thou art all my joy and my store.

Both. With thee, &c.

SCENE IV.

Servants with lights before Sir Thomas *and* Guzzle.

Sir Tho. Landlord, how fares it? You seem to drive a humming trade here.

Guz. Pretty well, considering the hardness of the times, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Better times are a coming, a new election is not far off.

Guz. Ay, Sir, if we had but an election once a year, a man might make a shift to pick up a livelihood.

Sir Tho. Once a year! why thou unconscionable rogue! the kingdom would not be able to supply us with malt. But pr'ythee whom hast thou in thy house, any honest fellows? Ha!

Guz. Here's lawyer Brief, Sir, and Doctor

Drench; and there's Mr. Sneak and his wife; and there's one Squire Badger of Somersetshire.

Sir Tho. Oho! give my service to him instantly; tell him I should be very glad to see him.

Guz. Yes, an't please your honour. [*Exit.*

Sir Tho. This fellow is not quite of a right kidney, the dog is not sound at the bottom; however, I must keep well with him till after the next election. Now for my son-in-law, that is to be, whom I long mightily to see; I'm sure his estate makes him a very advantageous match for my daughter, if she can but like his person; and if he be describ'd right to me, I do'nt see how she can fail of doing that.

SCENE V.

Sir THOMAS, *Squire* BADGER, GUZZLE, JOHN.

Guz. Here's the Squire, an't please your honour.

Sir Tho. Mr. Badger, I am your most humble servant; you're welcome into this country; I've done myself the honour, Sir, to meet you thus far, in order to conduct you to my daughter.

Badg. I suppose, Sir, you may be Sir Thomas Loveland?

Sir Tho. At your service, Sir.

Badg. Then I wish, when you had been about it, you had brought your daughter along with you.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha! you are merry, Sir.

Badg. Ay, Sir, and you wou'd have been merry, if you had been in such company as I have been in. My lord! 'Sbud! where's my lord? 'Sbud! Sir Thomas, my lord Slang is one

the merriest men you ever knew in your life; he has been telling me a parcel of such stories!

John. I protest, Sir, you are so extremely well bred, you put me out of countenance; Sir Thomas, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Sir Tho. I suppose this lord can't afford to keep a footman, and so he wears his own livery.

Badg. I wish, my lord, you would tell Sir Thomas the story about you and the duchess of what d'ye call her. Odsheart! it is one of the pleasantest stories! about how she met him in the dark at a masquerade, and about how she gave him a letter; and then about how he carried her to a, to a, to a——

John. To a bagnio, to a bagnio.

Badg. Ay, to a bagnio. 'Sbud, Sir, if I was not partly engaged in honour to court your daughter, I'd go to London along with my lord, where women are, it seems, as plenty as rabbits in a warren. Had I known as much of the world before, as I do now, I believe I shou'd scarce have thought of marrying. Who'd marry, when my lord says, here, a man may have your great sort of ladies, only for wearing a broider'd coat, telling half a dozen lies, and making a bow.

Sir Tho. I believe, Sir, my daughter won't force ye against your inclination.

Badg. Force me! no; I believe not, Icod; I should be glad to see a woman that should force me. If you come to that, Sir, I'm not afraid of you, nor your daughter neither.

Sir Tho. This fellow's a great fool; but his estate must not be lost. [*Aside.*]—You misunderstand me, Sir; I believe you will have no incivility to complain of, from either me or my daughter.

Badg. Nay, Sir, for that matter, when people are civil to me, I know how to be civil to them again; come father-in-law of mine, that is to be, what say you to a cherishing cup; and you shall hear some of my lord's stories?

Sir Tho. As far as one bottle, squire, but you must not exceed.

Badg. Nay, nay, you may e'en sneak off when you please: my lord and I here, are very good company by ourselves. Pray, my lord, go first; I'd have you think I have got some manners. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Tho. A very hopeful spark this. But he has a great estate; and I have no notion of refusing an estate, let the man be what he will.

SCENE VI.

The Yard.

Don Quixote, Sancho.

Quix. How far do you think the advanced guards are yet from the castle?

San. Sir!

Quix. But perhaps she may choose to travel *incognita*, and may, for the greater expedition, have left those curs'd, useless, heavy troops, her horse-guards, to follow a month or two hence. How many coaches didst thou number?

San. Truly, Sir, they were so many, I could not number them. I dare swear there were a good round baker's dozen, at least.

Quix. Sancho, thou wilt never leave debasing the greatest things in thy vile phrases. Wilt thou

eternally put my patience to the test? Take heed, unworthy squire, when thou art talking of this incomparable and peerless princess, thou dost it not in any of thy low ribaldry; for if thou dost, by all the powers of this invincible arm———

San. Oh, spare me, spare me!——And if ever I offend your worship any more, if ever I crack a jest on my lady Dulcinea———

Quix. Proceed! What knights attend her presence?

San. They make such a glittering, Sir, 'tis impossible to know one from the other; they look for all the world at a distance, like a flock of sheep.

Quix. Ha! again!

San. Nay, Sir, if your worship won't let a man talk in his own language, he must e'en hold his tongue. Every man is not bred at a varsity; who looks for a courtier's tongue between the teeth of a clown? An ill phrase may come from a good heart. Many men, many minds; many minds, many mouths; many mouths, many tongues; many tongues, many words.

Quix. Cease thy torrent of impertinence, and tell me, is not the knight of the Black Eagle there!

San. Ay marry is he, Sir; and he of the Black Ram too, On they trot, Sir, cheek by jole, Sir, for all the world like two butter-women to market; then comes my lady Dulcinea all rampant in her coach, with half a score dozen maids of honour; 'twou'd have done your heart good to see her, she looks e'en just like——

Quix. Like a milk-white dove amongst a flight of crows.

San. To all the world, like a new half crown-piece, amongst a heap of old brass farthings.

SCENE VII.

Drawer with a light, Brief, Don Quixote, Sancho.

Draw. This way, Sir, take care how you tread.

Quix. Ha! she approaches! the torches are already arrived at the gate; the great Fulgoran is alighted. O thou most welcome of all knights, let me embrace thee.

Brief. Let me alone pr'ythee, fellow, or I shall have you laid by the heels; what, do you mean to rob me, hey?

Quix. Is it possible, the mighty Fulgoran should not know me?

Brief. Know ye! 'tis not to your advantage, I believe, to be known. Let me tell you, Sirrah, you may be try'd on the black act, for going about disguis'd in this manner; and but that I shall go a better way to work with you, as good an indictment wou'd lie upon that act——

Quix. Behold, Sir, my lady Dulcinea herself.

Brief. Light on, boy, the next justice ought to be indicted for not putting the laws in execution against such fellows.

SCENE VIII.

Don Quixote, Sancho, Jezebel.

Quix. O most illustrious and most mighty princess, with what looks shall I behold you?

With what words shall I thank you for this infinite goodness to your unworthy knight?

Jez. Rise, Sir.

Quix. Do not overwhelm me with too much goodness; tho' to see you be inexpressible happiness, yet to see you here gives me some uneasiness: for, O most adorable princess, this castle is enchanted, giants and captive ladies inhabit only here.

Jez. Could I be assured of your constancy, I should have no fear; but alas! there are so many instances of perjur'd men.

AIR XII.—(COLD AND RAW, &C.)

A virgin once was walking along,
  In the sweet month of July,
Blooming, beautiful and young,
  She met with a swain unruly;
Within his arms the nymph he caught,
  And swore he'd love her truly;
The maid remember'd, the man forgot,
  What past in the month of July.

Quix. Eternal curses light on all such perjur'd wretches!

Jez. But tho' you may be constant at first, when we have been married a great while, and have had several children, you may leave me, and then I should break my heart.

Quix. Rather may the universal frame of nature be dissolv'd; perish first, all honesty, honour, virtue, nay, knight-errantry itself, that quintessence of all.

Jez. Cou'd I always remain young as I am

now, but alack a-day I shall grow old, and then you will forsake me for some younger maiden; I know it is the way of all you men, you all love young flesh. You all sing,

AIR XIII.—(GIMINIANI'S MINUET.)

Sweet's the little maid,
That has not learnt her trade,
Fears, yet languishes to be taught;
Tho' she's shy and coy,
Still she'll give you joy,
When she's once to compliance brought.
Women full of skill
Sooner grant your will;
But often purchas'd are good for nought.
Sweet's the little maid, &c.

Quix. Oh most divine princess! whose voice is infinitely sweeter than the nightingale: Oh, charm my ears no more with such transporting melody, lest I find my joy too exquisite for sense to bear.

SCENE IX.

Don QUIXOTE, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

Dor. Pity, illustrious night; oh, pity an unhappy princess, who has no hopes of safety, but from your victorious arm. This instant I am pursu'd by a mighty giant.

Quix. Oh, most adorable Dulcinea! unless

some affair of your own forbid, permit your knight to undertake this adventure.

Jez. You can't oblige me more.

San. Nor me less; Oh! the devil take all giant adventures; now shall I have my bones broke; I'd give an arm or two to secure the rest, with all my heart; I'll e'en sneak off if I can, and preserve the whole.

Quix. Sancho, come here! Stand thou in the front and receive the first onset of the enemy, that so I may wait a proper opportunity, while the giant is aiming at thy head, to strike off his.

San. Ah, Sir, I have been a squire-erranting to some purpose truly, if I don't know better than to stand before my master. Besides, Sir, evey man in his way. I am the worst man in the world at the beginning of the battle, but a very devil at the end of it.

SCENE X.

JOHN, FAIRLOVE, DON QUIXOTE, DOROTHEA, JEZEBEL.

John. Oh Sir, undone, ruin'd! Sir Thomas himself is in the inn; you are discover'd, and here he comes with an hundred and fifty people, to fetch away Madam Dorothea.

Fair. We know it, we know it.

Quix. And were he to bring as many thousand—I'll shew him or. single knight may be too many for them all.

Fair. Ten thousand thanks, great knight; by Heavens! I'll die by your side, before I'll lose her.

Quix. Now, thou most adorable princess Dulcinea del Toboso, now shine with all thy influence upon me.

Sir Tho. [*Within.*] Where is my daughter, villains? where is my daughter?

Quix. Oh thou cursed giant Tergilicombo, too well I know thy voice; have at thee, caitiff.

Dor. Dear Jezebel, I am frighten'd out of my wits; my father or Mr. Fairlove will be destroyed.—I am resolv'd I'll rush into the middle of them, and with my own danger put an end to the fray.

Jez. Do so; and in the mean time I'll into the closet, and put an end to a small bottle I have there; I protest I am horribly frighten'd myself.

SCENE XI.

SANCHO *solus.*

There they are at it pell-mell; who will be knock'd on the head I know not; I think I'm pretty sure it won't be Sancho. I have made a shift to escape this bout, but I shall never get out of this fighting country again as safe as I came into it. I shall leave some pounds of poor Sancho behind me; if this be the effect of English beef and pudding, would I were in Spain again. I begin to think this house or castle is chanted; nay, I fancy the devil lives in it, for we have had nothing but battles since we have been here. My bones are not the bones they were a fortnight ago, nor are they in the same places. As to my skin, the rainbow is a fool to it for colours; it is like—— what is it like? Ecod 'tis like nothing but my

master's. Well, master of mine, if you do get the day you deserve it, I'll say that for you; and if you get well drubb'd, why, you deserve that too. What had we to do with the princess and be hang'd to her? Besides, I verily believe she's no more a princess than I am. No good ever comes of minding other men's matters. I seldom see any meat got by winding up another man's jack. I'll e'en take this opportunity, and while all the rest are knocking one another on the head, I'll into the pantry, and stuff both guts and wallet as long as they'll hold.

SCENE XII.

Sir THOMAS, DOROTHEA.

Sir Tho. See, ungracious girl, see what your cursed inclination have occasion'd!

Dor. I'm sure they are the cause of my misery; if Fairlove be destroy'd, I never shall enjoy a moment's quiet more.

Sir Tho. Perhaps it were better for him if he were; I shall handle him in such a manner, that the rest of his life shall not be much worth wishing for.

Dor. Thus on my knees, Sir, I entreat you, by all the tenderness you ever profess'd to me! by all the joy you have so often said I gave you! by all the pain I now endure! do not attempt to injure Fairlove. You can inflict no punishment upon him, but I must feel much more than half. Is it not enough to pull me, tear me bleeding from his heart? Is it not enough to rob my eyes of what they love more than light or than them-

selves? to hinder me from all those scenes of bliss I'd painted to myself? Oh, hear me, Sir, or kill me, and do not make this life you gave a curse.

Sir Tho. Away you're no child of mine.

Dor. Wou'd you keep me from him, try to make him happy; that thought would be some comfort in his absence.——I might perhaps bear to be no partaker of his happiness, but not so of his sufferings! were he in a palace, you might keep me wretched alone; but were he in a prison, not all the powers on earth should keep me from him.

SCENE XIII.

GUZZLE, MRS. GUZZLE, SIR THOMAS, CONSTABLE, DON QUIXOTE, FAIRLOVE, JOHN.

Guz. We have made a shift, an't please your worship, to secure this mad fellow at last; but he has done us more mischief than ever it will be in his power to make us reparation for.

Mrs. Guz. Our house is ruin'd for ever; there is not one whole window in it; the stage-coachman swears, he'll never bring a company to it again. There's Miss Sneak above in fits; and Mr. Sneak, poor man, is crying; and Madam Sneak, she's a swearing and stamping like a dragoon.

Sir Tho. Mr. Fairlove, you shall answer for this.—As for that poor fellow there, I suppose you have hired him. Hark'e, fellow, what did this gentleman give you to do all this mischief?

Quix. It is your time now, and you may use

it. I perceive this adventure is not reserv'd for me, therefore I must submit to the enchantment.

Sir Tho. Do you banter me you rascal?

Quix. Poor wretch! I scorn to retort thy injurious words.

Sir Tho. I'll make you know who I am presently, I will so.

Quix. Dost thou then think I know thee not to be the giant Tregilicombo?—Yet think not because I submit to my fortune, that I fear thee; no, the time will come, when I shall see thee the prey of some more happy knight.

Sir Tho. I'll knight you, you dog, I will.

Mrs. Guz. Do your hear, husband? I suppose you won't doubt whether he be mad any longer or no; he makes no more of his worship, than if he were talking to a fidler.

Guz. I wish your worship would send him to gaol, he seems to look most cursedly mischievous. I shall never think myself safe till he is under lock and key.

Fair. Sir Thomas, I do not deserve this usage at your hands; and tho' my love to your daughter hath made me hitherto passive, do not carry the thing too far; for be assur'd if you do, you shall answer for it.

Sir Tho. Ay, ay, Sir, we are not afraid of that.

SCENE XIV.

Squire BADGER, Sir THOMAS, DOROTHEA, FAIRLOVE, Don QUIXOTE, Mrs. GUZZLE.

Badg. Oons! what's the matter with you all? Is the devil in the inn that you won't let a man

sleep? I was as fast on the table, as if I had been in a feather bed.——'Sbud, what's the matter? where's my lord Slang?

Sir Tho. Dear squire, let me entreat you would go to bed; you are a little heated with wine.

Badg. Oons, Sir! do you say that I am drunk? I say, Sir, that I am as sober as a judge; and if any man says that I am drunk, Sir, he's a liar, and a son of a whore. My dear, an't I——sober now?

Dor. O nauseous, filthy wretch!

Badg. 'Fore George, a good pretty wench; I'll have a kiss; I'll warrant she's twice as handsome as my wife, that is to be.

Sir Tho. Hold, dear Sir, this is my daughter.

Badg. Sir, I don't care whose daughter she is.

Dor. For heaven's sake somebody defend me from him.

Fair. Let me go, dogs! Villian! thou hadst better eat thy fingers, than lay 'em rudely on that lady.

Sir Tho. Dear Mr. Badger, this is my daughter, the young lady to whom you intended your addresses.

Badg. Well, Sir, and an't I making addresses to her, Sir, hey?

Sir Tho. Let me beceech you, Sir, to attack her in no rude manner.

Badg. Pr'ythee, dost thou know who I am? I fancy if thou didst know who I was, thou would'st not talk to me so: if thou dost any more, I shall lend thee a knock. Come, Madam, since I have promis'd to marry you, since I can't be off with honour, as they say, why, the sooner it's done the better; let us send for a parson and be married, now I'm in the humour. 'Sbodlikins?

I find there's nothing in making love, when a man's but once got well into't I never made a word of love before in my life; and yet it is as natural, seemingly, as if I had been bound 'prentice to it.

Quix. Sir, one word with you if you please; I suppose you look upon yourself as a reasonable sort of a person.

Sir Tho. What?

Quix. That you are capable of managing your affairs; that you don't stand in need of a governor.

Sir Tho. Hey!

Quix. And if this be true of you, is it possible you can prefer that wretch, who is a scandal to his very species, to this gentleman, whose person and parts would be an honour to the greatest of it?

Sir Tho. Has he made you his advocate? Tell him, I can prefer three thousand to one.

Quix. The usual madness of mankind! Do you marry your daughter for her sake or your own? If for her's, sure 'tis something whimsical, to make her miserable in order to make her happy. Money is a thing well worth considering in these affairs; but parents always regard it too much, and lovers too little. No match can be happy, which love and fortune do not conspire to make so. The greatest addition of either illy supplies the entire absence of the other; nor would millions a year make that beast, in your daughter's eye, preferable to this youth, with a thousand.

Sir Tho. What have we here? A philosophical pimp! I can't help saying but the fellow has some truth on his side.

Dor. You are my eternal aversion.

Badg. Lookye, Madam, I can take a joke, or so; but if you are in earnest——

Dor. Indeed I am; I hate and despise you in the most serious earnest.

Badg. Do you? Then you may kiss——'Sbud, I can hate as well as you. Your daughter has affronted me here Sir, what's your name, and I'll have satisfaction.

Quix. Oh, that I were disenchanted for thy sake!

Badg. Sir I'll have satisfaction.

Sir Tho. My daughter, Sir——

Badg. Sir, your daughter, Sir, is a son of a whore, Sir. 'Sbud, I'll go find my lord Slang. A fig for you and your daughter too; I'll have satisfaction. [*Exit.*

Quix. A Turk would scarce marry a Christian slave to such a husband.

Sir Tho. How this man was misrepresented to me! Fellows, let go your prisoner. Mr. Fairlove, can you forgive me? Can I make you any reparation for the injustice I have shewn you, on this wretch's account?

Fair. }
Dor. } Ha!

Sir Tho. If the immediate executing all my former promises to you can make you forget my having broken them; and if, as I have no reason to doubt, your love for my daughter will continue, you have my consent to consummate as soon as you please; her's, I believe, you have already.

Fair. Oh transport! Oh blest moment!

Dor. No consent of mine can ever be wanting to make him happy.

AIR XIV.

Fair. Thus the merchant, who with pleasure,
Long adventur'd on the main,
Hugging fast his darling treasure,
Gaily smiles
On past toils,
Well repaid for all his pain.

Dor. Thus the nymph whom death affrighting,
With her lover's death alarms,
Wakes with transports all delighting;
Madly blest,
When carest
In his warm entwining arms.

Mrs. Guz. Lard bless 'em! Who cou'd have parted them that hadn't a heart of oak!

Quix. Here are the fruits of knight-errantry for you. This is an instance of what admirable service we are to mankind.—I find some adventures are reserv'd for Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Sir Tho. Don Quixote de la Mancha! Is it possible that you can be the real Don Quixote de la Mancha.

Quix. Truly, Sir, I have had so much to do with enchanters, that I dare not affirm whether I am really myself or no.

Sir. Tho. Sir, I honour you much. I have heard of your great atchievements in Spain. What brought you to England, noble Don?

Quix. A search of adventures, Sir; no place abounds more with them. I was told there was a plenteous stock of monsters; nor have I found one less than I expected.

SCENE XV.

Don Quixote, Sir Thomas, Fairlove, Dorothea, Guzzle, Mrs. Guzzle, Brief, Dr. Drench.

Brief. I'll have satisfaction; I won't be us'd after this manner for nothing, while there is either law, or judge, or justice, or jury, or crown-office, or actions of damages, or on the case, or trespasses, or assaults, and batteries.

Sir Tho. What's the matter Mr. Counsellor?

Brief. Oh, Sir Thomas! I am abus'd, beaten, hurt, maimed, disfigured, defaced, dismember'd, kill'd, massacred, and murder'd, by this rogue, robber, rascal, villain. I shan't be able to appear at Westminster-hall the whole term. It will be as good a three hundred pounds out of my pocket as ever was taken.

Drench. If this madman be not blooded, cupped, sweated, blister'd, vomited, purg'd, this instant, he will be incurable. I am well acquainted with this sort of phrenzy; his next paroxysm will be six times as strong as the former.

Brief. Pshaw! the man is no more mad than I am.——I should be finely off if he could be prov'd non compos mentis; 'tis an easy thing for a man to pretend madness ex post facto.

Drench. Pretend madness! Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Brief, I am not to be pretended with; I judge by symptoms, Sir.

Brief. Symptoms! Gad, here are symptoms for you, if you come to that.

Drench. Very plain symptoms, of madness, I think.

Brief. Very fine, indeed; very fine doctrine! very fine, indeed! A man's beating another is a proof of madness. So that if a man be indicted, he has nothing to do but to plead non compos mentis, and he's acquitted of course: so there's an end of all actions of assaults and battery at once.

SCENE *the last.*

SIR THOMAS, COOK, DON QUIXOTE, SANCHO, FAIRLOVE, DR. DRENCH, *Servants hauling in* SANCHO.

Sir Tho. Heyday! what's the matter now?

Cook. Bring him along, bring him along. Ah, master, no wonder you have complain'd so long of missing your victuals; for all the time we were out in the yard, this rouge has heen stuffing his guts in the pantry. Nay, he has not only done that, but every thing he could not eat he has cram'd into that great sack there, which he calls a wallet.

Quix. Thou scandal to the name of squire! wilt thou eternally bring shame on thy master by these little pilfering tricks?

San. Nay, nay, you have no reason to talk, good master of mine; a receiver's as bad as the thief: and you have been glad, let me tell you, after some of your adventures, to see the inside of the wallet, as well as I. What a pox, are these your errantry tricks, to leave your friends in the lurch?

Quix. Slave! caitiff!

Sir Tho. Dear knight, be not angry with the

trusty Sancho: you know by the laws of knight-errantry, stuffing the wallet has still been the privilege of the squire.

San. If this gentleman be a knight-errant, I wish he would make me his squire.

Quix. I'm pacified.

Fair. Landlord, be easy? whatever you may have suffer'd by Mr. Sancho, or his illustrious master, I'll see you paid.

Sir Tho. If you will honour my house, noble knight, and be present at my daughter's wedding with this gentleman, we will do the best in our power for your entertainment.

Quix. Sir, I accept your offer; and unless any immediate adventure of moment should intervene, will attend you.

San. Oh rare Sancho! this is brave news i'faith! Give me your wedding-adventures, the devil take all the rest.

Drench. Sure Sir Thomas, you will not take a madman home with you to your house.

Quix. I have heard thee, thou ignorant wretch, throw that word in my face, with patience. For alas! cou'd it be prov'd, what were it more than almost all mankind in some degrees deserve? Who would doubt the noisy boist'rous squire, who was here just now, to be mad? Must not this noble knight here have been mad, to think of marrying his daughter to such a wretch? You, doctor, are mad too, tho' not so mad as your patients. The lawyer here is mad, or he wou'd not have gone into a scuffle, when it is the business of men of his profession to set other men by the ears, and keep clear themselves.

Sir Tho. Ha, ha, ha! I don't know whether

this knight, by and by, may not prove us all to be more mad then himself.

Fair. Perhaps, Sir Thomas, that is no such difficult point.

AIR XV.—(COUNTRY BUMPKIN.)

All mankind are mad, 'tis plain;
Some for places,
Some embraces;
Some are mad to keep up gain,
And others mad to spend it.
Courtiers we may madmen rate,
Poor believers
In deceivers;
Some are mad to hurt the state,
And others mad to mend it.
Dor. Lawyers are for bedlam fit,
Or they never
Could endeavour
Half the rogueries to commit
Which we're so mad to let 'em.
Poets madmen are no doubt,
With projectors
And directors;
Fair. Women all are mad throughout,
And we more mad to get 'em.
Since your madness is so plain,
Each spectator
Of good-nature,
With applause will entertain
His brother of La Mancha:
With applause will entertain
Don Quixote and squire Sancho.

TABLE OF THE SONGS

IN

DON QUIXOTE IN ENGLAND.

AIR		PAGE
I.	Rogues there are of each nation ..	70
II.	Oh! think not the maid whom you scorn	73
III.	The pain which tears my throbbing breast	76
IV.	Oh hasten my lover, dear Cupid ..	79
V.	When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food	81
VI.	Happy the animals who stray	83
VII.	The doctor is fee'd for a dangerous draught	95
VIII.	The dusky night rides down the sky	98
IX.	Like gold to a miser, the wit of a lass	102
X.	The more we see of human kind ...	109
XI.	Would fortune, the truth to discover	113
XII.	A virgin once was walking along ..	120
XIII.	Sweet's the little maid	121
XIV.	Thus the merchant, who with pleasure	130
XV.	All mankind are mad, 'tis plain	134

AN

OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM:

OR THE

VIRGIN UNMASK'D.

A

FARCE;

AS IT WAS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

1734.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Goodwill	Mr. Shepard.
Lucy, his daughter	Mrs. Clive.
Blister, an apothecary	Mr. Harper.
Coupee, a dancing-master ..	Mr. Laguerre.
Quaver, a singing-master ..	Mr. Salway.
Wormwood, a lawyer	Mr. Macklin.
Mr. Thomas, a footman	Mr. Este.

SCENE,

A HALL IN GOODWILL'S HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

AN

OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM.

Scene, a Hall in Mr. Goodwill's *house.*

Goodwill *solus.*

WELL! it is to me surprising, that out of the multitudes who feel a pleasure in getting an estate, few or none should taste a satisfaction in bestowing it. Doubtless, a good man must have vast delight in rewarding merit, nor will I believe it so difficult to be found. I am at present, I thank Heaven and my own industry, worth a good ten thousand pound, and an only daughter, both of which I have determin'd to give to the most worthy of my poor relations. The transport I feel from the hope of making some honest man happy, makes me amends for the many weary days and sleepless nights my riches have cost me. I have sent to summon them. The girl I have bred up under my own eye; she has seen nothing, knows nothing, and has consequently no will but mine. I have no reason to doubt her consent to whatever choice I shall make.——How happily must my old age slide away, between the affection of an

innocent and dutiful child, and the grateful return I may expect from a so much obliged son-in-law! I am certainly the happiest man on earth. Here she comes.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Did you send for me, papa?

Good. Yes, come hither, child. I have sent for you to mention an affair to you which you, I believe, have not yet thought of.

Lucy. I hope it is not to send me to a boarding-school, papa.

Good. I hope my indulgence to you has been such, that you have reason to regard me as the best of fathers. I am sure I have never deny'd you any thing, but for your own good: indeed I have consulted nothing else. It is that for which I have been toiling these many years; for which I have deny'd myself every comfort in life; and from which I have, from renting a farm of five hundred a year, amassed the sum of ten thousand pounds.

Lucy. I am afraid you are angry with me, papa.

Good. Be not frighten'd my dear child, you have done nothing to offend me. But answer me one question——What does my little dear think of a husband?

Lucy. A husband, papa! O la!

Good. Come, it is a question a girl in her sixteenth year may answer. Should you like to have a husband, Lucy?

Lucy. And am I to have a coach?

Good. No, no: what has that to do with a husband?

Lucy. Why you know, papa, Sir John Wealthy's daughter was carried away in a coach by her husband; and I have been told by several of our neighbours, that I was to have a coach when I was marry'd. Indeed I have dreamt of it a hundred times. I never dreamt of a husband in my whole life, that I did not dream of a coach. I have rid about in one all night in my sleep, and methought it was the purest thing!—

Good. Lock up a girl as you will, I find you cannot keep her from evil counsellors. [*Aside.*] —I tell you, child, you must have no coach with a husband.

Lucy. Then let me have a coach without a husband.

Good. What, had you rather have a coach then a husband?

Lucy. Hump——I dont know that.——But, if you'll get me a coach, let me alone, I'll warrant I'll get me a husband.

AIR I.—(THOMAS, I CANNOT.)

Do you, papa, but find a coach,
  And leave the other to me, Sir;
For that will make the lover approach,
  And I warrant we shan't disagree, Sir.
    No sparks will talk
    To girls that walk,
  I've heard it, and I confide in't:
    Do you then fix
    My coach and six,
I warrant I get one to ride in't, to ride in't,
  I warrant, &c.

Good. The girl is out of her wits, sure. Hussy! who put these thoughts into you head? You shall have a good sober husband; that will teach you better things.

Lucy. Ay, but I won't tho' if I can help it; for Miss Jenny Flant-it says, a sober husband is the worst sort of husband in the world.

Good. I have a mind to sound the girl's inclinations. Come hither, Lucy; tell me now, of all the men you ever saw, whom shou'd you like best for a husband?

Lucy. O fy, papa, I must not tell.

Good. Yes, you may your father.

Lucy. No, Miss Jenny says I must not tell my mind to any man whatever. She never tells a word of truth to her father.

Good. Miss Jenny is a wicked girl, and you must not regard her. Come, tell me the truth, or I shall be angry.

Lucy. Why then, of all the men I ever saw in my whole life-time, I like Mr. Thomas, my lord Pounce's footman, the best, a hundred thousand times.

Good. Oh, fy upon you! like a footman?

Lucy. A footman! he looks a thousand times more like a gentleman than either squire Foxchase or squire Tankard, and talks more like one, ay, and smells more like one too. His head is so prettily drest, done all down upon the top with sugar, like a frosted cake, with three little curls on each side, that you may see his ears as plain! and then his hair is done up behind just like a fine lady's with a little hat, and a pair of charming white stockings, as neat and as fine as any white-legg'd fowl; and he always carries a great swing-

ing stick in his hand, as big as himself, that he wou'd knock any dog down with, who was to offer to bite me. A footman indeed! why Miss Jenny likes him as well as I do; and she says, all the fine young gentlemen that the ladies in London are so fond of, are just such persons as he is. ——Icod, I shou'd have had him before now, but that folks told me, I shou'd have a man with a coach, and that methinks I had rather have a great deal.

Good. I am amaz'd! but I abhor the mercenary temper of the girl, worse than all.——What, child, wou'd you have any one with a coach! wou'd you have Mr. Achum?

Lucy. Yes indeed wou'd I, for a coach.

Good. Why he is a cripple, and can scarce walk across the room.

Lucy. What signifies that?

AIR II.—(WULLY HONEY.)

When he in a coach can be carry'd,
    What need has a man to go?
That women for coaches are marry'd,
    I'm not such a child but I know.

But if the poor crippled elf
    In coach be not able to roam,
Why then I may go by myself,
    And he may e'en stay at home.

Enter BLISTER.

Blist. Mr. Goodwill, your humble servant. I have rid twelve long miles in little more than an

hour. I am glad to see you so well; I was afraid by your message——

Good. That I had wanted your advice, I suppose; truly, coz, I sent for you on a better account.——Lucy, this is a relation of yours, you have not seen a great while, my cousin Blister, the apothecary.

Lucy. O la! I hope that huge man is not to be my husband.

Blist. My cousin is well grown, and looks health. What apothecary do you employ? He deals in good drugs, I warrant him.

Good. Plain wholesome food and exercise are what she deals in.

Blist. Plain wholesome food is very proper at some time of the year, with gentle physick between whiles.

Good. Leave us a little, my dear Lucy, I must talk with your cousin.

Lucy. Yes, papa, with all my heart.——I hope I shall never see that great thing again.

Good. I believe you begin to wonder at my message, and will, perhaps, more, when you know the occasion of it. In short, without more preface, I begin to find myself going out of the world, and my daughter very eager to come into it. I have therefore resolv'd to see her settled without farther delay. I am far from thinking vast wealth necessary to happiness: wherefore, as I can give her a sufficient competency, I have determined to marry her to one of my own relations. It will please me, that the fruits of my labour should not go out of the family. I have sent to several of my kinsmen, of whom she shall take her choise; and as you are the first here, if you like my proposal, you shall make the first application.

Blist. With all my heart, cousin; and I am very much oblig'd to you. Your daughter seems an agreeable young woman, and I have no aversion to marriage. But pray why do you think yourself going out of the world? Proper care might continue you in it a considerable while. Let me feel your pulse.

Good. To oblige you; though I am in very good health.

Blist. A little feverish.——I would advise you to lose a little blood, and take an emulsion, with a gentle emetick and cathartick.

Good. No no, I will send my daughter to you; but pray keep your physick to yourself, dear cousin. [*Exit.*

Blist. This man is near seventy, and I have heard, never took any physick in his life; and yet he looks as well as if he had been under the doctor's hands all his life-time. 'Tis strange; but if I marry this daughter, the sooner he dies the better. It is an odd whim of his to marry her in this manner; but he is very rich, and so, so much the better.—What a strange dowdy 'tis! No matter, her fortune is never the worse.

AIR III.—(ROUND, ROUND THE MILL.)

In women we beauty or wit may admire;
Sing Trol, lerol:
But sure as we have them, as surely they'll tire?
Oh ho, will they so?

Abroad for these dainties the wise therefore roam,
Sing Trol lerol:
And frugally keep but a plain dish at home;
Oh ho, do they so?

Who marries a beauty, must hate her when old:
Sing Trol, lerol:
But the older it grows, the more precious the gold.
Oh ho, is it so?

Enter LUCY.

Oh, here comes my mistress: what a pox shall I say to her? I never made love in my life.

Lucy. Papa has sent me hither; but if it was not for fear of a boarding-school, I am sure I would not have come: but they say I shall be whipt there, and a husband can't whip me, let me do what I will; that's one good thing.

Blist. Won't you please to sit down, cousin?

Lucy. Yes, thank you, Sir,——Since I must stay with you, I may as well sit down as not. [*Aside.*

Blist. Pray, cousin, how do you find yourself?

Lucy. Find myself?

Blist. Yes, how do you do? Let me feel your pulse. How do you sleep o'nights?

Lucy. How? why upon my back, generally.

Blist. But I mean do you sleep without interruption? Are you not restless?

Lucy. I tumble and toss a good deal sometimes.

Blist. Hum! Pray how long do you usually sleep?

Lucy. About ten or eleven hours.

Blist. Is your stomach good? Do you eat with an appetite? How often do you find in a day any inclination to eat?

Lucy. Why, a good many times; but I don't eat a great deal, unless it be at breakfast, dinner, and supper, and afternoon's nuncion.

Blist. Hum! I find you have at present no absolute need of an apothecary.

Lucy. I am glad to hear that; I wish he was gone with all my heart.

Blist. I suppose, cousin, your father has mentioned to you the affair I am come upon; may I hope you will comply with him, in making me the happiest man upon earth?

Lucy. You need not ask me; you know I must do what he bids me.

Blist. May I then hope you will make me your husband?

Lucy. I must do what he'll have me.

Blist. What makes you cry, Miss? Pray tell me what is the matter?

Lucy. No, you will be angry with me if I tell you.

Blist. I angry! it is not in my power, I can't be angry with you; I am to be afraid of your anger, not you of mine; I must not be angry with you, whatever you do.

Lucy. What must not you be angry, let me do what I will?

Blist. No, my dear.

Lucy. Why then, by Goles! I will tell you ——I hate you, and I can't abide you.

Blist. What have I done to deserve your hate?

Lucy. You have done nothing; but you are such a great ugly thing, I can't bear to look at you; and if my papa was to lock me up for a twelvemonth, I should hate you still.

Blist. Did you not tell me just now, you would make me your husband?

Lucy. Yes, so I will for all that.

AIR IV.—(NOW PONDER WELL, &c.)

Ah, be not angry, good dear Sir,
Nor do not tell papa;
For tho' I can't abide you, Sir,
I'll marry you———O la!

Blist. Well, my dear, if you can't abide me I can't help that, nor you can't help it; and if you will not tell your father, I assure you I will not; besides, my dear, as for liking me, do not give yourself any trouble about that, it is the very best reason for marrying me; no lady now marries any one but whom she hates: hating one another is the chief end of matrimony. It is what most couples do before they are married, and all after it. I fancy you have not a right notion of a married life. I suppose you imagine we are to be fond and kiss, and hug one another as long as we live.

Lucy. Why, an't we?

Blist. Ha, ha, ha! an't we! no! How ignorant it is! [*Aside.*] Marrying is nothing but living in the same house together, and going by the same name: while I am following my business, you will be following your pleasure; so that we shall rarely meet but at meals, and then we are to sit at opposite ends of the table, and make faces at each other.

Lucy. I shall like that prodigiously.——Ah, but there is one thing tho'—an't we to lie together?

Blist. A fortnight, no longer.

Lucy. A fortnight! that's a long time: but it will be over.

Blist. Ay, and then you may have any one else.

Lucy. May I? then I'll have Mr. Thomas, by

Goles! why this is pure; la! they told me other stories. I thought when I had been married, I must never have lik'd any one but my husband, and that if I shou'd he would kill me; but I thought one thing tho' with myself, that I cou'd like another man without letting him know it, and then a fig for him.

Blist. Ay, ay, they tell children strange stories; I warrant they told you, you must be govern'd by your husband.

Lucy. My papa tells me so.

Blist. But all the married women in England will tell you another story.

Lucy. So they have already, for they say I must not be govern'd by a husband; and they say another thing too, that you will tell me one story before marriage, and another afterwards, for that marriage alters a man prodigiously.

Blist. No, child, I shall be just the same creature I am now, unless in one circumstance; I shall have a huge pair of horns upon my head.

Lucy. Shall you! that's pure, ha, ha, what a comical figure you will make! but how will you make 'em grow?

Blist. It is you that will make 'm grow.

Lucy. Shall I? by Goles! then I'll do it as soon as ever I can; for I long to see 'em! do, tell me how I shall do it.

Blist. Every other man you kiss, I shall have a pair of horns grow.

Lucy. By Goles, then, you shall have horns enough; but I fancy you are joking now.

AIR V.—(BUFF COAT.)

Ah, Sir! I guess
You are a fibbing creature.

Blist. Because, dear Miss,
You know not human nature.
Lucy. Marry'd men, I'll be sworn,
I have seen without horn.
Blist. Ah child! you want art to unlock it:
The secret here lies,
Men now are so wise,
To carry their horns in their pocket.

Lucy. But you shall wear yours on your head: for I shall like 'em better than any other thing about you.

Blist. Well then, Miss, I may depend upon you.

Lucy. And may I depend upon you?

Blist. Yes, my dear.

Lucy. Ah, but don't call me so; I hate you should call me so.

Blist. Oh child, all marry'd people call one another My Dear, let them hate one another as much as they will.

Lucy. Do they? Well then, my dear——Hum, I think there is not any great matter in the word, neither.

Blist. Why, amongst your fine gentry, there is scarce any meaning in any thing they say. Well, I'll go to your papa, and tell him we have agreed upon matters, and have the wedding instantly.

Lucy. The sooner the better.

Blist. Your servant, my pretty dear. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Your servant, my dear. Nasty, greasty, ugly fellow. Well, marriage is a charming thing tho', I long to be married more than ever I did for any thing in my life; since I am to govern, I'll warrant I'll do it purely. By Goles, I'll make him know who is at home.——Let me see, I'll

practise a little. Suppose that chair was my husband; and ecod! by all I can find, a chair is as proper for a husband as any thing else; now says my husband to me, "How do you do, my dear?" Lard! my dear, I don't know how I do! not the better for you. "Pray my dear, let us dine early to-day." Indeed my dear, I can't. ——"Do you intend to go abroad to-day?" No, my dear! "Then you will stay at home:" No, my dear! "Shall we ride out?" No, my dear. "Shall we go a visiting?" No, my dear.——I will never do any thing I am bid, that I am resolv'd; and then Mr. Thomas, O good! I am out of my wits.

AIR VI.—(BESSY BELL.)

La! what swinging lies some people will tell!
  I thought when another I'd wedded,
I must have bid poor Mr. Thomas farewell,
  And none but my husband have bedded.

But I find I'm deceiv'd, for as Michaelmas day
  Is still the fore-runner of Lammas,
So wedding another is but the right way
  To come at my dear Mr. Thomas.

Enter COUPEE.

Heyday! what fine gentleman is this?

Coup. Cousin, your most obedient and devoted humble servant.

Lucy. I find this is one of your fine gentry, by his not having any meaning in his words.

Coup. I have not the honour to be known to

you, cousin; but your father has been so kind to give me admission to your fair hand.

Lucy. O Gemini Cancer! what a fine charming man this is?

Coup. My name, Madam, is Coupee, and I have the honour to be a dancing-master.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to dance?

Coup. Yes, my dear, I am come to teach you a very pretty dance; did you never learn to dance?

Lucy. No, Sir, not I; only Mr. Thomas taught me one, two, three.

Coup. That is a very great fault in your education, and it will be a great happiness to you to amend it, by having a dancing-master for your husband.

Lucy. Yes, Sir, but I am not to have a dancing-master; my papa says I am to have a nasty stinking apothecary.

Coup. Your papa says? What signifies what your papa says?

Lucy. What, must I not mind what my papa says?

Coup. No, no, you are to follow your own inclinations.—I think if she has any eyes, I may venture to trust 'em. [*Aside.*] Your father is a very comical queer old fellow, a very odd kind of a silly fellow, and you ought to laugh at him. I ask pardon tho' for my freedom.

Lucy. You need not ask my pardon, for I am not at all angry; for between you and I, I think him as odd, queer a fellow, as you can do for your life. I hope you won't tell him what I say.

Coup. I tell him! I hate him for his barbarous usage of you; to lock up a young lady of beauty, wit and spirit, without ever suffering her to

learn to dance! Why, Madam, not learning to dance, is absolute ruin to a young lady. I suppose he took care enough you shou'd learn to read.

Lucy. Yes, I can read very well and spell too.

Coup. Ay, there it is; why now that's more than I can do. All parents take care to instruct their children in low mechanical things, while the genteel sciences are neglected. Forgive me, Madam, at least, if I throw myself at your feet, and vow never to rise till lifted up with the elevating fire of your smiles.

Lucy. Lard, Sir! I don't know what to say to these fine things.——He's a pure man. [*Aside.*

Coup. Might I hope to obtain the least spark of your love, the least spark, Madam, would blow up a flame in me, that nothing ever cou'd quench. O hide those lovely eyes, nor dart their fiery rays upon me, lest I am consumed.—Shall I hope you will think of me?

Lucy I shall think of you more than I will let you know. [*Aside.*

Coup. Will you not answer me?

Lucy. La! you make me blush so, I know not what to say.

Coup. Ay, that is from not having learnt to dance? a dancing-master would have cur'd her of that. Let me teach you what to say, that I may hope you will condescend to make me your husband.

Lucy. No, I won't say that; but———

AIR VII.—(TWEED-SIDE.)

O press me not, Sir, to be wife
 To a man whom I never can hate:

So sweet a fine gentleman's life,
  Shou'd ne'er be sour'd with that fate.
But soon as I marry'd have been,
  Ungrateful I will not be nam'd;
Oh stay but a fortnight, and then,
  And then you shall——Oh, I'm asham'd.

Coup. A fortnight! bid me live to the age of ——of——Mr. What's his-name, the oldest man that ever liv'd; live a fortnight after you are marry'd? No, unless you resolve to have me, I will resolve to put an end to myself.

Lucy. O do not do that. But indeed I can never hate you; and the apothecary says no woman marries any man she does not hate.

Coup. Ha, ha, ha! Such mean fellows as those every fine lady must hate; but when they marry fine gentlemen, they love them as long as they live.

Lucy. O but I would not have you think I love you. I assure you, I don't love you: I have been told I must not tell any man I love him. I don't love you; indeed, I don't.

Coup. But may I not hope you will?

Lucy. Lard, Sir, I can't help what you hope; it is equal to me what you hope. Miss Jenny says I must always give myself airs to a man I like. [*Aside.*

Coup. Hope, Madam, at least, you may allow me; the cruellest of your sex, the greatest tyrants deny not hope.

Lucy. No, I won't give you the least crumb of hope.——Hope, indeed! what do you take me for? I'll assure you! No, I would not give you the least bit of hope, tho' I was to see you die before my face.——It is a pure thing to give one's self airs. [*Aside.*

Coup. Since nothing but my death will content you, you shall be satisfy'd, even at that price. [*Pulls out his kitt.*] Ha! cursed fate! I have no other instrument of death about me than a sword, which won't draw. But I have thought of a way: within the orchard there is an apple-tree; there, there, Madam! you shall see me hanging by the neck.

There shall you see your dancing-master die;
As Bateman hang'd for love——e'en so will I.

Lucy. O stay!——La, Sir! you're so hasty. ——Must I tell you the first time I see you? Miss Jenny Flant-it has been courted these two years by half a dozen men, and no body knows which she'll have yet: and must not I be courted at all? I will be courted, indeed so I will.

Coup. And so you shall; I will court you after we are marry'd.

Lucy. But will you indeed?

Coup. Yes, indeed? but if I should not, there are others enough that wou'd.

Lucy. But I did not think marry'd women had ever been courted, tho'.

Coup. That's all owing to your not learning to dance. Why there are abundance of women who marry for no other reason; as there are several men who never court any but marry'd women.

Lucy. Well, then, I don't much care if I do marry you. But hold; there is one thing, but that does not much signify.

Coup. What is it my dear?

Lucy. Only I promis'd the apothecary just now; that's all.

Coup. Well, shall I fly then, and put every thing in readiness?

Lucy. Ay, do; I'm ready.

Coup. One kiss before I go, my dearest angel! And now one, two, three, and away. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Oh, dear sweet man! He's as handsome as an angel, and as fine as a lord. He is handsomer than Mr. Thomas, and i'cod, almost as well drest. I see now why my father wou'd never let me learn to dance. For, by goles; if all dancing-masters be such fine men as this, I wonder every woman does not dance away with one. O la! now I think on't he pull'd out his fiddling thing, and I did not ask him to play a tune upon't.——But when we are marry'd, I'll make him play upon't; i'cod, he shall teach me to dance too.——He shall play, and I'll dance; that will be pure. O la! what's here? Another beau?

Enter QUAVER.

Quav. Madam, your servant. I suppose my cousin Goodwill has told you of the happiness he designs me.

Lucy. No Sir, my papa has not told me any thing about you. Who are you, pray?

Quav. I have the honour of being a distant relation of your's, and I hope to be a nearer one. My name is Quaver, Madam: I have the honour to teach some of the first quality to sing.

Lucy. And are you come to teach me to sing?

Quav. I like her desire to learn to sing; it is a proof of an excellent understanding. [*Aside.*] Yes, Madam, I will be proud to teach you any thing in my power; and do believe I shall not yield to any one in the science of singing.

Lucy. Well, and I shall be glad to learn; for

I have been told I have a tolerable voice, only I don't know the notes.

Quav. That, Madam, may be acquired; a voice cannot. A voice must be the gift of nature; and it is the greatest gift nature can bestow. All other perfections, without a voice are nothing at all. Music is allow'd by all wise men to be the noblest of the sciences: whoever knows music, knows every thing.

Lucy. Come then, begin to teach me; for I long to learn.

Quav. Hereafter I shall have time enough. But at present I have something of a different nature to say to you.

Lucy. What have you to say?

AIR VIII.—(DIMI CARO.)

Dearest charmer!
Will you then bid me tell
What you discern so well,
By my expiring sighs,
My doating eyes,
My doating eyes?
Look thro' th' instructive grove,
Each object prompts to love;
See how the turtles play;
Each object prompts to love:
All nature tells you what I'd say.

Lucy. O charming! delightful!
Quav. May I hope you'll grant——
Lucy. Another song, and I'll do any thing.

Quav. Dearest creature,
Pride of nature!

All your glances
Give me trances,
Dearest, &c.

Lucy. Oh, I melt, I faint, I swoon, I die!
Quav. May I hope you'll be mine?
Lucy. Will you charm me so every day?
Quav. And every night too, my angel.

Enter COUPEE.

Coup. Heyday! what do I see? my mistress in another man's arms? Sir, will you do me the favour to tell me what business you have with that lady?

Quav. Pray, Sir, be so good as to tell me what business you have to ask.

Coup. Sir!
Quav. Sir!
Coup. Sir, this lady is my mistress.
Quav. I beg to be excus'd for that, Sir.
Coup. Sir!
Quav. Sir!

AIR IX.—(OF ALL THE SIMPLE, &c.)

Coup. Excuse me, Sir; zounds, what d'ye mean?
I hope you don't give me the lie.
Quav. Sir, you mistake me quite and clean;
Indeed, good Sir, not I.
Coup. Zounds, Sir, if you had, I'd been mad;
But I'm very glad that you don't.
Quav. Do you challenge me, Sir?
Coup. Not I, indeed, Sir.
Quav. Indeed, Sir, I'm very glad on't.

Lucy. Pray, gentlemen, what's the matter? I beseech you, speak to me, one of you.

Coup. Have I not reason! Did I not find you in his arms?

Quav. And have I not reason? Did he not say you was his mistresss, to my face?

AIR X.—(MOLLY MOG.)

Lucy. Did mortal e'er see two such fools?
For nothing they're going to fight;
I begin to find men are but tools,
And both with a whisper I'll bite.

With you I am ready to go, Sir;
I'll give t'other fool a rebuff.
[*To* Coupee.
Stay you but a fortnight, or so, Sir,
I warrant I'll grant you enough.
[*To* Quaver.

Quav. Damnation!

Coup. Hell and confusion!

[*They draw;* Lucy *runs out.*

Enter BLISTER.

Blist. For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, what's the matter? I profess I am afraid you are both disorder'd. Pray, Sir, give me leave to feel your pulse: I wish you are not light-headed!

Coup. What is it to you, Sir, what I am?

Quav. How dare you interfere between gentlemen, sirrah?

Coup. I have a great mind to break my sword about your head, you dog!

Quav. I have a great mind to run you through the body, you rascal!

Coup. Do you know who we are?

Quav. Ay, ay, do you know whom you have to do with.

Blist. Dear gentlemen; pray, gentlemen.—— I wish I had nothing to do with you: I meant no harm.

Coup. So much the worse, sirrah; so much the worse.

Quav. Do you know what it is to anger gentlemen?

Enter GOODWILL.

Good. Heyday! what are you fencing here, gentlemen?

Blist. Fencing, quotha? They have almost fenced me out of my senses, I am sure.

Coup. I shall take another time.

Quav. And so shall I.

Good. I hope there is no anger between you! You are nearer relations than you imagine to each other.—Mr. Quaver, you was sent out of England young; and you Mr. Coupee, have liv'd all your lifetime in London; but I assure you, you are cousin-germans. Let me introduce you to each other.

Coup. Dear cousin Quaver.

Quav. Dear cousin Coupee.

Blist. It's but a blow and a kiss with these sparks, I find.

Coup. I thought there was something about him I cou'd not hurt.

Good. Here is another relation too, whom you do not know. This is Mr. Blister, son to your uncle Blister the apothecary.

Coup. I hope you will excuse our ignorance.

Blist. Yes, cousin, with all my heart, since there is no harm come on't; but if you will take my advice, you shall both immediately lose some blood, and I will order each of you a gentle purge.

Enter WORMWOOD.

Worm. Your servant, cousin Goodwill. How do you do, Master Coupee? How do you do, Master Blister? The roads are very dirty; but I obey your summons, you see.

Good. Mr. Quaver, this is your cousin Wormwood, the attorney.

Worm. I am very glad to see you, Sir. I suppose by so many of our relations being assembled, this is a family law-suit I am come upon. I shall be glad to have my instructions as soon as possible; for I must carry away some of your neighbours' goods with executions by and by.

Good. I sent for you on the account of no law-suit this time. In short, I have resolv'd to dispose of my daughter to one of my relations: if you like her, cousin Wormwood, with ten thousand pounds, and you should happen to be her choice——

Blist. That's impossible; for she has promis'd me already.

Coup. And me.

Quav. And me.

Worm. How! has she promis'd three of you? Why then the two that miss her will have very good actions against him that has her.

Good. Her own choice must determine; and if that fall on you, Mr. Blister, I must insist on

your leaving off your trade, and living here with me.

Blist. No, Sir, I cannot consent to leave off my trade.

Good. Pray, gentlemen, is not the request reasonable?

All. Oh, certainly, certainly.

Coup. Ten thousand pounds to an apothecary, indeed?

Quav. Not leave off his trade?

Coup. If I had been an apothecary, I believe I shou'd not have made many words.

Good. I dare swear you will not, cousin, if she shou'd make choice of you.

Coup. There is some difference tho' between us: mine is a genteel profession, and I shall not leave it off on any account.

Good. I'll be judg'd by Mr. Quaver here, who has been abroad and seen the world.

Quav. Very reasonable, very reasonable—— This man, I see, has excellent sense, and can distinguish between arts and sciences.

Good. I am confident it would not be easy to prevail on you to continue the ridiculous art of teaching people to sing.

Quav. Ridiculous art of teaching to sing! Do you call music an art, which is the noblest of all sciences? I thought you a man of sense, but I find——

Coup. And I find too.

Blist. And so do I.

Worm. Well, it is surprising that men should be such fools, that they shou'd hesitate at leaving off their professions for ten thousand pounds.

Good. Cousin Wormwood, you will leave off your practice, I am sure.

Worm. Indeed, Sir, but I will not. I hope you don't put me upon a footing with fiddlers and dancing-masters. No man need be asham'd of marrying his daughter to a practitioner of the law. What wou'd you do without lawyers? Who'd know his own property?

Blist. Or without physicians, who'd know when he was well?

Coup. If it was not for dancing-masters, men might as well walk upon their heads as their heels.

Quav. And if it was not for singing-masters, they might as well have been all born dumb.

Good. Ha! confusion! what do I see! my daughter in the hands of that fellow!

Enter LUCY *and* MR. THOMAS.

Lucy. Pray, papa, give me your blessing; I hope you won't be angry with me, but I am marry'd to Mr. Thomas.

Good. Oh Lucy, Lucy! is this the return you make to my fatherly fondness?

Lucy. Dear papa, forgive me, I won't do so any more.——Indeed I should have been perjured if I had not had him.—And I had not had him neither, but that he met me when I was frighten'd, and did not know what I did.

Good. To marry a footman?

Tho. Why look ye, Sir, I am a footman, 'tis true, but I have a good acquaintance in life. I have kept very good company at the hazard-table; and when I have other cloaths on, and money in my pocket, they will be very glad to see me again.

Worm. Harkye, Mr. Goodwill, your daughter is an heiress. I'll put you in a way to prosecute this fellow.

Blist. Did you not promise me, Madam?

Coup. Ay, did not you promise me, Madam?

Quav. And me too?

Lucy. You have none of you any reason to complain; if I did promise you all, I promised him first.

Worm. Look ye, gentlemen, if any of you will employ me, I'll undertake we shall recover part of her fortune.

Quav. If you had given your daughter a good education, and let her learnt music, it wou'd have put softer things into her head.

Blist. This comes of your contempt of physic. If she had been kept in a diet, with a little gentle bleeding, and purging, and vomiting, and blistering, this had never happen'd.

Worm. You shou'd have sent her to town a term or two, and taken lodgings for her near the Temple, that she might have conversed with the young gentlemen of the law, and seen the world.

AIR XI.—(BUSH OF BOON.)

Lucy. Oh dear papa! don't look so grum;
Forgive me, and be good:
For tho' he's not so great as some,
He still is flesh and blood.
What tho' he's not so fine as beaus,
In gold and silver gay;
Yet he perhaps without their cloths,
May have more charms than they.

Tho. Your daughter has marry'd a man of some learning, and one who has seen a little of the world, and who by his love to her, and obedience

to you, will try to deserve your favours. As for my having worn livery let not that grieve you; as I have liv'd in a great family, I have seen that no one is respected for what he is, but for what he has; the world pays no regard at present to any thing but money; and if my own industry shou'd add to your fortune, so as to entitle any of my posterity to grandeur, it will be no reason against making my son, or grandson, a lord, that his father or grandfather was a footman.

Good. Ha! thou talk'st like a pretty sensible fellow, and I don't know whether my daughter has not made a better choice, than she cou'd have done among her booby relations. I shall suspend my judgment at present, and pass it hereafter, according to your behaviour.

Tho. I will try to deserve it shou'd be in my favour.

Worm. I hope, cousin, you don't expect I shou'd lose my time. I expect six and eight-pence for my journey.

Good. Thy profession, I see, has made a knave of whom nature meant a fool. Well, I am now convinc'd, 'tis less difficult to raise a fortune, than to find one worthy to inherit it.

AIR XII.—(THE YORKSHIRE BALLAD.)

Blister.

Had your daughter been physic'd well, Sir, as she ought,
With bleeding, and blistering, and vomit, and draught,
This footman had never been once in her thought,
With his Down, down, &c.

Coupee.
Had pretty Miss been at a dancing-school bred,
Had her feet but been taught the right manner to tread,
Gad's curse! 'twould have put better things in her head,
Than his Down, down, &c.

Quaver.
Had she learnt, like fine ladies, instead of her prayers,
To languish and die at Italian soft airs,
A footman had never thus tickled her ears,
With his Down, down, &c.

Lucy.
You may physic, and music, and dancing enhance,
In one I have got them all three by good chance,
My doctor he'll be, and he'll teach me to dance,
With his Down, down, &c.

And though soft Italians the ladies controul,
He swears he can charm a fine lady, by Gole!
More than an Italian can do for his soul,
With a Down, down, &c.

My fate then, spectators, hangs on your decree;
I have brought kind papa here, at last to agree;
If you'll pardon the poet, he will pardon me,
With my Down, down, &c.

Let not a poor farce then nice critics pursue,
But like honest-hearted good-natur'd men do,
And clap to please us, who have sweat to please you.
With our Down, down, &c.

Chorus.
Let not a poor farce then, &c.

TABLE OF THE SONGS

IN

AN OLD MAN TAUGHT WISDOM.

AIR		PAGE
I.	Do you, papa, but find a coach....	141
II.	When he in a coach can be carry'd .	143
III.	In women we beauty or wit may admire	145
IV.	Ah, be not angry, good dear Sir,...	148
V.	Ah, Sir, I guess, ...	149
VI.	La! what swinging lies some people tell	151
VII.	O press me not, Sir, to be wife	153
VIII.	Dearest charmer!	157
IX.	Excuse me, Sir; zounds, what d'ye mean?	158
X.	Did mortal e'er see two such fools? .	159
XI.	O dear papa! don't look so grum...	164
XII.	Had your daughter been physic'd,&c.	165

THE

UNIVERSAL GALLANT:

OR,

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

A

COMEDY.

FIRST ACTED IN

1734.

Infœlix habitum temporis hujus habe. *Ovid.*

TO

HIS GRACE

CHARLES, DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

THE unhappy fate which these scenes have met with, may to some make my presumption in offering them to your protection, appear extravagant; but distress puts on a different face in your Grace's eye, with whom I know it will plead in their favour, that though they do not merit so great a patron, they at least want him.

To join the torrent of success, to smile with fortune, and applaud with the world, are within the limits of an inferior name, and narrower capacity. It has been the glory of a Duke of Marlborough to support the falling, to protect the distrest, to raise a sinking cause, and (I will venture on the expression) to direct fortune, instead of being directed by her.

But these are laurels, my Lord, which will to latest ages flourish in the historian, and the epic

poet. Comedy looks no farther than private life, where we see you acting with the same spirit of humanity that fired your noble ancestor in public. Poverty has imposed chains on mankind equal with tyranny; and your Grace has shewn as great an eagerness to deliver men from the former, as your illustrious grandfather did to rescue them from the latter.

Those who are happier than myself, in your intimacy, will celebrate your other virtues; the fame of your humanity, my Lord, reaches at a distance, and it is a virtue which never reigns alone; nay, which seldom enters into a breast that is not rich in all other.

I am sure I give a convincing proof, in how high a degree I am persuaded you possess this virtue, when I hope your pardon for this presumption. But I will trespass no farther on it, than to assure you that I am, with great respect,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's most obedient,

most devoted humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING.

Buckingham-street,
Feb. 13.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The cruel usage this poor play hath met with, may justly surprise the author, who in his whole life never did an injury to any one person living. What could incense a number of people to attack it with such an inveterate prejudice is not easy to determine; for prejudice must be allowed, be the play good or bad, when it is condemn'd unheard.

I have heard that there are some young gentlemen about this town, who make a jest of damning plays——but did they seriously consider the cruelty they are guilty of by such a practice, I believe it would prevent them. Every man who produces a play on the stage, must propose to himself some acquisition either of pleasure, reputation, or profit, in its success: for though perhaps he may receive some pleasure from the first indulgence of the itch of scribbling, yet the labour and trouble he must undergo before his play comes on the stage, must set the prospect of some future reward before him, or I believe he would decline the undertaking. If pleasure or reputation be the reward he proposes, it is sure an inexcusable bar-

barity in any uninjured or unprovoked person to defeat the happiness of another: but if his views be of the last kind, if he be so unfortunate to depend on the success of his labours for his bread, he must be an inhuman creature indeed, who would out of sport and wantonness prevent a man from getting a livelihood in an honest and inoffensive way, and make a jest of starving him and his family.

Authors, whose works have been rejected at the theatres, are of all persons, they say, the most inveterate; but of all persons, I am the last they should attack, as I have often endeavoured to procure the success of others, but never assisted at the condemnation of any one.

PROLOGUE:

SPOKEN BY

Mr. QUIN.

Bold is th' attempt in this nice-judging age,
To try at fame, by pleasing on the stage.
So eager to condemn as you are grown,
Writing, seems war declar'd against the town.
Which ever way the Poet seeks applause,
The Critick's ready still to damn his cause.
If for new characters he hunts abroad,
And boldly deviates from the beaten road,
In monsters then unnatural he deals;
If they are known and common, then he steals.
If wit he aims at, you the traps can shew;
If serious, he is dull; if humourous, low.
Some would maintain one laugh thro'out a play;
Some would be grave, and bear fine things away.
How is it possible, at once to please
Tastes so directly oppoite as these!
Nor be offended with us if we fear,
From us——some seek not entertainment here.
'Tis not the Poet's wit affords the jest,
But who can cat-call, hiss, or whistle best?

Can then another's anguish give you joy?
Or is it such a triumph to destroy?
We, like the fabled frogs, consider thus:
This may be sport to you, but it is death to us.
If any base ill-nature we disclose,
If private characters these scenes expose,
Then we expect——for then we merit foes.
But if our strokes be general and nice,
If tenderly we laugh you out of vice,
Do not your native entertainments leave;
Let us at least our share of smiles receive,
Nor while you sensure us, keep all your boons,
For soft ITALIAN airs, and FRENCH buffoons.

THE

UNIVERSAL GALLANT,

&c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Mr. Mondish	MR. QUIN.
Mr. Gaylove	MR. W. MILLS.
Captain Spark	MR. CIBBER.
Sir Simon Raffler	MR. GRIFFIN.
Colonel Raffler	MR. HARPER.

WOMEN.

Lady Raffler	MRS. BUTLER.
Mrs. Raffler	MRS. HERON.
Clarinda	MISS HOLLIDAY.

SCENE, LONDON.

THE

UNIVERSAL GALLANT:

OR,

THE DIFFERENT HUSBANDS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Scene, Mr. Mondish's *Apartment*.

Mr. Mondish *with a Letter in his Hand, speaking to a Servant.*

Mondish.

Here, carry this letter to Mrs. Raffler.

Servant. Must I bring an answer, Sir?

Mon. Yes, Sir, if you receive any——[*Exit Servant.*]——And now let me read thee again, thou picture of womankind. [*Reads.*

"Sir,

"I suppose you will be surpriz'd that a woman, "who hath been guilty of so imprudent a passion, "shou'd so suddenly and calmly reclaim it—but I "am at length happily convinc'd, that you are "the falsest of mankind. Be assur'd it is not in

"your power to persuade me any longer to the "contrary—wherefore I desire that henceforth all "familiarity may cease between us.—And as you "know me sensible how good a friend you are "to Mrs. Raffler, you may easily believe the "fewest visits in the world, at this house, will be "welcome to me. Farewell for ever."

This coldness is not the resentment of an incensed mistress, but the slight of an indifferent one.—I am supplanted by some other in her favour.—Rare woman, faith! the sex grow so purely inconstant, that a gallant will shortly be as little able to keep a woman to himself, as a husband.

Enter another Servant.

Serv. Sir, Colonel Raffler has sent to know whether you are at home.

Mon. Yes, yes,—his visit is opportune enough. ——I may likely learn from him, who this successful rival is, by knowing who has visited his wife most lately——nay, or by finding who is his chief favourite,——for he is one of those wise men, to whose friendship you must have his wife's recommendation; and so far from being jealous of your lying with her, that he is always suspicious you don't like her.

Enter Colonel RAFFLER.

Dear colonel, good-morrow.

Col. Raff. Oh, you're a fine gentleman! a very fine gentleman indeed! when we had sent after you

all over the town, not to leave your bottle for a party at quadrille with the ladies——you have a rare reputation among 'em, I assure you—there is an irreconcileable quarrel with my wife.—I have strict orders never to mention your name to her.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! that is pleasant enough, Colonel; your wife's orders to you, who have the most obedient wife in Christendom.

Col. Raff. Yes, I thank heaven, I am master of my own house.

Mon. Then I hope you will lay your commands on her to forgive me.

Col. Raff. Well, well, I don't know but I may, since you ask it.——I am glad I have brought you to that.——I believe I have made up an hundred quarrels between you, and cou'd never bring you to it before.

Mon. And yet I had reason on my side; had you been with us yourself, you wou'd not have left us for cards.

Col. Raff. No, I hate e'm of all things in the world——that's half my quarrel to you, for I was forc'd to supply your place.

Mon. I pity you heartily.

Col. Raff. Ay, and with my wife.

Mon. True, a wife often makes one's pleasure distasteful; what is in itself disagreeable she must make very damnable indeed. But I wonder you, who are master of your own house, Colonel, don't banish cards out of it, since you dislike 'em so much.

Col. Raff. Why that I have attempted to do, but then it puts my wife so plaguily out of humour, and that I can't bear——besides Mr. Mondish, let me tell you a matrimonial secret—Let a

man be never so much the master of his house, if his wife be continually in an ill humour, he leads but an uneasy life in't.

Mon. But methinks so good a lady as yours, shou'd now and then give into the sentiments of her husband.

Col. Raff. Oh, no one readier; but then, you know, she can't help her temper: and if she complies against her will, you know it is the more obliging in her; and then you know, if her complaisance makes her unhappy, and out of humour, and in the vapours, a man must be the greatest of brutes to persist.——Besides, my wife is the most unfortunate person in the world: for tho' she loves me of all things, and knows that seeing her in the vapours, makes me miserable, yet I never deny'd her any one thing in the world but, slap, it immediately threw her into 'em.——If it was not for those cursed vapours, we should be the happiest couple living

Mon. Nay, faith, I believe you are.

Col. Raff. Truly, I believe we may; at least we have such a picture of the contrary before our eyes.

Mon. Who, Sir Simon, and his Lady?

Col. Raff. Ay, Sir Simon, call him any thing but my brother, he's not a-kin to me, I'm sure: for next to mine, he has the best wife in the world; and yet he never suffers her to have an easy hour from his cursed jealousy. I intend to part families, for there is no possibility of living together any longer.——He affronted a gentleman t'other day, for taking up his lady's glove; and it was no longer ago than yesterday, that my wife and she were gone only to an auction (where, by the bye, they did not go to throw away their

money neither, for they bought nothing) when this cursed brother of mine finds 'em out, exposes 'em both, and forc'd 'em away home.——My house is an errant garrison in time of war, no one enters or goes out, without being search'd; and if a lac'd coat passes by the window, his eye is never off him, till he is out of the street.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir Simon Raffler, Sir.

Col. Raff. Oh, the devil! I'll be gone.

Mon. No, Colonel, that's unkind.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir Simon, your most obedient servant.

Sir Sim. Mr. Mondish, good-morrow! Oh, brother, are you here?

Col. Raff. How do you, brother? I hope your Lady's well this morning?

Sir Sim. Must you always ask impertinent questions! A husband is a proper person indeed to enquire of about his wife.——If you ask your own, when you see her next, she will inform you, for I suppose they are gadding together.

Col. Raff. Sir Simon, you may behave to your own lady as you please; but I desire you not to reflect on mine.

Sir Sim. And you may let your wife behave as she pleases; but I desire she may be no pattern to mine. I think one enough in a family.

Col. Raff. One! I don't know what you mean, I don't understand you.

Mon. Oh, dear gentlemen, let me beg there may be none of this misunderstanding in my house. You are both too hot indeed.

Col. Raff. I am appeas'd.———But let me tell you, brother———

Mon. Dear Colonel, no more.—Well, Sir Simon, what news have you in town?

Sir Sim. Nothing but cuckoldom, Sir;——cuckoldom every where. Women run away from their husbands.——Actions brought in Westminster-hall. I expect, shortly, to see it made an article in the newspapers, and 'cuckolds since our last list,' as regularly inserted as bankrupts are now.

Col. Raff. Oh lud, oh lud, poor man! poor man! You make me sick, brother, indeed you do.

Sir Sim. And you will make me mad, brother, indeed you will.

Mon. Come, come, gentlemen, let me reconcile this thing between you.——Colonel, you know the excessive jealousy of Sir Simon's temper, and I wonder a man of your excellent sense will think it worth your while to argue with him.

[*Aside to Col.* Raff.

Col. Raff. Mondish is certainly a fellow of the best sense in the world. [*Aside.*

Mon. Sir Simon, you know the Colonel's easy temper so well, that I am surpriz'd one of your good understanding will reason with a man, who will defend his wife's running about this town every day. [*Aside to* Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. This man has a most excellent understanding. [*Aside.*

Mon. Come, come, gentlemen, shake hands and be friends, and let us have no more animosities.

Col. Raff. With all my heart.

Sir Sim. And mine.——And now, gentlemen, we are amongst ourselves, I believe I have my honour, I am sure of it, I don't suspect I have it not, but I think it ought to be valued.

Mon. Doubtless, doubtless, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. I am not one of those jealous people that are afraid of every wind that blows. A woman may sit by a man once at a play, without any design, and once a year may go to court, or an assembly, nay, and may speak to one of her husband's he-friends there: if he be a relation, indeed, I should like it better. But why all those curtsies to every fellow she knows? Why always running to that church where the youngest parson is?

Mon. Why fond of operas, masquerades?

Sir Sim. I almost swoon at the name.

Col. Raff. I shall I'm sure, if I stay any longer ——so your servant.

Mon. Then that cursed rendezvous of the sexes, which are called auctions.

Sir Sim. I thank heaven there are none today; I have search'd all the advertisements.

Mon. But there are shops, shops, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. I wish they were shut up with all my heart! especially those brothels the milliner's shops, in which cuckoldom is the chief trade that is carry'd on.

Mon. Heyday! is the Colonel gone?

Sir Sim. I am glad of it, for truly I take no pleasure in his company. Mr. Mondish, you are a man of honour, and my friend, and as you are intimate in the family, must, I dare swear, have observed, with concern, the multitude of idle young fellows that swarm at our house. There is one particularly, who almost lives there continually, and has, no doubt, behav'd before this, like a thorough fine gentleman, and a man of gallantry.

Mon. Who is he, pray?

Sir Sim. Oh, a fellow, who is never out of lace and embroidery—a tall, strapping, well-looking,

ill-looking rascal! whom I wou'd as soon admit into my family, as a wolf into a sheep-fold.

Mon. What's his name?

Sir Sim. Gaylove, I think they call him—— my blood runs cold when I think of him.

Mon. Sir Simon, you need be under no apprehension: for my lady Raffler is a woman of that prudence and discretion—

Sir Sim. Yes, Sir; but very prudent and discreet women have made very odd monsters of their husbands. I had rather trust to my own prudence than her's, I thank you.

Mon. Was I married to that woman, I should be the most contented man alive; for, on my honour! I think she surpasses the rest of womankind as much in virtue as beauty.

Sir Sim. Ha! what!

Mon. Nay more in my opinion—for to tell you a truth, (which I know you'll excuse me for) I do not think her so handsome as the rest of the world think her.

Sir Sim. Nor I, neither—I am glad to hear you don't——I began to be in a heat——But, dear Mondish, tho' my wife be as you say, a virtuous woman, and I know she is, I'm sure of it; and was never jealous of her in my life: yet I take virtue to be that sort of gold in a wife, which the less it is try'd, the brighter it shines; besides, you know, there is a trouble in resisting temptation, and I am willing to spare my wife all the trouble I can.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, captain Spark to wait on you.

Sir Sim. Who is he, pray?

Mon. A relation of mine, a courtier, and so fine a gentleman, that (if you will believe him) he has had all the fine women in town.

Enter Captain SPARK.

Capt. Spark. Dear cousin Mondish, your very humble servant, I only call to ask you how you do—for I can't stay ten minutes with you——I have just left some ladies, whom I have promised to meet in the park—Harkye. [*Whispers* Mon.

Sir Sim. I hope my wife is not one of 'em—a very impudent-looking fellow, this courtier, and has, I warrant, as many cuckolds in the city, as that has debtors at court.

Capt. Spark. The devil take me if it is not the very woman! but pray take her, I dangled after her long enough too. You must know the last time I saw her was at an assembly.

Sir Sim. That is another name for a bawdy-house. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. And there I piqued her most confoundedly, so that she vow'd she'd never speak to me again; and indeed she kept her word, till yesterday I met her at an auction—there was another lady with her——at first she put on an air of indifference. O ho! thinks I, are you at that sport? I'll fit you, I warrant. So, Sir, I goes up to the other lady, who happened to be her sister, and an intimate acquaintance of mine—But I ask pardon, this is a dull entertainment to you, Sir.
[*To* Sir Sim.

Sir Sim. Far from it, Sir; but I beg I may not be thought impertinent, if I ask whether this lady be short or tall?

Capt. Spark. A short woman, Sir.

Sir Sim. Then I am safe [*aside*]——But perhaps some people think her tall.

Capt. Spark. Yes, Sir; I know several who think her so.

Sir Sim. I am on the rack [*aside*]——Sir, I ask ten thousand pardons: but was she a brown or a fair woman?

Capt. Spark. Oh, Sir! no harm——She was a brown woman, Sir.

Sir Sim. Rather inclining to fair.

Capt. Spark. Yes, a good deal inclining to fair.

Sir Sim. I am undone! if I was to ask her name, I should hear my own—I will go tear her eyes out.—Mr. Mondish, your servant! your servant!

Mon. Be not in such a hurry, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. I am in a great hurry, Sir, your humble servant! [*Exit.*

Capt. Spark. Pr'ythee, dear coz, what queer fellow is that? Gad, I began to think he suspected me with some relation of his.

Mon. Faith, probable enough——for he wou'd suspect a more unlikely man than you.

Capt. Spark. Ha, ha! George, I believe I am suspected in town——I believe there are women ——I say no more, but I believe there are women, I say no more.

Mon. And upon my soul, I believe thou can'st say no more on thy knowledge. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. Here, here, you must not ask to see the name. [*Pulls out several letters.*] May I be curst if this be not from a woman of the first distinction———Nay, if he is here, I must put it up again.

Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. Good morrow, George! Ha! monsieur L'Spark!

Capt. Spark. My dear Gaylove, how long hast thou been in town?

Gay. About a fortnight, Sir.

Capt. Spark. Mondish, this is the best friend I have in the world; if it had not been for him, I had dy'd of the spleen in country quarters—I made his house my own.

Gay. Upon my honour he did, and so entirely, that if he had not been order'd away, I believe I should shortly have given it him.

Capt. Spark. Thou art a pleasant fellow! but pr'ythee, how do all the girls? How do Miss Flirt, and Miss Flareit, Miss Caper, Miss Lisp, and my dear Jenny Thump-floor?

Gay. All at your service, Sir; but methinks you should have ask'd after your dear Clarinda.

Capt. Spark. O! ay, Clarinda! how does she do? upon my soul I was fond of that wench; but she grew so fond again, that the world began to take notice of us, and yet if ever any thing pass'd between us, at least any thing that ought not, may I be——But what signifies swearing——Come, I know you are a suspicious rogue.

Gay. Far from it—I have always defended you both. For as I am confident she wou'd not grant any thing dishonourable, so I am confident thou wou'dst not take it

Mon. And if you will be evidence for the lady, I will for the gentleman.

Capt. Spark. Your servant, your servant, my dear friends; you have made me a compliment at a cheap rate: I shall not risk your consciences; yet in my sense of the word dishonourable, you may swear it; for I positively think nothing dishonourable can pass between man and woman.

Mon. Excellent doctrine indeed!

Gay. I am not of your opinion: for I think it very dishonourable in a fine gentleman to solicit favours from a lady, and refuse accepting 'em when she wou'd grant 'em.

Capt. Spark. O! a sad dog! ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Unless it be not in his power to accept 'em, Gaylove. The bravest fellow may be beaten, you know, without loss of honour.

Capt. Spark. Well, well! you may suspect what you please.—You poor devils that never had any thing above a sempstress, make such a rout about the reputation of a woman a little above the ordinary rank: you make as much noise in town about a man's having a woman of quality, as they wou'd in the country if one had run away with a justice of peace's eldest daughter —Now, to me, women of quality are like other women.

Gay. Thou know'st no difference, I dare swear.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my lady Fop-hunter's coach is at the door.

Capt.Spark. She has sent it for me; I am to call on her at lady Sightly's—damn her! I wish she had forgot the appointment—Gaylove, will you go with me?

Gay. No, excuse me.

Capt. Spark. Well, gentlemen, I hope you will excuse me too—so, I'm your very humble servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. I wish thou hadst been here sooner, I have had some rare diversion this morning: here have been Sir Simon and the Colonel, and have quarrel'd about their wives. But what is better

still, the noble Captain just now departed, hath sent Sir Simon away fully persuaded that he has an affair with his wife.

Gay. Then we shall have it in the afternoon at Mrs. Raffler's tea-table.

Mon. I think you live there, Gaylove.

Gay. I have pretty much lately; for to let you into a secret, George, I have a mistress there.

Mon. What has the Captain infected you, that you are so open-hearted? or is this a particular mark of your confidence in me?

Gay. Neither. It is impossible it should be a secret long, and I am not asham'd of having an honourable passion for a woman, from which I hope to reap better fruits than the Captain usually proposes from his amours.

Mon. I rather fear thou wilt find worse. These sort of gentlemen are the only persons who engage with women without danger. The reputation of an amour is what they propose, and what they generally effect: for, as they indulge their vanity at the price of all that is dear to a woman, the world is good-natur'd enough to make one person ridiculously happy, at the expence of making another seriously miserable.

Gay. Hang 'em! I believe they skreen more reputations than they hurt——I fancy women, by an affected intimacy with these fellows, have diverted the world from discovering a good substantial amour in another place.

Mon. Do you think so? then I wou'd advise you to introduce my kinsman here, to Mrs. Raffler.

Gay. Are there reputations there, then, that want cloaks?

Mon. Ha, ha, ha!

Gay. Nay, pr'ythee tell me seriously, for the

duce take me, if these two years retirement hath not made me such a stranger to the town———

Mon. Then seriously, I think there is no cloak wanted; for a fond, credulous husband, is the best cloak in the world. And if a man will put his horns in his pocket, none will ever pick his pocket of 'em——If he will be so good as to be very easy under being a cuckold, the good-natur'd world will suffer his wife to be easy under making him one.

Gay. A word to the wise, George—But, faith! thou hast inform'd me of what I did not suspect before.

Mon. The wise do not want a word to inform them of what they knew before.

Gay. What dost thou mean?

Mon. Then in a word, my close friend, this mighty secret, which you have discover'd to me, I knew some time before. Nay, and I can tell you another thing—the world knows it.

Gay. Let 'em know it. I am so far from being asham'd of my passion, that I am vain of my choice.

Mon. Ha, ha, ha! this is excellent in a fellow of thy sense! I shall begin shortly to look on the Captain as no extraordinary character——Vain of your choice! Ha, ha, ha! now am I vain of my good-nature——for I cou'd so reduce that vanity of yours!———

Gay. I suppose thou art prepar'd with some cool lecture of modern œconomy. I know thee to be one of those who are afraid to be happy out of the road of right wisdom—I tell thee, George, let the world say what they will, there is more true happiness in the folly of love, than in all the wisdom of philosophy.

Mon. Ha! ha! ha!

Gay. It is the fashion of the world to laugh at a man who owns his passion, and thou art a true follower of the world.

Mon. Thou art a follower of the world I am sure. You must be modest indeed, to be asham'd of your passion, since you have such multitudes to keep you in countenance.

Gay. So much the better. Rivals keep a man's passion up; it gives continual new pleasure in the arms of a mistress to think half the coxcombs in the town are sighing for what you are in possession of.

Mon. Ay, faith, and the gallant has a pleasure sometimes to think a husband is in possession of what he is weary of.

Gay. How the happy man triumphs in his heart, when he sees his woman walking thro' a crowd of fellows in the mall, or a drawing-room, some sighing, some ogling; all envying him: and retiring immediately to toast her at the next tavern.

Mon. When he wishes himself, as heartily as they do themselves, with her, which perhaps some of them are in their turn. And I wou'd not have you too sure, that may not be your case.

Gay. Pugh! you have heard Spark talk of her, I suppose; or heard her talk'd of for Spark—— I shou'd be no more jealous of her with him, than with one of her own sex—Now, in my opinion, a squirrel is a more dangerous rival than a beau; for he is more liable to share her heart, and——

Mon. Why, this is a good credulous marriageable opinion, and wou'd sit well on a husband.

Gay. Well! and I see no terrors in that name.

Mon. Nor I neither. I think it a good, harmless name. Besides, the Colonel is a rare instance

of the contrary. If a man can be happy in marriage, I dare swear he is——his wife is young, handsome, witty, and constant——in his opinion.

Gay. And that is the same as if she were so in reality—for, if a man be happy in his own opinion, I see little reason why he shou'd trouble himself about the world's.

Mon. Or suppose she were inconstant, if she is fond of you while you are with her, why shou'd you like her the less? I don't see why he is not as selfish who wou'd love by himself, as he who wou'd drink by himself——Sure he is a nice and a dull sot, who quarrels with his wine, because another drinks out of the same cask. Nay, perhaps it were better to have two or three companions in both, and wou'd prevent the glass coming round too fast.

Gay. Thou art in a strange whimsical humour to-day. I fancy something has disturb'd you.

Mon. No, faith! though something has happen'd which might have disturb'd another—I have been discarded this morning. Here's my discharge, do you know the hand? [*Giving the letter.*

Gay. Hum——*I suppose you will be surpriz'd ——woman—imprudent——a passion—convinc'd —falsest of mankind.*———

Mon. His countenance does not alter—He does not know her hand sure. [*Aside.*

Gay. [*Reading*] *Friend you are to Mrs. Raffler*—the devil!

Mon. What think you now?

Gay. Think! that thou art a happy man.

Mon. I hope, then, you will not interfere with my happiness.

Gay. Not I, upon my honour.

Mon. Thou art an obliging, good-natur'd fel-

low; and now I will wait on you where you please, to dinner.

Gay. I have a short visit to make, but will meet you any where at three.

Mon. At the key-and-garter, if you please.

Gay. I will be there, adieu. [*Exit.*

Mon. This cool reception of my letter ill agrees with the warm professions he made before. Nor did he shew a sufficient surprize——she certainly had acquainted him with it—it is natural to suppose, her fear, that I might discover it to him, might set her on trying to be beforehand. And yet this behaviour in Gaylove is not agreeable to his nature, which I know to be rather too open. I will find the bottom of this out—I will see her in the afternoon myself—Damn her! I was weary of the affair, and she has found out the only way to renew my eagerness—the whole pleasure of life is pursuit:

> Our game tho' we are eager to embrace,
> The pleasure's always over with the chace.

ACT. II. SCENE I.

Sir SIMON's *house.*

Enter Lady RAFFLER, *and* Mrs. RAFFLER.

Lady RAFFLER.

NEVER tell me, sister, it is notorious that a woman of my virtue and discretion, and prudence,

shou'd be eternally tormented with the suspicions of a jealous-pated husband.

Mrs. Raff. I own it, but I only propose to you the best method to quiet them. You cannot alter his nature, and if you wou'd condescend to flatter it a little, you wou'd make your life much easier.

Lady Raff. I flatter it! I assure you, I shan't. If my virtue be not clear enough of itself, I shall use no art to make it so—Must I give a husband an account of all my words and actions? must I satisfy his groundless fears? I am no such poor-spirited wretch; and I solemnly declare, if I knew any one thing that wou'd make him more jealous, than another, I wou'd do it.

Mrs. Raff. Then you wou'd do wrong, my dear, and only revenge your husband's jealousy on your self.

Lady Raff. Sister, sister, don't preach up any of your maxims to me. If the Colonel was of Sir Simon's temper, you wou'd lead a worse life than I do.

Mrs. Raff. Indeed, you are mistaken; if my husband was as jealous, and as cunning as the devil. I wou'd engage to make an errant ass of him.

Lady Raff. You wou'd make another sort of a beast of him.

Mrs. Raff. I don't tell you that. But if I shou'd, he had better be so than suspect it—his horns wou'd hurt him less on his forehead than in his eyes.

Lady Raff. I wonder you can talk such stuff to me, I can't bear to hear it: the very name of whore makes me swoon; if any set of words cou'd ever raise the devil, that single one wou'd do more than all.

Mrs. Raff. Dear sister, don't be outrageously virtuous.

Lady Raff. It wou'd be well for you, if the colonel had a little of Sir Simon's temper. I can't help telling you there are some actions of your life, which I am far from approving.

Lady Raff. Come don't be censorious. I never refus'd giving my husband an account of any of my actions, when he desires it—and that is more than you can say.

Lady Raff. My actions give an account of themselves, I am not afraid of the world's looking into 'em.

Mrs. Raff. Take my word for it, child, pure nature won't do, the world will easily see your faults, but your virtues must be shewn artfully or they will not be discover. Art goes beyond nature: and a woman who has only virtue in her face, will pass much better thro' the world, than she who has it only in her heart.

Lady Raff. I don't know what you mean, Madam, I am sure my conduct has been always careful of appearances; but as for the suspicions of my husband, I despise; and neither can nor will give myself any trouble about 'em.

Mrs. Raff. Soh! here he comes, and I suppose we shall have the usual dialogue.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir Sim. Your servant, ladies! why you are at home early to day. What, cou'd you find no diversion in town? is there no opera-rehearsal, no auction, no mall?

Lady Raff. No none: besides, my sister had a mind to be at home.

Sir Sim. You need not have said that, my dear, I should not have suspected you.

Lady Raff. I think, I seldom give you reason of suspecting my fondness for my own house.

Sir Sim. No, nor of any thing else. I am not jealous of you, my dear.

Lady Raff. It wou'd give me no uneasiness, if you was.

Sir Sim. I am not jealous even of captain Spark.

Lady Raff. Captain Spark! who is he?

Sir Sim. Tho' he is a very pretty gentleman, and is very agreeable company.

Lady Raff. I long to see him mightily. Won't you invite him hither, my dear?

Sir Sim Why shou'd I invite him, when you can meet him at an auction as well?——Besides, it seems, he is not proper company for me, or you would not have shuffled him away yesterday, when I came. You need not have taken suchcare to hide him, I shou'd not have been jealous of him, my dear.

Mrs. Raff. This must be some strange chimera of his own: no such person was with us. [*Aside.*

Lady Raff. No, my dear, I know you wou'd not, tho' he is a very pretty fellow.

Sir Sim. The devil take all such pretty fellows! with all my heart and soul. [*Aside.*

LadyRaff. Don't you know, sister, he is the most witty, most entertaining creature in the world?

Mrs. Raff. Think whom so?

Lady Raff. Oh, the Captain,——captain,—— what's his name?

Sir Sim. Captain Spark, Madam. I'll assist you.

Lady Raff. Ay, captain Spark.

Mrs. Raff. I know no captain Spark, nor was any such person with us yesterday.

Lady Raff. Don't believe her, my dear.

Sir Sim. No, my dear, I shall not, I assure you. But do you think this right, my dear?

Lady Raff. What, right?

Sir Sim. Why being particular with an idle, rakehelly young fellow.

Lady Raff. Sir Simon, I shall not have my company prescrib'd to me by any one. I will keep what company I please, I shall answer to the world for my actions.

Sir Sim. Yes, Madam, I am to answer to the world for your actions too—I am most concern'd to see that you act right, since I must bear the greater part of the shame, if you don't.

Lady Raff. Sir, this is usage I can't bear, nor I won't bear! trouble not me with your base, groundless suspicions: I believe the whole world is sensible how unworthy you are of a woman of my virtue; but, henceforth, whenever any of these chimeras are rais'd in your head, I shall leave you to lay them at your leisure. [*Exit.*

Sir Sim. Is not this intolerable? is not this insufferable! this is the comfortable state that a man is wished joy of by his friends; and yet no man wishes a man joy of being condemn'd, or of getting the plague. But when a man is married, Give you joy, Sir, cries one fool, I wish you joy, says another; and thus the wretch is usher'd into the gallies, with the same triumph as he cou'd be exalted with to the empire of the Great Mogul.

Mrs. Raff. You yourself make it so, brother: if you had less jealousy in your temper, or lady Raffler more complaisance, you might be very happy—You torment yourself with groundless fears, and she depends on her own innocence, and will not quiet them. This was the case just now: for whatover put this captain Spark into your head, I will take my oath, she spoke to no such man at the auction.

Sir Sim. You are a trusty confidant, I find—but I had it from his own mouth.

Mrs. Raff. What had you from his own mouth?

Sir Sim. What! why that my wife was a tall woman.

Mrs. Raff. Ha, ha, ha! a very good reason to be jealous, indeed.

Sir Sim. Yes, Madam, and that she was a fair woman.

Mrs. Raff. Well, and——Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Sim. Look ye, sister, if he had told me this at first, I shou'd not have regarded it: but I pumpt it out of him. He is a very close fellow, and proper to be trusted with a secret, I can tell you; for he told me just the contrary; but truth will out, sister: besides did not you hear my wife confess it?

Mrs. Raff. That was only in revenge, to plague you.

Sir Sim. A very charitable good sort of lady, truly.

Mrs. Raff. I wish she was of my temper, brother, and wou'd give you satisfaction in every thing.—For my part, I own, if I was your wife, your jealousy would give me no pain, and I should take a pleasure in quieting it: I shou'd never be uneasy at your enquiring into any of my actions—I shou'd rather take it for a proof of your love, and be the fonder of you for it.

Sir Sim. Yes, Madam, but I do not desire my wife should be like you, neither.

Mrs. Raff. Why so, brother? what do you dislike in me?

Sir Sim. Truly, Madam, that rendezvous of fellows you continually keep at your house, and which, if your husband was of my mind——

Mrs. Raff. He wou'd be jealous of, I suppose.

Sir Sim. Particularly, that tall fellow, who breakfasts here, dines here, sups here, and I believe lies here, or will lie here very shortly.

Mrs. Raff. Hold, brother, I desire you wou'd not grow scurrilous; no wonder, my sister can't bear with this cursed temper of yours.

Sir Sim. What can a marry'd woman mean by an intimacy with any other but her husband?

Mrs. Raff. What's that to you, brother? who made you the inquisitor of my actions? Do you think to call me to an account, as you do your wife? Oh! if I was marry'd to such a jealous— If I did not give him enough of his jealousy in one week, if I did not make him heartily weary on't——

Sir Sim. Oh rare! this is the woman who wou'd take a pleasure in satisfying her husband's doubts.

Mrs. Raff. Look ye, Sir Simon, your temper is so intolerable, that you are the by-word of every one; the whole town compassionates my sister's case, and if I was she, if a virtuous woman cou'd not content you, you shou'd have your content another way—If you wou'd have an account of every thing I did, I wou'd do something worth giving you an account of.

Sir Sim. I believe it, I easily believe it. It is very plain who is my wife's counsellor—But I shall take care to get some better advice; for I will not be a cuckold if I can help it, Madam.

Enter Clarinda.

Cla. There's my poor lady Raffler within in the most terrible way——She has taken a whole

bottle of hartshorn to keep up her spirits. It has thrown me into the vapours, to see her in such a condition, and she won't tell me what's the matter with her.

Mrs. Raff. Can you have lived a fortnight in the house, and want to know it? Sir Simon has abus'd her in the most barbarous manner. You are a wicked man.

Cla. I am sure she is one of the best women in the world.

Mrs. Raff. Any one but a brute might be happy with such a wife.

Cla. He that can't, I am sure can be happy with no woman.

Mrs. Raff. Oh! that I had but a jealous husband for one month.

Cla. Heav'n forbid, I shou'd ever have one.

Sir Sim. So the enemy is reinforced, and bravery can hold out no longer.

Cla. Dear uncle, you shall go and comfort her, and ask her pardon.

Mrs. Raff. She is too good, if she forgives such base suspicions.

Cla. I am sure she never gave you any reason for them. I don't believe, she wou'd do any thing to bring her conduct into question for the world.

Mrs. Raff. She is too cautious. If I was in her case, I'd make the house too hot for him.

Sir Sim. So it is already. Who's there? bring my charriot this instant, or if that is not ready, get me a chair, get me any thing that will convey me away.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Madam, Mr. Gaylove desires to know if you are at home.

Mrs. Raff. Yes, I shall be glad to see him.

Sir Sim. Heav'n be prais'd, my wife is not in a condition to see company. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Raff. Here's a picture of matrimony for you, dear Clarinda; what say you now to a coach and six with such a husband?

Cla. That I had rather walk on foot all the days of my life.

Mrs. Raff. What difference is there between Mr. Gaylove's temper, and your uncle's! how happy wou'd a woman be with him!

Cla. I am not sure of that—Men often appear before marriage different creatures from what they are after it——Besides there is something in him so——something so—In short, something in him I don't like, and of all women in the world, I shall never envy Mrs. Gaylove.

Mrs. Raff. That's a lie, I am sure [*Aside.*] Nay, the man is agreeable enough, he is genteel.

Cla. I don't think so.

Mrs. Raff. He has a great deal of wit.

Cla. Then he has wisdom enough to keep it to himself.

Mrs. Raff. And the best-natur'd creature in the world.

Cla. It is very good-natur'd in you to think him so.

Mrs. Raff. Ha, ha, ha! Indeed and so it wou'd. For I have been only telling you the opinion of the world. In my own, he has none of

these qualities: And I wonder how the world came ever to give them to him.

Cla. So do I, if he does not deserve them; for the world seldom errs on that side the question.

Mrs. Raff. And yet it does in him. For to me, he is the most disagreeable creature on earth.

Cla. Well, I cannot be of your opinion—there is somewhat in his countenance when he smiles, so extremely good-humour'd; I love dearly to see him smile, and you know he's always a smiling ——and his eyes laugh so comically, and have so much sweetness in them. Then he is the most entertaining creature upon earth, and I have heard some very good-natur'd actions of his too. The world, I dare swear, does not think one whit better of him than he deserves.

Mrs. Raff. Oh, say you so, Madam?

Enter GAYLOVE *and* MONDISH.

Oh! here he is—Are you there too?

Gay. Ladies, your servant—To find Mrs. Raffler at home, and without company at this high visiting season, is so surprizing—

Mrs. Raff. Lard, I suppose you think us like those country ladies you have lately convers'd with, who never owe a visit at the week's-end to any of their husbands' tenants' wives——Do you think we have nothing else to do in this sweet town, but to ride about the streets, to see if the knockers of the people's doors are fast——Indeed you have here and there a country-gentlewoman (her husband being sent up to parliament for the sake of his country and the destruction of his family) who drives regularly round the town to see the streets,

and her acquaintance and relations, that she may know when she may be sure of meeting some one to curtsie to at the drawing-room. And once a week very charitably gives her horses rest at the expence of her wax-candles: when she sits in her own dining-room, chair-woman of a committee of fools, to criticize on the fashions, and register the weather.

Gay. But, I think, it is pity so good a custom is left off; if it were only for the better propagation of scandal.

Mrs. Raff. What signifies scandal, when no one is asham'd of doing what they have a mind to?

Gay. Yes, there is some pleasure in spreading it, when it is not true. For tho' no one is asham'd of doing what they have a mind to, they may be asham'd of being supposed to do what they have no mind to.

Mrs. Raff. I know very few people who are asham'd of any thing.

Mon. I believe, Madam, none of your acquaintance have any reason for that passion.

Mrs. Raff. Are you sure of that?

Mon. None who have at present that honour at least——For I have that good opinion of you, that such a discovery wou'd soon banish them from it.

Mrs. Raff. That, I believe, you have seen a very late instance of.

Cla. Well, since you are so solicitous about the song, if you will go with me to the spinnet, you shall hear it. My playing, Madam, I am sure, is not worth your hearing. But since this creature will not let me be at quiet——

Mrs. Raff. Lard, child, I believe you do not

want so much entreaty. I think one can never be at quiet for you, and your music.

Cla. Madam, I ask your pardon. Come, Mr. Gaylove. [*Exeunt.*

Mon. I receiv'd a letter from you this morning, Madam, but of a nature so different from some I have had from you, that I could wish your hand had been counterfeited.

Mrs. Raff. To save you the trouble of a long speech, I sent you a letter, and the last I ever intend to send you; since I find it has not the effect I desir'd, which was to prevent my ever seeing your face again.

Mon. So cruel a banishment, so sudden, and so unexpected, ought surely to have some reasons given for it.

Mrs. Raff. Ask your own heart, that can suggest 'em to you.

Mon. My heart is conscious of no other, than what is too often a reason to your sex, for exercising all manner of tyranny over us: Too much fondness——

Mrs. Raff. Fondness! impudence! to pretend fondness to a woman, after a week's neglect—— Did I not meet you at an assembly, where you made me a bow as distant as if we had been scarce acquainted, or rather, as if we were weary of our acquaintance?

Mon. Was not that hundred-eyed monster of jealousy, Sir Simon, with you? Do you object my care of reputation to want of fondness?

Mrs. Raff. The old excuse for indifference. I wonder men have not contrived to make it scandalous for their wives to be seen with 'em, that they might have an excuse to them too: 'Tis likely indeed that you should have more care of my re-

putation than I myself: It was not the jealousy of my husband, but my rival you was aware of; and yet you was not so tender of her reputation, but that I discover'd her.

Mon. Excellent justice! for since I am to be punished for your falsehood, it is but just I shou'd be convicted of it. My sweet! what wou'd I give to believe what you were endeavouring to persuade me——Come, I will assist you with all my force of credulity; for was your opinion of my falsehood real, I would give you such convincing proofs to the contrary——But your love to another, is no more a secret to me, than it is that I owe to that your slights, your letter, and your cruel, unjust accusation.

Mrs. Raff. Insupportable insolence! A husband may plead a title to be jealous; our love is his due ——but a wretch who owes his happiness to our free gift——

Mon. Faith, I think otherwise. Love to a husband is a tradesman's debt, the law gives him the security of your person for it; but love to a gallant is a debt of honour, which every gentleman is oblig'd to pay——It wou'd be a treasure indeed finely bestow'd on such a husband as yours.

Mrs. Raff. I am henceforth resolv'd to give it to no other. I am so much oblig'd to his good opinion, I shou'd hate myself if I did not try to deserve it——and by thinking me honest, he shall keep me so.

Mon. He must know less than I, who is so impos'd on. But you shall not keep my rival a secret from me, be assur'd you shall not——I'll haunt you with that constant assiduity, you shall not speak to a man without my knowledge

———You shall find that the jealousy of twenty husbands is not equal to that of one abus'd gallant.

Mrs. Raff. Villain! was it not you that ruin'd me, that deceiv'd me, that robb'd me of my virtue?

Mon. How have I robb'd you? How deceiv'd you? Have I not paid you the price of your virtue, eternal constancy? Have I not met your passion still with fresh desires? Has not each stolen meeting been a scene of joy, which eager bridegrooms might envy? What have I done to disoblige you; or what has another done to oblige you more? Have I been outbid in fondness? Has some fresh lover burnt with warmer passion? Has some beau drest himself into your heart, or some wit talk'd himself into it? Be generous and confess what has ruin'd me in that dear bosom, and do not cruelly throw it on a poor harmless husband.

Mrs. Raff. Good-manners should oblige you to mention him with more civility to me.

Mon. and after what has pass'd between us I think you shou'd mention him to me with less. Besides, I think you have sometimes been of my opinion.

Mrs. Raff. Women, you know, are subject to change, and I may think better of him, as well as worse of you.

Mon. This is trifling with my passion, the cruelest insult you can put upon it———But I will find out my rival, and will be reveng'd.

Mrs. Raff. Reveng'd! ha! ha!

Enter Col. RAFFLER.

Mon. Death and torments!

Col. Raff. Heyday! What, are they acting a tragedy?

Mrs. Raff. And how will you be reveng'd, sweet Sir, if you shou'd find him out——or why shou'd you desire it? The man acts like a man, and does by you, as you have done by another.

Mon. This usage wou'd justify any thing. My own honour secures me, Madam.

Mrs. Raff. I hope you would not tell my husband———but he would not believe it if you did.

Mon. Harkye madam the town will——

Col. Raff. Hold, hold, I must interpose——If you will quarrel, let it be at a distance——What will I not believe? I'll tell you what I believe; that you are in the wrong.

Mrs. Raff. Ay, ay, you will take his part, to be sure.

Col. Raff. Mr. Mondish is a friend of mine, and it is stange that you are eternally quarrelling with all my friends.

Mrs. Raff. I desire, then, Sir, you wou'd keep your friends to yourself, for I shall not endure their impertinence: So I'll leave you together——But I must tell your friend one thing before I go, that I desire I may never see his face again———

[*Exit.*

Col. Raff. All this a man must bear that is marry'd.

Mon. Ay, and a great deal more than this too.

Col. Raff. Why, it is true——and yet have a good wife———I have the best wife in the world, but women have humours.

Mon. Pox take their humours! let their husbands bear 'em. Must we pay the price of another's folly?———In short, Colonel, I am the most unfit person in the world, for that gentle

office you have assign'd me, of entertaining your lady in your absence. Besides I'll tell you a secret——It is impossible to be very intimate and well with a woman, without making love to her.

Col. Raff. Well; and why don't you make love to her? Ha, ha! make love to her, indeed! she'd love you, I believe, she'd give you enough of making love.

Mon. Why do you think no one has made love to her then?

Col. Raff. I think nothing, I am sure no one ever has, for I am sure if they had, she wou'd have told me. Perhaps that's a secret you don't know, that she never kept one secret from me in her life. I am certain if it were possible for her to make me a cuckold, she wou'd tell me on't; and it is an excellent thing to have such a security that one is not one——dear Mondish do——make love to my wife, I beseech you.

Mon. Excuse me, dear Colonel——but I'll do as well, I'll recommend one to you that shall.

Col. Raff. Ay, who is he?

Mon. What think you of Mr. Gaylove? Beside, I believe it will please your lady better.

Col. Raff. Ha, ha, ha! I cou'd die with laughing, ha, ha, ha! this is the man now that knows the world, mankind, and woman-kind. You have happen'd to name the very man whom she detests of all men breathing. She told me so this very morning.

Mon. Then I am satisfy'd. Damnation and hell! Now can I scarce forbear telling this fellow he is a cuckold to his face——'sdeath I have hit of a way. [*Aside.*] Hark'e, Colonel, you have put a very pleasant conceit into my head. I think I have heard you say, that you have a great pleasure

in seeing the disdain your lady shews to all mankind——now I have the same pleasure——suppose therefore it was possible to work up Gaylove to make his addresses to her, and you and I cou'd convey ourselves where we might see her treat him as he deserves.

Col. Raff. I like it vastly: how I shall hug myself all the while, I know exactly how she will behave to him. I shall certainly die with pleasure; let me tell you, my dear, let me tell you, there is a great deal of pride in having a virtuous wife.

Mon. If brilliants were not scarce they would not be valuable: And virtue in a wife perhaps may be valu'd for the same reason.

Col. Raff. But do you think he can be brought to it?

Mon. I warrant him, he has vanity enough to be easily persuaded that a woman may be fond of him, and gallantry enough not to let her fondness be thrown away.

Col. Raff. I am charm'd with the contrivance. But he must never know that I knew any thing of the matter. I shan't know how to behave to him if he shou'd.

Mon. You may learn from half your acquaintance. How many husbands do we see caressing men, whose intrigues with their wives, they must be blinder than darkness itself not to see! It is a civil communicative age we live in, Colonel. And it is no more a breach of friendship to make use of your wife, than of your chariot.

Col. Raff. It is a devilish cuckolding age, that's the truth on't, and heaven be prais'd, I'm out of fashion.

Mon. Ay, there's the glory——wealth, pow'r, ev'ry thing is known by comparison——were all

women virtuous, you wou'd not taste half of your blessing. The joy, the pride, the triumph is to see

The ills a neighbour in a wife endures,
And have a wife as good and chaste as yours.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Scene, a Street.

Mondish, Gaylove.

Gaylove.

And art thou really in earnest? and art thou perfectly sure, she has this passion for me?

Mon. Thou art blind thyself or thou must have discover'd it, all her looks, words, actions, betray it.

Gay. Thou art a nice observer, George, and perhaps in this case, your own passion may heighten your suspicion; I know thy temper is inclin'd to jealousy.

Mon. Far from it; I never doubt the affections of a woman while she is kind, nor ever think any more of 'em when she grows otherwise. Women undoubtedly are blessings to us, if we do not, ourselves, make 'em otherwise. I have just love enough to assist 'em in giving me pleasure, but not to put it in their power to give me pain; and I cou'd with as much ease see thee in the arms of Mrs. Rafler, as of any woman in town.

Gay. Woud'st thou? she's young, handsome, and witty, and faith! I cou'd almost as soon wish myself there. 'Tis true, I have an honourable engagement, but a man's having settled his whole estate, shou'd not prevent his being charitable, George.

Mon. Especially when what he bestows does not hurt his estate.

Gay. Very true; therefore if I was sure the lady was in necessity, I don't know how far my good-nature might carry me, for the devil take me if I am not one of the best-natur'd creatures in the world.

Mon. I think I am acting a very good-natur'd part too; a man is oblig'd in honour to provide for a cast mistress, but I do more, I provide for a mistress who has cast me off.

Gay. I begin to suspect thou hast some design of making me an instrument in your reconciliation; I don't see how my addresses can be of any use to you; but if they can, they are at your service.

Mon. I thank you with all my heart; they serve me at least, so far, as to discover whether you are my innocent rival, or whether I am to seek for him elsewhere: besides, if you are really the person, and don't care to be charitable, as you call it, by playing Captain Spark with her, you may pique her back again to me.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. Prithee what do'st thou laugh at?

Gay. To see so cool a lover as thou art, who car'st for a woman no longer than she is kind, take such pains to get her again, after she has jilted you.

Mon. Pshaw! that——I——well——

Gay. Ha, ha, ha!

Mon. You are merry, Sir,——But I wou'd not have you think that I have any love for her——.

She has hurt my pride; 'tis that, and not my love that I want to cure——Damn her! if I had her but in my power; cou'd I but triumph over her, I shou'd have the end of my desires, and then, if her husband, or the town, or the devil had her, it wou'd give me no pain.

Gay. I dare swear thou wilt use thy power very gently. I shall sup there this evening, and if I have an opportunity with her, I'll do thee all the service I can, tho' I can't promise to behave exactly up to the character of captain Spark, if she shou'd be very kind.

Mon. Well, make use of your victory as you please.

Gay. But methinks you take a preposterous way. Wou'd it not be better to alarm her with another mistress?

Mon. That perhaps, I intend too.

Gay. I have overstay'd my time with you,—— besides I see one coming for whose company I have no great relish—So, your servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. Whom? O, Sir Simon. I'll avoid him too.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir Sim. Mr. Mondish, Mr. Mondish—is there any thing frightful in me, that you run away from me? I fancy my horns are out, and people think I shall butt at 'em——As for that handsome gentleman, who sneak'd off so prettily, I shall not go after him,—and I wish I may have seen the last of him, with all my heart——Is he an acquaintance of your's pray? for I saw you speak to him.

Mon. Ay, Sir Simon.

Sir Sim. I am sorry for it, I am sorry you keep such company.

Mon. How so, Sir Simon? he's a man of honour, I hope.

Sir Sim. Oh a man of very nice honour, I dare answer for him, and one who lies with every man's wife he comes near.

Mon. Indeed I fear he has been guilty of some small offences that way.

Sir Sim. Small offences! and yet to break open a house, or rob on the highway are great offences. A man that robs me of five shillings is a rogue, and to be hang'd; but he that robs me of my wife, is a fine gentleman, and a man of honour.

Mon. The laws shou'd be severer on these occasions.

Sir Sim. The laws shou'd give us more power over our wives. If a man was to carry his treasure about openly among thieves, I believe the laws would be very little security to him.

Mon. And as to prevent robbing, they have put down all night-houses, and other places of rendezvous, so to prevent cuckoldom, we should put down all assemblies, balls, operas, plays, in short, all the publick places.

Sir Sim. Ay, ay, publick places, as they call e'm, are intended only to give people an opportunity of getting acquainted, and appointing to meet in private places.

Mon. An assembly, Sir Simon, is an exchange for cuckoldom, where the traders meet, and make their bargains, and then adjourn to a private room to sign and seal.

Sir Sim. Mr. Mondish, I know you are my friend, there has been a long acquaintance and friendship between our families, I shall tell you, therefore, what I wou'd not tell any other living. I have not the least jealousy in my temper, but

I have a wife that wou'd make the devil jealous—— Oh, here comes the man I have been looking after.

Mon. Sir Simon, your humble Servant.

Sir Sim. Nay, but stay a moment.

Mon. I have business of consequence, and can't possibly—Your humble servant. [*Exit.*

Sir Sim. Well, your servant.

Enter Captain Spark.

What in the name of mischief is he reading? A letter from my wife, I suppose.

Capt. Spark. Sir, your most humble servant—— I think I had the honour of seeing you at my cousin Mondish's this morning.

Sir Sim. Yes, Sir, and I shou'd be glad to have the honour of seeing you hang'd this afternoon. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. Pray, Sir, what's a clock? because I have an engagement at six.

Sir Sim. Oh, Sir, it wants considerably of that; but perhaps your engagement is with a lady, and that makes the time longer.

Capt. Spark. Why, faith! to be sincere with you, it is; but I beg you wou'd not mention that to any body; tho', if you shou'd, as long a you don't know her name, there's no reputation hurt.

Sir Sim. I suppose, Captain, it is she whom you met at the auction.

Capt. Spark. How the devil came you to guess that?

Sir Sim. Well, but I have guess'd right.

Capt. Spark. I am not oblig'd to tell——but this I will tell you, Sir, you have a very good knack at guessing. And yet I will shew you her

christian name, and lay you a wager you don't find out her surname.

Sir Sim. Anne, the devil! It is not my wife's hand, but it is her name.

Capt. Spark. Hold, Sir, that is not fair.

Sir Sim. Let me but see the two first letters of her surname.

Capt. Spark. To oblige you, you shall——but if you shou'd guess afterwards, you are a man of honour.

Sir Sim. Sir, I am satisfy'd——I am the happiest man in the world——dear Captain, I give you ten thousand thanks. You have quieted my curiosity. I thought, by your description this morning, you had meant another lady.

Capt. Spark. Whom did you think?

Sir Sim. Really I thought the lady's name was Raffler, whom you describ'd.

Capt. Spark. Mrs. Raffler, indeed, ha, ha!

Sir Sim. Why, do you know Mrs. Raffler?

Capt. Spark. Know her, ay, who the devil does not know her?

Sir Sim. What, what, what do you know of her?

Capt. Spark. Pugh, know of her! ha, ha! Lard help you, know of her indeed——and with a grave face, as if you had never heard any thing of us two.

Sir Sim. My brother is an errant downright cuckold. I never was better pleas'd with any news in my life.

Capt. Spark. Is she a relation of your's, that you are so anxious?

Sir Sim. No, Sir, no, no relation of mine, upon my honour—I have some acquaintance with a lady of her name, one lady Raffler?

Capt. Spark. Ay, that's a good one too.

Sir Sim. What, do you know my lady Raffler?

Capt. Spark. Yes, I think I do. Ha, ha, ha,—faith! I remember that woman, a very fine woman; nay, she's well enough still, I can't help saying I like her better than her sister.

Sir Sim. I suppose you have had them both.

Capt. Spark. Who I? ha, ha, ha! no no, neither of 'em; you are the most suspicious person, tho' I believe the world has talk'd pretty freely. But, ha, ha! the world you know is a censorious world, and yet pox take the women! they owe more discoveries to their own imprudence. I never had a woman fond of me in my life, that was able to conceal it; if I had had her, it might have been a secret for me.

Sir Sim. Well, Sir, it is no secret I assure you—ten thousand devils take 'em both. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. I defy any one to say he ever heard me brag of my amours, and yet I have had a few

Sir Sim. And you have had lady Raffler then?

Capt. Spark. No, that's too much to own.

Sir Sim. Not at all; no one is asham'd to own their amours now——fine gentlemen talk of women of quality in the same manner as of their laundresses. Besides it is known already, you may own it, especially to me; for it shall go no farther, I assure you.

Capt. Spark. Well, then, in confidence that you are a man of honour, I will own it to you; yes, yes, I have, I have had her.

Sir Sim. Would the devil have had you. Now, if I had the spirit of a worm, I would beat this fellow to death; but I think I have spirit enough to beat my wife. She shall pay for all; and that immediately. Your servant.

Capt. Spark. I hope you won't discover a word, since I place such confidence in you.

Sir Sim. Never fear me, Sir—I am much beholden to your confidence, I am very much beholden to you. Cuckolds! horns! daggers! fire and furies! [*Exit.*

Capt. Spark. The gentlemen seems in a passion. Now don't I know what in the world to do with myself—hum, hum, I hear Clarinda's in town, I'll go try if I can't find her out. If I follow her but one fortnight here, the world will give me her for ever. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to Sir SIMON'S *house.*

Enter GAYLOVE, CLARINDA.

Cla. And so you have told captain Spark I am in town, I am very much obliged to you.

Gay. It shews you, at least, I am not of Sir Simon's temper, not inclin'd to jealousy.

Cla. No, people are never jealous of what's indifferent to them.

Gay. Faith, I have no notion of being so at all; for if there can be no jealousy without fondness, I am sure I cou'd never be found of any woman who wou'd give me reason to be jealous.

Cla. Yes, but some men are jealous without reason.

Gay. And some men are fond without any reason. The lover who can be the one, gives you shrewd cause of suspicion, that he may afterwards prove the other.

Cla. Well, then I think I may suspect you

will one day or other prove the most jealous husband in the universe.

Gay. I'll suffer you to speak what you don't think of yourself, since you just now spoke what you don't think of me, at least, what if I was assur'd you did think of me, I shou'd be the most miserable creature breathing.

Cla. Hum, that may be my case too, I'm afraid. [*Aside.*

Gay. I hope my actions hitherto have convinc'd you of the contrary; but if they have not, I desire no greater happiness than to compleat your conviction by an undeniable one—nor do I see any reason, if indifference be not on your side, why you any longer deny the opportunity of giving it you.

Cla. I see you have a mind to divert yourself.

Gay. Oh, Clarinda! Diversion is too poor a word for my desires, they aim at such a height of happiness, such transcendant joys, yet none but what this dear breast shou'd be a partaker of.

Enter Lady RAFFLER, *and* MRS. RAFFLER.

Lady Raff. Heyday! what are you at romps, good people? I desire none of these games may be carry'd on in my house—If you have been bred up in the country to suffer these indecent familiarities, I desire you wou'd leave 'em off, now you are under my roof.

Gay. I hope, Madam, I shall under no roof offer any thing which this lady may not justifiably suffer.

Lady Raff. Give me leave, Sir, to be judge what she ought to suffer. There's no good ever comes

of romping and palming: I never gave my hand to any man without a glove——except Sir Simon.

Mrs. Raff. I wonder, Gaylove, how you can bear girls' company. Your wit is thrown away upon 'em; but all you creatures are so fond of green fruit.

Gay. So, I think she has giv'n me my cue. [*Aside.*

Cla. Lard, Madam, I know some girls are as good company as any women in England.

Mrs. Raff. Indeed Mrs. Pert, are you attempting to shew your wit?

Gay. She shews her bravery, Madam, in attacking the very woman of her sex that has the most.

Mrs. Raff. I fancy, then, she has more bravery than you have, Sir.

Gay. Gad, I am afraid so too. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Raff. Fy, fy, that a man, celebrated for his wit, should put his wit to a girl.

Cla. I am no such girl, Madam, I don't see why a man shou'd not put his wit to a girl, as well as to any one; as contemptuously as you speak of girls, I have known some girls that have wit enough to be too hard for most men.

Mrs. Raff. Upon my word, Madam, you seem to come on finely, I don't know but you may be a very good match for him.

Lady Raff. Upon my word, if I mistake not, you come both very finely on——Well the forwardness of some women! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Raff. Look ye, Sir, I am too generous to insult a man, who already appears to have been vanquish'd; but if you dare meet me another time, this will give you instructions where I am

to be found. [*Aside. Giving him a letter.*

Cla. I am astonish'd at her impudence!——I can't bear it, to take him away from me before my face——I hate him too. He might be rude to her; he must be sure it wou'd have pleas'd me.

Lady Raff. I desire the conversation may be more general—here's such whispering, sister, I am surpriz'd at you. This particularity with a young fellow is very indecent.

Enter Sir SIMON.

Sir Sim. Your servant, ladies, your very humble servant. What, but one poor gentleman amongst you all? And he too of our own family, for I think he does us the honour of making this house his own.

Gay. I have indeed, Sir, lately done myself that honour.

Sir Sim. Oh, Sir, you are too obliging—you are too complaisant indeed—you misplace the obligation—We are infinitely beholden to you, that you will take up with such entertainment as this poor house can afford—And I assure you, you are very welcome to every thing in it—Every thing.

Gay. Sir, I know not how to return this favour; but I assure you, there is that in it, that will make me the happiest of mankind.

Sir Sim. That's my wife, I suppose——I shall have him ask her of me in a very little time; and he is a very civil fellow if he does————for most of the rascals, about this town, take our wives without asking us.

Lady Raff. I hope, my dear, you are in a better humour than when you went out to-day.

Sir Sim. Oh my dear, I am in a pure good humour: I am quite satisfy'd in my mind.

Enter Servant. Whispers GAYLOVE.

Gay. Mr. Mondish, say you?

Serv. Yes, Sir.

Mrs. Raff. Mr. Gaylove, you sup here, I hope.

Gay. There's no fear, Madam, of my failing so agreeable an engagement. [*Exit.*

Sir Sim. Yes, my dear, I am so happy, so easy, so satisfy'd, the colonel himself does not go beyond me. I have not the least doubt or jealousy, and if I was to see you and your sister in two hackney-coaches with each a young fellow, I should think no more harm than I do now.

Lady Raff. Indeed, my dear, I shall never give you the trial.

Sir Sim. Indeed I believe thee, my dear, thou art too prudent.

Lady Raff. How happy shall I be if this change in your temper continue—But pray what has wrought it so suddenly?

Sir Sim. What satisfies every reasonable man, I am convinc'd, I have found it out.

Lady Raff. What, my dear?

Sir Sim. Why, my dear, that I am a very honest, sober, fashionable gentlemen, very fit to have a handsome wife, and to keep civil company—And that you are a very fine, fashionable, good-humour'd lady, fit to be marry'd to a good honest husband, and mighty proper for any company whatsoever.

Mrs. Raff. This begins to have an ill aspect.

Lady Raff. I don't understand you.

Sir Sim. Nor captain Spark neither, I dare swear.

Lady Raff. What do you tell me of captain Spark for?

Sir Sim. You don't know him, I warrant you.

Lady Raff. Perhaps I do, what then?

Sir Sim. Nay, it is but grateful in you, not to deny your acquaintance with a gentleman who is so fond of owning an acquaintance with you.

Lady Raff. I hope I am acquainted with no gentleman who is asham'd of owning it.

Sir Sim. Look ye, Madam, he has told me all that ever past between you.

Lady Raff. Indeed! then he has a much better memory than I have, for he has told you more than I remember.

Mrs. Raff. Brother, this is some cursed suspicion of your's; she has no such acquaintance, I am confident; if she had, I must have known it.

Lady Raff. There is no occasion for your denying it, sister; I think captain Spark a very civil, well-behaved man, and I shall converse with him, in spite of any jealous husband in England. (Tho' I never saw this fellow in my life, I am resolv'd not to deny his acquaintance, were I to be hang'd for it.) [*Aside.*

Cla. If all persons have my opinion of him, I think there is not more innocent company upon earth.

Sir Sim. Oh, ho, you are acquainted with him too, and I dare swear, if I had ask'd him he has had you too.

Mrs. Raff. In short, Sir Simon, you are a monster, to abuse the best of wives thus! the town shall ring of you for it.

Sir Sim. And Westminster-hall shall ring too, take my word for it.

Enter Colonel RAFFLER.

Col. Raff. How now? What's the matter?

Mrs. Raff. The matter!—the matter, my dear, is that Sir Simon is a brute, and has abus'd my poor sister for her intimacy with a man whom she never saw.

Sir Sim. Nor you never saw neither?

Mrs. Raff. Never, to my knowledge, as I hope to be sav'd.

Sir Sim. You never saw captain Spark?

Mrs. Raff. No, never.

Col. Raff. Who gives you an authority to enquire, pray?

Sir Sim. The care of your honour, Sir,——nay don't look stern at me, Sir, for we are both——

Col. Raff. What! what are we both?

Sir Sim. Captain Spark's very humble servants——a couple of useful persons which no fine gentleman should be without.

Col. Raff. Who is this Captain Spark, sister, do you know him?

Lady Raff. Look ye, brother, since you ask me, I will do that to satisfy you which he never shou'd have extorted from me. Upon my honour I do not know him.

Mrs. Raff. Nor I, upon mine.

Col. Raff. Now are not you asham'd of yourself? Can you ever look the world in the face again, if this were known in it? If you was not my own brother, I shou'd know how to deal with you, for your suspicions of my wife. However, I insist on it, you immediately ask her pardon, and

if you have any honour, you will do the same to your own.

Sir Sim. I ask their pardon!

Col. Raff. Ay, are you not fully convinc'd of being in the wrong? Have they not both solemnly attested, that they know no such person?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Ladies, captain Spark's below.

Sir Sim. Who? who? who? [*very eagerly.*

Serv. Captain Spark.

Sir Sim. Tol, lol, lol, Brother, your servant—Ladies, your servant—I ask pardon, I ask a thousand pardons—tol, lol, lol; I believe I am at this moment the merriest cuckold in the universe.

Cla. Pray, desire the captain to walk in.

Sir Sim. Now, brother, I am a jealous-pated fool; I suppose, I am in the wrong, I am convicted, they don't know him. If a woman was to tell me the sun shone at noon day, I wou'd not believe it.

Col. Raff. Well, here's a gentleman come to wait upon my neice, and what of that?

Enter Captain Spark.

Sir Sim. 'Tis he 'tis he, tol, lol, lol.

Capt. Spark. Miss Clarinda, your most obedient servant. Ladies, your most humble servant. —Oh, Sir, I did not expect to meet you here.

Sir Sim. No I believe you did not. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. If I had known you had been in town sooner, Madam, I shou'd have done myself the honour before.

Cla. And now, perhaps, this visit is not to me, but to the ladies.

Capt. Spark. Really, Madam, these ladies I have not the honour to be acquainted with.

Col. Raff. Oh, your servant, brother, I ask your pardon—who is convicted now?

Lady Raff. Unless at an auction, Captain; I have seen you there.

Capt. Spark. Madam, you do me too much honour; yes, Madam, I have indeed had the happiness——tho' the devil take me if I know when or where.

Sir Sim. Oh, I thought they wou'd know one another by and by.

Lady Raff. I think you laid out a great deal of money that morning, Captain—You bid for almost every thing.

Capt. Spark. Yes, Madam, I am a pretty good customer to 'em generally. Either I have a damn'd short memory, or this lady wants a good one.

Mrs. Raff. I think, captain, I ought to be affronted, you don't remember me too, for I was at the same place with my sister.

Capt. Spark. Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons. Your most obedient servant, Madam. Hark'e, Sir, will you be so good as to tell me, what these ladies names are, for I have possitively forgot.

Sir Sim. I am surpriz'd at that, Sir; why, Sir, that is my good lady, my lady Raffler—for your favours to whom, I am very much oblig'd to you; and the other, Sir, is Mrs. Raffler, wife to that gentleman, who is as much oblig'd to you for your civilities to her.

Capt. Spark. Soh, I'm in a fine way, faith—Oh, curse on my lying tongue!. if I get well out of

this amour, I will never have another as long as I live.

Sir Sim. Look ye, Sir, as for me, I'm an honest, sober citizen, and shall take my revenge another way; but my brother here is a fighting man, and will return your favour as fighting men generally do return favours, by cutting your throat. Hark'e, brother, you don't deserve it of me, yet I must let you know, that this gentleman assur'd me to day, that he had done you the favour with your wife.

Mrs. Raff. With me!

Col. Raff. What favour?

Sir Sim. The favour, the only favour which fine gentleman do such sort of people as us; but be not dejected, brother, I am your fellow-sufferer, he has had my wife too, he confess'd it to my face.

Capt. Spark. Not I, upon my soul, Sir—a likely thing I should say that I had an amour with a woman that I never saw before, to my knowledge!

Sir Sim. And have you the assurance to deny to my face——

Capt. Spark. I think, Sir, your assurance is greater, to assert a thing to my face, which I never said; I never named either of the ladies in my life.

Sir Sim. What, Sir! did you not mention Mrs. Raffler's name?

Capt. Spark. Mrs. Raffler! Oh, then it is out—What a confusion had the mistake of a name like to have occasioned! Ladies, I am under the greatest concern, that I shou'd be ev'n the innocent occasion of the least uneasiness to you. But I believe, Sir, I shall end yours, when I have put myself to the blush, by confessing that it was only

a Dutch lady of pleasure, whom I knew in Amsterdam, that caus'd your jealousy.

Sir Sim. What! and did you not name my lady Raffler too?

Capt. Spark. Yes, sometiems she is call'd Mrs. Raffler, and sometimes my lady Raffler.

Col. Raff. An impudent jade! ha, ha, ha! ay, it's common enough with 'em to have several names and titles—Come, come, brother, all you have to do, is to ask pardon of the gentleman, and your wife and mine—Are not you asham'd to put all the company into this confusion, because there is a woman of the town, who wears the same name with your own wife?

Sir Sim. A man has some reason for confusion, though, let me tell you, when a gentleman who does not know him, tells him to his face, that he has lain with a woman, who wears the same name with his wife. And I think he may be excus'd, if he thinks she wears the same cloaths too.

Col. Raff. Sir, I am very sorry any thing of this nature shou'd happen.

Capt. Spark. Oh, Sir, things of this nature are so usual with me, I beg no apology.

Sir Sim. Please heav'n! I'll make a voyage to Holland, and search all the bawdy-houses in Amsterdam, but I will find out whether there be such a woman or no.

Col. Raff. Come, brother, ask the gentleman's pardon—I am asham'd of you.

Sir Sim. Well, Sir, (I don't know how to do it) if I have injur'd you, I ask your pardon; and yet I can't help thinking still, it was my lady Raffler you mention'd, and I believe you spoke truth too.

Capt. Spark. Sir, I can easily forgive you sus-

pecting me to be the happiest person upon earth; if you have this lady's pardon, you have mine.

Sir Sim. What, is the rascal making love to her before my face? But I won't give him an opportunity of cutting my throat before her; for I wou'd not willingly give her so much pleasure.

Cla. I believe Madam, the Captain will make a fourth at quadrille.

Capt. Spark. You honour me too much, Madam; but if you will bear with a very bad player—

Lady Raff. Tho' I hate cards, I will play with him, if it be only to torment my husband.

Mrs. Raff. This is opportune enough—I will set 'em together, and shall soon get some one to hold my cards, while I go to a better appointment. Come, if you will follow me, I'll conduct you to the cards. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Sir SIMON, *and* Colonel RAFFLER.

Sir Sim. This is mighty pretty, mighty fine, truly. This is a rare country, and a rare age we live in, where a man is oblig'd to put his horns in his pocket, whether he will or no.

Col. Raff. Fye upon you, brother, fye upon you! For you have one of the most virtuous women in the world to your wife, to be thus tormenting yourself and her, your friends and every one, with those groundless suspicions, such unheard-of jealousies!

Sir Sim. Sir, you injure me, if you call me jealous; I have not a grain of jealousy within me. I am not indeed so foolishly blind as you are.

Col. Raff. And you injure me, if you think I am not jealous; I am all over jealousy, and if there was but the least occasion to shew it——

Sir Sim. Occasion! why is not your wife at this very instant at cards with a young fellow?

Col. Raff. Well, Sir, and is not your wife with her?

Sir Sim. Sore against my will, I assure you—what, I suppose, you are one of those wise men, who think one woman is a guard upon another—Now, it is my opinion, that a plurality of women only tend to the making a plurality of cuckolds. Thieves, indeed, discover one another, because the discoverer often saves his life by it—But women do not save their reputations after the same manner, and therefore every woman keeps her neighbour's secret, in order to have her own kept.

Col. Raff. Pshaw! Sir, I don't rely upon this, nor that, nor t'other, I rely upon my wife's virtue.

Sir Sim. Why truly, Sir, that is not relying upon this, nor that, nor t'other, for it is relying upon nothing at all.

Col. Raff. How, Sir! don't you think my wife virtuous?——Now Sir, to shew you to your confusion, what an excellent creature this is, I gave her leave once to go to a masquerade, and follow'd her thither myself, where, tho' I knew her dress, I did not find her,——and where do you think she was? where do you think this good creature was? but at supper in private with a poor female relation of hers, who keeps a milliner's shop at St. James's

Sir Sim. O lud! O lud! O lud!———and are you, brother, really wise enough to think she was there?——Or if she was there, do you think she was alone with this poor female relation? who is a relation of mine too, I thank heav'n, and is, I dare swear, as useful a woman as any in the parish of St. James's.

Col. Raff. Brother, you are——

Sir Sim. What am I brother?

Col. Raff. I can bear this no longer. You are—I need not tell you, you know what you are—

Sir Sim. And I know what you are too, you are a cuckold, and so am I, I dare swear——Notwithstanding this evasion of the captain's however, it shall not rest so——If I am what I think, I will make an ample discovery of it? tho' if I was to find them in one another's arms, the poor husband wou'd always be found in the wrong.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir Simon's *House*.

Mondish, Colonel Raffler.

Colonel Raffler.

Ha, ha, ha! This is excellent, this is delightful; and so the poor dog fell into the trap at once, and is absolutely persuaded my wife is fond of him.

Mon. That he is, I'll be answerable for him.

Col. Raff. How purely she'll use him, I wou'd not be in his coat for a considerable sum; my only fear is that she'll do him a mischief——Lord! Lord! how far the vanity of young men will carry them. Methinks too he is not acting the handsomest part by me all this while, I think I ought to cut his throat seriously.

Mon. Oh, fye, Colonel, don't think of any thing of that nature, you know we have drawn him into it, and really Mrs. Raffler is so fine a woman, that such a temptation is not easily resisted.

Col. Raff. That's true, that's true, she is a fine woman, a very fine woman; I am not a little vain of her.

Mon. And so chaste, so constant, and so virtuous a woman, Colonel.

Col. Raff. They are blessings indeed, very great blessings! I beg this thing may be kept a severe secret. For I should never be able to look her in the face again, if she should discover it: she wou'd never forgive me.

Mon. For my own sake, Colonel, you may depend upon my keeping it a secret. [*looks on his watch.*] Ay, it is now the hour of appointment, so if you will, we will go round the other way to the closet.

Col. Raff. With all my heart; I can't help hugging myself with the thought.

Mon. You will see more people hugg'd beside yourself, I believe. This is not the most generous action that I am about, but she has piqu'd my pride, and whatever be the consequence, I am resolv'd to be reveng'd of her. [*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to another Apartment in Sir Simon's *House.*

Enter Gaylove.

Gay. How happy wou'd some men think themselves, to have so agreeable an engagement upon their hands! but the deuce take me, if I have any great stomach to it, and considering I have ano-

ther mistress in the house, I think it is bravely done. Yet I could not find in my heart to refuse the invitation. Well, what pleasure women find in denying, I can't imagine; for the devil take me, if ever I could deny a fine woman in my life.

Enter Mrs. RAFFLER.

Oh, here she comes; now hang me, if I know what to say. Whether shall I address her at a distance, or boldly fall on at once.

Mrs. Raff. So, Sir, you are punctual to the appointment.

Gay. Faith, Madam, I have a strange oddity in my temper, that inclines me to be extremely eager after happiness.

Mrs. Raff. If you had proposed any such happiness in my conversation, I believe you know you might have had it oftener.

Gay. You wrong me, if you impute my fear of disobliging you to want of passion. By those dear eyes, by that dear hand, and all those thousand joys which you can bestow———

Mrs. Raff. Hold, Sir, what do you mean? I am afraid, you think otherwise of this assignation than it was meant.

Gay. I think nothing, but that I am the happiest of my sex, and you the most charming and best natured of yours.

Mrs. Raff. Come, Sir, this is no way of shewing your wit, I invited you to make a trial of that, which is seldom shewn in compliments; those are foreign to our purpose.

Gay. I think so too, and therefore without any further compliment, my dear lovely angel——

Mrs. Raff. Lud, what do you mean?

Gay. I mean, Madam, to take immediate possession of all the raptures, which this lovely person can give me.

Mrs. Raff. O heav'ns! you will not make any bad use of the confidence I have repos'd in you; if you offer any thing rude, I will never trust myself along with you again.

Gay. Then I must make the best of this opportunity.

Mrs. Raff. I'll die before I'll consent, I'll——

Gay. I must trust to your good nature.

Lady RAFFLER *at the Door.*

Lady Raff. Sister, sister, what, have you lock'd yourself in?

Mrs. Raff. Let me go——Oh, my dear, is it you? I have order'd this vile lock to be mended—The bolt is so apt to fall down of its own accord—Is your pool out?

Lady Raff. No, sister, no—I came to see what was the matter with you——I was afraid you was ill, that you left us——But I see you have company with you.

Mrs. Raff. I was just coming back to you, but———

Gay. I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of Hannibal Carraccio. I ask pardon for differing from you——Oh, is your ladyship there? pray, which opinion are you of?

Lady Raff. Don't apply to me, Sir, I am no judge of pictures.

Gay. Most great connoisseurs are shy of owning their skill; but if your ladyship pleases to observe, there is not that boldness—There is indeed a great deal of the master———and I never

saw more spirit in a copy——But alas, there is so much difference between a copy and an original,—I hope your ladyship will excuse the freedom I take.

Lady Raff. My sister will excuse your freedom, and that is full as well.

Mrs. Raff. Come, my dear, will you return to the card table?

Lady Raff. I wish this gentlemen—would be so kind to hold my cards a few minutes, I have a word or two to speak with you

Gay. You will have a bad deputy, Madam, but I will do the best I can. [*Exit.*

Lady Raff. Sister, I am ashamed of you, to be lock'd up alone with a young fellow.

Mrs. Raff. Lard, child, can I help it, if the bolt falls down of its own accord?

Lady Raff. But you was not looking at pictures before I came into the room; I saw you closer together, I saw you in his arms, and heard you cry out—This I'll swear—

Mrs. Raff. Well, and can I help this;——I own he was a little frolicsome, and offer'd to kiss me, that's all.

Lady Raff. All; monstrous! that's all! if an odious fellow was to offer to kiss me, I'd tear his eyes out.

Mrs. Raff. Yes, and so would I, if it was an odious fellow.

Lady Raff. The honour of a woman is a very nice thing, and the least breath sullies it.

Mrs. Raff. So it seems indeed, if it be to be hurt by a kiss.

Lady Raff. The man to whom you give that, will venture to take more.

Mrs. Raff. Well, and it's time enough to cry

out, you know, when he does venture to take more.

Lady Raff. I don't like jesting with serious things.

Mrs. Raff. What is a kiss a serious thing, then? now, on my conscience, you are fonder of it than I am, I believe, my dear, you are very confident I cou'd do nothing contrary to the rules of honour——But I hate being solicitous about trifles.

Lady Raff. Sister, it behoves a garrison to take care of it's out-works; for my part, I am resolv'd to stand buff at the first entrance; nor will I ever give an inch of ground to an assailant——And let me tell you, that the woman and the soldier, who do not defend the first pass, will never defend the last.

Mrs. Raff. Well, well, good dear, military sister, pray defend yourself, and do not come to my assistance till you are called. I thank heav'n, I have no such governor as yours: I shou'd fancy myself besieg'd indeed, had I a continual alarm ringing in my ears.——I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous, as long as my husband thinks me so. It is a complaisance I owe to his opinion; but you may value yourself upon your virtue as much as you please, Sir Simon every day tells you, you have none; and how can she be a good wife, who is continually giving the lie to her husband?

Lady Raff. Why will you thus rally on a subject I think so serious?

Mrs. Raff. And why will you be so serious on a subject I think so ridiculous? but if you don't like my raillery, let us go back to our cards, and that will stop both our mouths.

Lady Raff. I wish any odious fellow durst kiss me. [*Exeunt*

Enter Colonel RAFFLER, MONDISH.

Col. Raff. Now, Mr. Mondish, now; what think you now? am not I the happiest man in the world in a wife?

Mon. Ay, faith are you, so happy, that was I possessed of the same talent for happiness, I wou'd marry to-morrow.

Col. Raff. Why, why don't you, you will have just such a wife as mine, to be sure; oh, they are very plenty,——ay, ay, very plenty: you can't miss of just such another: they grow in every garden about town.

Mon. I believe they grow in most houses about town.

Col. Raff. Oh——ay, ay, ay,——here was one here just now, my lady Raffler is just such another, a damn'd, infamous, suspicious prude, every whit as bad as her husband. If you had not held me, Mondish, I am afraid I cou'd scarce have kept my hands off from her.——But hold, hold, there is one thing which shall go down in my pocket book——*I have taken a strict resolution to be virtuous as long as my husband thinks me so.*——Then thou shalt be virtuous till doomsday, my sweet angel—here is a woman for you—who puts her virtue into her husband's keeping—Oh,——Mondish——if that lady Raffler had not come in.————

Mon. Ay, if she had not come in, Colonel——

Col. Raff. She would have handled him, we shou'd have seen him handled, we shou'd have seen handling; Mondish, shou'd have seen handling.

Mon. Indeed, I believe we shou'd. Duce take the interruption. [*Aside.*

Col. Ruff. But, what an age do we live in tho', sincerely, Mr. Mondish! why, we shall have our wives ravished shortly in the middle of the streets: an impudent, saucy rascal! and when she told him that she wou'd cry out——

Mon. That he shou'd not believe her——But then her art, Colonel, in giving in to his evasion about the pictures—Methinks, there was something so generous in her sudden forgiveness; something so nobly serene, in her resolving herself so soon from a most abandon'd fright into a perfect tranquility.

Col. Ruff. Ay, now, that is your highest sort of virtue, that is as high as virtue can go.

Mon. Why shou'd not calm virtue be admir'd in a woman, as well as calm courage in a general, Colonel?—Your lady is a perfect heroine, she laid about her most furiously during the attack: but the moment the foe retired, became all gentle and mild again.

Col. Ruff. But come, as all things are safe, we will go, my dear Mondish, and drink my wife's health in one bottle of Burgundy—Ah, she's an excellent woman. [*Exeunt*

Enter Sir Simon *with a Letter.*

Sir Sim. Here it is—the plot is so well laid now, that unless fortune conspire with a thousand devils against me, I shall discover myself to be a rank cuckold. Have I not watch'd her with as much care as ever miser did his gold? and yet I am, I am, an errant, downright—a—as any little sneaking courtier, or subaltern officer in the king-

dom: and what an unhappy rascal am I, that have not been able to find it out——not to convict her fairly in ten long years marriage!——If I cou'd but discover it, it were some satisfaction——well this letter will I send to captain Spark—no hand was ever better counterfeited——if he had seen never so many quires of her writing, he will not be able to find any difference. If after all this, I should not discover her, I must be the most miserable dog that ever wore horns. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady RAFFLER *and* CLARINDA.

Lady Raff. I tell you, Neice, you have suffer'd too great freedoms from Mr. Gaylove, I can't bear those monstrous indecorums which the young women of this age give into: the first time a woman's hand shou'd be touch'd, is in the church.

Cla. Lud, Madam, I can't conceive any harm in letting any one touch my hand.

Lady Raff. Yes, Madam, but I can. Besides, I think I caught you in one another's arms,——I hope you conceive some harm in that.

Cla. I can confide in Mr. Gaylove's honour, and if his passion hurried him———

Lady Raff. His passion! what passion? he has never declared any honourable passion for you to your uncle.

Cla. No, I shou'd have hated him if he had.

Lady Raff. Give me leave to tell you, Miss, that is the proper way of applying to you. Then, if his circumstances were found convenient, Sir Simon wou'd have mentioned it to you; and so it wou'd have come properly. A woman of any prudence and decency, gives her consent to her

relations, not to her husband. For it shou'd be still suppos'd that you endure matrimony, to be dutiful to them only. I hope you wou'd not appear to have any fondness for a fellow.

Cla. I hope I should have fondness for a fellow I wou'd make a husband of.

Lady Raff. Child, you shock me!

Cla. Why, pray Madam had you no fondness for Sir Simon?

Lady Raff. No, I defy the world to say it.

Cla. How came you to marry him then?

Lady Raff. Out of obedience to my father, he thought it a proper match.

Cla. And ought not a woman to be fond of a man, after she is married to him?

Lady Raff. No, she ought to have friendship and esteem, but no fondness, it is a nauseous word, and I detest it—A woman must have vile inclinations, before she can bring herself to think of it.

Cla. Now, I am resolved never to marry any man whom I have not these vile inclinations for.

Lady Raff. O, monstrous!

Cla. Whom I do not love to such distraction as to place my whole happiness in pleasing him, to which I would give my thoughts up so entirely, that on my ever losing that power, I should become indifferent to every thing else.

Lady Raff. Infamous! I desire you wou'd prepare to retire into the country immediately: For I will not live in the house with you any longer: but I will inform you of one thing, that the man you have placed this violent affection on, is a villain, and has designs on your aunt.

Cla. What, on your ladyship?

Lady Raff. On me, on me! I wish I cou'd see

the man that dar'd——I thank heav'n, the awe of my virtue has still protected me.

Cla. I ask your pardon, Madam, on the good Colonel's lady then.——That there have been designs between them, I am not ignorant, tho' I am not quite so confident they are on his side——and to say the truth, my aunt is an agreeable woman, and I don't expect a man of his years to be proof against all temptations. But pray, whom do you mean? for I—— lud, who am I defending I know not——somebody——who is that your ladyship means, for I am sure I shou'd not know him by the marks you set on him?

Lady Raff. Oh! Madam, you seem to want no marks, I think; but if you have a mind to his name, 'tis Gaylove.

Cla. Mr. Gaylove!

Lady Raff. Mr. Gaylove! yes Mr. Gaylove—I'll repeat it to you to oblige you.

Cla. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

Lady Raff. That you know best——I believe he is, or will be to you, what he should not be.

Cla. If I had any affection for him, I shou'd neither be afraid of his designs upon me, nor jealous of his designs on any other.

Lady Raff. Look ye, child, you may deny your affection for him, if you please; nay, I commend you for it. It is an affection you may well be ashamed of.

Cla. According to your ladyship's opinion, we ought to be asham'd of all affection——but really if one might be indulg'd in any, I think Mr. Gaylove might keep it in countenance as well as another.

Lady Raff. It is easy enough to keep you in countenance, you don't seem to be easily put out

of it. (Gaylove *laughs within.*] Oh, that's his laugh—He's coming I am sure—I'll get out o' the way——Niece, I wou'd have you prepare yourself for returning into the country——If you will ruin yourself, I'll not be witness to it——nor will I ever live in the house with a woman, that can own herself capable of being fond of a fellow.

Cla. Then let me go as soon as I will, I find I am not like to lose much good company.

Enter Captain SPARK, GAYLOVE, Mrs. RAFFLER.

Capt. Spark. No, that's too much, *Gaylove* too much——I hope, you do'nt believe him, Madam,——pr'ythee hang it, this is past a jest.

Mrs. Raff. Upon my word, I think so, especially with regard to the reputation of the ladies.

Capt. Spark. Yes, Madam, that's it——upon their account, methinks he shou'd forbear—— Duce take me, you will force me to be serious.

Gay. Nay, pr'ythee don't affect concealing what is publicly known. Miss Clarinda here shall be my evidence, whether at his last quarters he was not talk'd of for the whole place.

Cla. He was an universal contagion, not one woman escap'd.

Mrs. Raff. This is a conviction, Captain.

Capt. Spark. Gaylove, this is your doing now—all might have been a secret in town, but for you—country towns, Madam, are censorious ; I don't deny indeed but that they had some reason ;—— but when they say all, they mistake, they do indeed—and yet perhaps it was my own fault that I had not all.

Mrs. Raff. I think it is too hard indeed, to insist on all.

Gay. Well, but confess now, how many———

Capt. Spark. Well, then, I will confess two dozen.

Lady Raff. } Two dozen!
Mrs. Raff. }

Gay. That's pretty fair, and thou art an honest fellow.

Mrs. Raff. He is so happy a one, that I wonder he escapes being destroyed by the men as a monopolizer.

Cla. No, I think the men are oblig'd to him, for he has found out more beauties for 'em than I ever heard of there.

Capt. Spark. Pray, let's turn the discourse.

Gay. I am trifling with this fool when I might employ my time better.——Miss Clarinda, you know you was interrupted to-day You promis'd me the first opportunity.

Cla. I am a strict observer of a promise. Aunt, you are not fond of music, I won't invite you to so dull an entertainment.

Mrs. Raff. I think I am in a humour to hear it—at least I am not in a humour to leave you alone together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Servant with a letter, whispers Spark.

Capt. Spark. Ladies, I'll follow in the twinkling of an eye,——What's here? a woman's hand by Jupiter!—some damn'd milliner's dun or other, ———tho' I think it will pass for an assignation well enough with the ladies that are just gone—— Ha! Raffler! "Sir—as Sir Simon will be abroad "this evening, I shall have an opportunity of "seeing you alone"——hum——"If you please "therefore, it shall be in the dining-room at nine

" ——there is a couch will hold us both." The devil there is——" The company will be all as- " sembled in the parlour, and you will be very " safe with your humble servant Mary Raffler." Pooh! Pox what shall I do? I wou'd not give a farthing for her——Ha! can't I contrive to be surpriz'd together? That ridiculous dog Mondish sups here——if I cou'd but convince him of this amour, he will believe all I ever told him——— now if he cou'd but see this letter some way without my shewing it him.—Egad, I'll find him out, and drop it before him. By good luck here he is.

Enter MONDISH.

Mon. So, I have made one man extremely happy——the Colonel is most nobly intoxicated with wine and his wife. This bottle of Burgundy has a little elevated me too——now if I cou'd but find my dear inconstant alone——Ha, Spark! what the devil art thou dodging after here? In quest of some amour or other, I know thee to be——

Capt. Spark. What do you know me to be? I I know thou art a damn'd incredulous fellow, and think'st every woman virtuous, that puts a grave face upon the matter——Now, George, take my word for it, every woman in England is to be had.

Mon. What hast thou had them all then? that I must take thy word for it.

Capt. Spark. Ha, ha, ha! thou wilt kill me with laughter.

Mon. Then I must leave you to die by yourself.

Capt. Spark. Nay, but dear George——hark'e but stay—— [*Draws* Mondish *over the letter.*

Mon. I am in haste—besides I keep you from some intrigue or other.

Capt. Spark. I might perhaps have visited my lady Loller——but damn her! I believe e'en you know I am almost tir'd of her——besides I have a mind to stay with you.

Mon. But I positively neither can nor will stay with you.

Capt. Spark. The devil is in it, if he has not seen it by this time. Well, if you have a desire to leave me, I'll disappoint you, for I'll leave, you so your servant. [*Exit.*

Mon. A letter dropt! To Captain Spark——the rogue counterfeits a woman's hand exceeding well. But he could not counterfeit her hand so exactly, without having seen letters from her----- Why then may not this be from her? Is she not a woman, a prude?----the devil can say no more.

Enter GAYLOVE.

Gay. Mondish your servant, where have you bestowed yourself this afternoon?

Mon. Where I fancy I far'd better than you--- I have been entertained with Burgundy and the Colonel----while you have been loitering with Sir Simon and the ladies.

Gay. Faith, I am afraid thou art in the right on't; for to say truth, I grew weary of their company, and have left the gallant Mr. Spark to entertain them.

Mon. Well, what success in your amour?

Gay. Oh, success that would make humility vain——Success that has made me think thy happiness not so extraordinary——In a word, had not my lady Raffler come in, and rais'd the siege,

I believe I shou'd have been able, before now, to have given thee a pretty good account of the citadel——Pox take all virtuous women for me! they are of no other use, but to spoil other's sport.

Mon. Yes faith! such virtuous women as her ladyship, will sometimes condescend to make sport, as well as spoil it.——There, read that, and then give me thy opinion, if thou think'st there is one such woman in the world as thou hast mentioned.

Gay. To Captain Spark——Sir Simon——abroad his evening——In the dining-room——couch will hold us both————Ha! ha! The captain improves——Safe with your humble servant——Mary Raffler————Well said my little Spark——Now from this moment, shall I have a very great opinion of thee——thou art a genius——a hero——to forge a letter from a woman, and drop it in her own house——there is more impudence thrown away on this fellow, than wou'd have made six court pages, and as many attornies————he is an errant walking contagion on women's reputations, and was sent into the world as a judgment on the sex.

Mon. By all that's infamous 'tis her own hand!

Gay. By all that is not infamous, I wou'd scarce have believ'd my own eyes, had they seen her write it!

Mon. Excellent! thou art as incredulous as the colonel. What I suppose you have heard her rail against wicked women——and declaim in praise of chastity——does a good sermon from the pulpit persuade thee that a parson is a saint? or a charge from the bench that the judge is incorrupt?————if thou wilt believe in professions, thou wilt find scarce one fool that is not wise,

one rogue that is not honest, one courtier that is not fit to make a friend, or one whore that is not fit to make a wife.

Gay. But common-sense wou'd preserve her from an affair with a fellow, who, she is sure, will publish it to the whole world.

Mon. I am not sure of that——perhaps she does not know his character, or if she does, she may think herself safe in the world's knowing it ---besides, if she is believed in the bragging of his amours, I know no one breathing so likely to debauch the whole sex——for amours increase with a man of pleasure, as money does with a man of business; and women are most ready to trust their reputations, as we our cash, with him that has most business.

Gay. It is most natural to suppose he best understands his business. But still this letter of lady Raffler's staggers me.

Mon. Are you so concerned for her reputation?

Gay. Hum! I should at least wish well to a family I intend to take a wife out of.

Mon. A wife out of?

Gay. Why are you surpriz'd? did I not tell you this morning, I had a mistress in the house?

Mon. Yes,——but they are two things, I think; heav'n forbid we shou'd be oblig'd to take a wife out of every house in this town, wherein we have had a mistress.

Gay. You, I think, George, take good care to make that impossible, by making mistresses of other men's wives.

Mon. Why, it is my opinion that in our commerce with the other sex, it will be pretty difficult to avoid either making mistresses of other men's wives, or wives of other men's mistresses, so I

chuse the former. But when am I to wish you joy, friend? Methinks I long to see thee wedded—I am as impatient on thy behalf, as if I was principally concern'd myself.

Gay. I see thou art planting the battery of railing, so I shall run off, before you can hit me. [*Exit.*

Mon. We shall be able to hit your wife, I hope ——and that will do as well——Here's another friend's wife will shortly want to be provided for; if my friends marry so fast, I shall be oblig'd to be deficient in a very main point of friendship, and leave them their wives on their own hands. I think my suspicions relating to Mrs. Raffler are now fully clear'd up on his side, and fully fix'd on hers.

Enter Mrs. Raffler.

Your most humble servant, Madam! he is but just gone.

Mrs. Raff. Who gone?

Mon. Mr. Gaylove.

Mrs. Raff. What's Mr. Gaylove to me?

Mon. Nothing, he is a very good judge of pictures.

Mrs. Raff. Ha! What do you mean?

Mon. Nothing.

Mrs. Raff. I will know.

Mon. You cannot know more of me than you do already, nor I of you——and I hope shortly your knowledge will be as comprehensive in another branch of your favorite science.

Mrs. Raff. I don't understand you.

Mon. *I cannot be of opinion that that is an original picture of* Hannibal Carraccio; *for if*

you please to observe, there is not that boldness; there is, indeed, a great deal of the master, and I never saw more spirit in a copy; but, alas! there is so much difference between a copy and an original———

Mrs. Raff. I believe the colonel bought it as an original.

Mon. The Colonel may be deceived——I wish I knew no more than one instance of it.

Mrs. Raff. Gaylove must be a villain, and have discovered me. [*Aside.*

Mon. It may be, perhaps, some people's interest to wish all persons as easily deceiv'd as the colonel; what pity 'tis, a gallant shou'd not be as blind as a husband!

Mrs. Raff. Mr. Mondish, I will not bear this: it wou'd be foolish to dissemble understanding you any longer: be as blind or as watchful as you will, it is equal to me———I will be no slave to your jealousy, for if I have more gallants, be assur'd I will have but one husband.

Mon. Spoken so bravely, that I am at least in love with your spirit still; and to convince you, I have that affection and no other, deal sincerely with me, and I will be so far from troubling you any longer with my own passion, that I will assist you in the pursuit of another.

Mrs. Raff. Then to deal sincerely with you—Lud, it is a terrible hard thing to do.

Mon. Ay, come struggle a little, a woman must undergo some trouble to be delivered of truth.

Mrs. Raff. Then to deal sincerely with you, I am in love with another.

Mon. With Gaylove—I'll assist you—out with it.

Mrs. Raff. Well, ay, perhaps—but now I must

insist on truth from you, how came you to suspect him?——and who put the picture into your head?

Mon. I'll tell you some other time.

Mrs. Raff. Resolve me this only, was it he?

Mon. No, upon my honour.

Mrs. Raff. Then it must have been my sister!

Mon. Ha!

Mrs. Raff. Nay, don't hesitate, it is vain to deny it.

Mon. I do not deny it.

Mrs. Raff. Now may the united curses of age, disease, ugliness, vain desire and infamy overtake her?

Mon. It works rarely.

Mrs. Raff. Revenge, revenge!—Mr. Mondish, my reputation is in your hands—I know you to be a man of honour, and am easy——but to have it in the power of a woman, must be an eternal rack. We know one another too well to be easy. when we are in one another's power———against her tongue there is no safeguard.

Mon. Yes, one.

Mrs. Raff. What!

Mon. To have her reputation in your power.

Mrs. Raff. That is impossible to hope——She will take care of her reputation—for it is on that alone she supports her pride, her malice, her ill-nature: these have raised her a train of watchful enemies that wou'd catch her at the first trip—but she has neither warmth nor generosity enough to make it. Oh! I know her too well—She will keep her virtue, if it be only to enable her to be a continual plague to her husband.

Mon. Well, whatever difficulty there be in the attempt, I have resolution enough under your

conduct to begin—Perhaps I am of an opinion which you may excuse, that no woman's virtue is proof against the attacks of a resolute lover.

Mrs. Raff. But her fear, her self-love, her coldness, and her vanity may.

Mon. I can give you more substantial reasons for our hope than you imagine—but may I depend upon your assistance?

Mrs. Raff. If I fail you, may my husband be jealous of me, or may I lose the power or inclination to give him cause.

Mon. That's nobly, generously said: and now, methinks, you and I appear like man and wife, to each other—at least it wou'd be better for the world, if they all acted as wise a part—and instead of lying, and whining, and canting with virtue and constancy, instead of fatiguing an irrecoverable dying passion, with jealousies and upbraidings, kindly let it depart from one breast, to be happy in another

Thus the good mother of the [illegible]ge brood,
Whose breasts no more afford her infants food,
Leads them abroad, and teaches them to roam,
For what no longer they can find at home.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Scene, a Chamber.

Enter Sir Simon, *and* Colonel Raffler.

Sir Simon.

I DESIRE but this trial; if I do not convince you I have reason for my jealousy, I will be contented all my life after to wear my horns in my pocket, and be as happy and submissive a husband as any within the sound of Bow bell.

Col. Raff. A good reasonable penalty you will undergo truly [illegible] be the happy husband of a virtuous wife.

Sir Sim. And perhaps penalty enough too—if it was so: a virtuous wife may have it in her power to play very odd tricks with her husband. A virtuous woman may contradict him; may teaze him, may expose him, nay ruin him; and such virtuous wives, as some people have, may cuckold him into the bargain.

Col. Raff. Well, on condition, that if your suspicion be found to be groundless, you never presume to suspect her or my wife hereafter, but suffer them peaceably to enjoy their innocent freedoms, and on condition that you give me leave to laugh at you one whole hour, I am content to do what you desire.

Sir Sim. Ay, ay, any thing if my suspicions be found true, brother.

Col. Raff. Why then, brother, you will find yourself to be a cuckold, and may laugh at me twenty hours if you will.

Sir Sim. I think you will be a little confounded.

Col. Raff. Faith! brother you are a very unhappy fellow, faith! you are.

Sir Sim. Why so, pray!

Col. Raff. To marry a wife that you have not been able to find any fault in, in ten years time ——If you had good luck in your choice, you might have been a cuckold in half the time, you might indeed.

Sir Sim. Well, it is your time to laugh now, and I will indulge you.

Col. Raff. But suppose, brother, it shou'd be as you say, suppose you shou'd find out what you have a desire to find, don't you think you are entirely indebted to yourself.

Sir Sim. I don't understand you.

Col. Raff. Why, to your own suspicions, can a wife give so good a reason for going astray, as the suspicions of her husband? They are a terrible thing; and my own wife has told me, she cou'd not have answer'd for herself with a suspicious husband.

Sir Sim. But it wants now a little more than a quarter of eight; so pray away to the closet; we shall have the rascal before his time else, and be disappointed.

Col. Raff. So I find you suspect the amour to be but of a short date. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Raffler, *and* Mrs. Raffler.

Lady Raff. Lud, sister, you are grown as great a plague to me, as my husband. I know not whether he teazes me more for doing what I shou'd not, than you for doing what I shou'd.

Mrs. Raff. A woman never acts as she shou'd, but when she acts against her husband. He is a prince who is ever endeavouring to grow absolute, and it shou'd be our constant endeavour to restrain him. You are a member of the commonwealth of women, and when you give way to your husband, you betray the liberty of your sex.

Lady Raff. Your are always for turning every thing into ridicule: but I am not that poor-spirited creature you wou'd represent me: nor did I ever give way to my husband in any one thing in my life, contrary to my own opinion. I wou'd not have you think I do not resent his suspicions of me, and I defy you to say I ever submitted to any method of quieting 'em—All that I am solicitous about is, not to give the world an opportunity of suspecting me.

Mrs. Raff But as the world is a witness of his suspecting you, were I in your case, I shou'd think my honour engag'd to let the world be witness of my revenge.

Lady Raff. Then the world wou'd condemn me, as it now does him—Had I a mind to be as ludicrous as you, I might tell you, that a woman who parts with her virtue, makes her husband absolute, and betrays the liberty of her sex. Sister, sister, believe me, it is in the power of one honest woman to be a greater plague to her husband, than all the vile vicious creatures upon earth.

Mrs. Raff. Give me your hand, my dear, for I find we are agreed upon the main point, that is, enmity to a husband. I proceed now to the second point, which every good woman ought to consider, namely, the rewarding a deserving gallant.

Lady Raff. That is a subject on which I am afraid we shall eternally differ.

Mrs. Raff. I hope we shall, my dear; that is, I hope we shall never desire to reward the same.

Lady Raff. I desire we may never discourse more on this head; for I shall be inclin'd to say things which you will not like; and, as I fear they will be of no service to you, I desire to avoid it.

Mrs. Raff. Oh, yes, they will be of great service to me, they will make me laugh immoderately, Come, confess honestly——I know you suspect me with Gaylove.

Lady Raff. If you put me to it—I cannot call your conduct unquestionable. If I shou'd suspect, it wou'd not be without reason.

Mrs. Raff. Nay, if you allow reason, I have reasons to suspect you with not half so pretty a fellow.

Lady Raff. Me! I defy you——pure virtue will confront suspicion.

Mrs. Raff. Pure virtue seems to have a pretty good front, indeed. Let us try the cause fairly between us: you found me and a young fellow alone together, and very comical things may happen, I own, between a man and a woman alone together. But when a lady sends an assignation to a gentleman, to meet her in the dark on a couch: then if nothing comical happens to pure virtue, they must be a comical couple indeed.

Lady Raff. You are such a laughing, giggling creature, I don't know what you drive at.

Mrs. Raff. Read that—and I believe it will explain what both of us drive at——Now I shall see how far a prude can carry it—Not one blush yet; I find blushing is one of the things which pure virtue can't do.

Lady Raff. I am amaz'd and confounded! Where had you this?

Mrs. Raff. From a very good friend of yours, in whose hands your reputation will be safer than in the captain's, where you plac'd it.

Lady Raff. What do you then believe——

Mrs. Raff. Nothing but my own eyes. You will not deny it is your own hand?

Lady Raff. Some devil has counterfeited it. I beseech you tell me how you came by it.

Mrs. Raff. Mondish gave it me.

Lady Raff. Then he writ it.

Mrs. Raff. Nay, the captain, by what I hear of him, is a more likely person to have counterfeited it. But it is well done, and sure whoever did it, must have seen your writing.

Lady Raff. I'll search all the depths of hell, but I'll find it out. Have I for this had a guard upon ev'ry look, word, and action of my life; for this shun'd even speaking to any woman in public of the least doubtful character? for this been all my life the forwardest to censure the imprudence of others?—have I defended my reputation in the face of the sun, to have it thus undetermin'd in the dark?

Mrs. Raff. Most women's reputatious are undetermin'd in the dark—you see child, how foolish it is to take so much care about what is so easily lost; at least I hope, you will learn to take care of no one's reputation but your own.

Lady Raff. It wants but little of the appointed hour: sister, will you go with me?

Mrs. Raff. Oh! no, two to one will not be fair—If you had appointed him to have brought his second indeed——

Lady Raff. I see you are incorrigible——But I will go find my niece or my brother, or Sir Simon himself: I will raise the world, and the dead, and the devil, but I will find out the bottom of this affair.—— [*Exit.*

Mrs. Raff. Hugh! what a terrible combustion is pure virtue in! Now will I convey myself if possible into the closet——and be an humble spectator of the battle—well, a virtuous wife is a most precious jewel———but if all jewels were as easily counterfeited, he wou'd be an egregious ass who wou'd venture to lay out his money in them. [*Exit.*

Scene changes to another Room in Sir SIMON's *house.*

Enter Sir SIMON *in women's Cloaths.*

Sir Sim. My evidence is posted, the colonel is in the closet, and can overhear all——The time of appointment draws near. I am strangely pleas'd with my stratagem. If I can but counterfeit my wife's voice as well as I have her hand, I may defy him to discover me; for there is not a glimpse of light—I am as much delighted as any young whore-master can be in expectation of meeting another man's wife. And yet I am afraid I shall not discover myself to be what I fear neither; and if I shou'd not I will hang myself incontinently. Oh! thou damn'd couch!

thou art not ten years old, and yet what cuckoldom hast thou been witness of——I will be reveng'd on thee; for I will burn thee this evening in triumph, please heav'n!—Hush, hush, here he comes. [*Lies on a couch.*

Enter MONDISH.

Mon. This is the field of battle. If I know any thing of the captain, he will not be in haste —and if she comes here before him, I think she will not have the impudence to deny any favour to one who knows as much as I do. It is as dark as hell! let a prude alone for contriving a proper place for an assignation——Poor Sir Simon, faith! thou hast more cause for thy jealousy than I imagin'd.

Sir Sim. Ay, or than I imagin'd either——I am over head and ears in it—I am the errantest cuckold in town. [*Aside.*

Mon. 'Sdeath! I shall never be able to find this couch out——sure it us'd to be somewhere hereabouts. It has been the scene of my happiness too often for me to forget it.

Sir Sim. Oh! it has—Oh! thou damn'd villain! I wish thou cou'dst feel torments, that I might be an age in burning thee. [*Aside.*

Mon. Ha! I hear a door open—it is a woman's tread. I know the dear, dear trip of a soft foot.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER, *who falls into* MONDISH'S *arms.*

Mrs. Raff. In the name of goodneas who are you?

Mon. An evil spirit. I find you are us'd to meet them in the dark, by your readiness in speaking to 'em.

Mrs. Raff. Mr. Mondish?

Sir Sim. Here will be rare caterwalling. [*Aside.*

Mon. What do you do here?

Mrs. Raff. Trouble not yourself about that, I will not spoil your sport.

Mon. But tell me, have you seen your sister?

Mrs. Raff. Yes.

Mon. Well, and how?

Mrs. Raff. Oh, she raves like a princess in a tragedy, and swears that some devil has contriv'd it.

Mon. Then she persists in her innocence?

Mrs. Raff. Yes, and will after conviction—nay, even after execution.

Mon. A very harden'd criminal indeed—but pray what is your opinion of my success?

Mrs. Raff. Oh! thou wicked seducer! it would be hard indeed that I should think you not able to succeed, after such a one as you have describ'd the captain to be, when you prevail'd on my innocent heart and triumph'd over what I imagin'd an impregnable fortress.

Mon. And was I really thy first seducer?

Mrs. Raff. By heavens! the only one that ever has yet injur'd my husband.

Sir Sim. What do I hear?

Mon. Why do I not still enjoy that happiness singly? What have I done to forfeit one grain of your esteem.

Mrs. Raff. To your fresh game, sportsman; and I wish you a good chace.

Mon. Whither are you going!

Mrs. Raff. Concern not yourself with me: your new mistress will soon be with you. [*Exit.*

Sir Sim. This is better than my hopes! This is killing two birds with one stone. My brother will be rewarded for the pains he takes on my account—Ha! there's a light——I think I shall be secure behind the couch.

Enter LADY RAFFLER *with a Candle.*

Lady Raff. I think there is some plot laid against me, the whole family are run out of the house. But virtue will protect her adherents. Ha! who's that?

Mon. Be not startled, Madam; it is one from whom you have nothing to fear.

Lady Raff. I know not that, Sir; I shall always think I have just reason to fear one who lurks privately about in dark corners. Persons who have no ill design never seek hiding places; but, however, you are the person I desir'd to meet.

Mon. That wou'd make me happy indeed!

Lady Raff. Whence, Sir, had you that letter, which you this day gave my sister, and which was sign'd with my name?

Mon. The letter, Madam?

Lady Raff. Yes, Sir, the letter! with that odious assignation which I detest the apprehension of—my reputation shall be clear'd and I will know the author of this infamous forgery, whatever be the consequence!

Mon. Be mistress of yourself, Madam, and be assured nothing in my power shall be ever left undone to vindicate your reputation, or detect any calumny against it. The letter was dropt by the

person to whom it was directed, dropt on purpose that I shou'd take it up; which I did, and deliver'd it to your sister. Indeed I even then suspected it a forgery. I thought I knew my lady Raffler too well, to fear her capable of placing her affections unworthily.

Lady Raff. And you know no more?

Mon. I do not upon my honour.

Lady Raff. Well, Sir, whatever care you shall take of my reputation, Sir Simon shall thank you for it.

Mon. Alas! Madam, cou'd I have any merit in such a service, I shou'd hope to have another rewarder than the very last person on whom I wou'd confer an obligation.

Lady Raff How, Sir?

Mon. I ask pardon, Madam, I know how tender the subject is to your ears; yet I hope the excess of tenderness which I have for you will plead——

Lady Raff. Tenderness for me? [*Angry.*]

Mon. For your reputation, Madam.

[*She looks pleased.*]

Lady Raff. That, I think, I may suffer.

Mon. Pardon me, Madam, if that tenderness which I have for———your reputation, Madam, will not permit me to be easy while I see it lavish'd on a man so worthless, so ungrateful, so insensible—And yet, Madam, can even you the best, the most reserv'd of wives, can you deny but that his jealousy is plain to you and to the whole world? Cou'd he shew more had he married one of the wanton coquets, who encourage every man who addresses 'em, nay, who are continually throwing out their lures for men who do not? Had he

marry'd one of these, nay, had he marry'd a common avow'd prostitute———

Lady Raff. Hold, you shock me.

Mon. And I shall shock myself. But the wounds must be laid open to be cur'd.

Lady Raff. What can I do?

Mon. Hate him.

Lady Raff. That, I think, virtue will allow me to do.

Mon. Justice commands you to do it: nay, more, it commands you to revenge, you ought for example sake———pardon me, Madam, if the love I have for you———I shou'd rather say if the friendship I have contracted for your virtue carries me too far: but I will undertake to prove, that it is not only meritorious to fulfil his suspicions, but it wou'd be criminal not to do it. Virtue requires it, the virtue you adore, you possess, requires it; it is not you, it is your virtue he injures: that demands a justification, that obliges you to———

Lady Raff. To hate him, to despise him, that a virtuous woman may do.

Mon. Oh! I admire, I adore a virtuous woman.

Lady Raff. Virtue is her greatest jewel.

Mon. Oh, 'tis a nice, and tender thing, it will not bear suspicion: she wou'd be a poor creature indeed, who cou'd bear to have her virtue suspected without revenge.

Lady Raff. What can she do?

Mon. Ev'ry thing: part with it.

Lady Raff. Ha!

Mon. Not from her heart——I hope you don't think I mean that; but true virtue is no more concern'd in punishing a husband, than true mercy in punishing a criminal.

Lady Raff. But I have the comfort to think he is sufficiently punish'd in the torments of his own mind. Oh, I shou'd be the most miserable creature alive, if I cou'd but even suspect he had an easy moment. Mr. Mondish, it would be ridiculous to affect hiding from you, who are so intimate in the family, my knowledge of his base, unjust suspicions; nor wou'd I have you think me so poor-spirited a wretch, not to hate and despise him for them. How unjust they are, the whole world can evidence: for no woman upon earth could be more delicate in her conduct. Therefore, for heaven's sake, assist me in the discovery of this letter.

Mon. I cou'd not, I am sure, suspect you of so indiscreet a passion, though your hand is excellently forg'd.

Lady Raff. It must be by some one who has seen it, sure it cou'd not be my sister.

Mon. Was it not Sir Simon himself?

Lady Raff. Ha! it cannot be, he cou'd not be such a villain.

Mon. If he were, I think you ought not to forgive him.

Lady Raff. Cou'd I but prove it——

Mon. If I prove it for you——what shall be my reward?

Lady Raff. The greatest——The consciousness of doing good.

Mon. What good shall I do in discovering the criminal, unless you will punish him?

Lady Raff. I will do all in my power to punish him, and to reward you.

Mon. Your power is infinite, as is almost the happiness I now taste. O my fair injur'd crea-

ture, had'st thou been the lot of one who had truly known the value of virtue——

[*Kissing her hand.*

Lady Raff. Let me go; if you wou'd preserve my good opinion of you——If you have a regard for me, shew it in immediately vindicating my reputation.

Mon. I'll find out Sir Simon; if he be the forger, I shall get it out of him——One earnest more.

[*Kissing her hand.*

Lady Raff. Away! we shall be overseen, and then I shall hate you for ever. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Sim. Heav'n be prais'd, they are parted this time. I was afraid it wou'd have come to action. Why, if a husband had a hundred thousand eyes, he would have use for them all. A wife is a garrison without walls, while we are running to the defence of one quarter, she is taken at another. But what a rogue is this fellow, who not only attempts to cuckold his friend, but has the impudence to insist on it as a meritorious action! The dog wou'd persuade her that virtue obliges her to it. Why, what a number of ways are there by which a man may be made a cuckold! One goes to work with his purse, and buys my wife; a second brings his title, he is a lord, forsooth, and has a patent to cuckold all mankind. A third shews a garter, a fourth a ribband, a fifth a lace coat. One rascal has a smooth face, another a smooth tongue; another makes smooth verses; this sings, that dances; one wheedles, another flatters; one applies to her ambition, another to her avarice, another to her vanity, another to her folly. This tickles her eyes, that her ears, another——in short, all her five senses, and five thousand follies have their addressers.

And that she may be safe on no side, here's a rascal comes and applies himself to the very thing that shou'd defend her, and tries to make a bawd of her very virtue. He has the impudence to tell her, that she can't be a woman of virtue without cuckolding her husband——Hark! I hear a noise! The captain, I suppose, or somebody else after my wife.

Enter Captain SPARK.

Capt. Spark. I am sure Mondish took up the letter, and it is now a full quarter of an hour after the time appointed. I know him so well, that I cou'd lay a wager he is list'ning somewhere hereabouts. Madam, Madam!

Sir Sim. That is the rascal's voice——Is it you, Captain tread softly for heav'n's sake.

Capt. Spark. Yes, and I wish I may tread surely too; for it is as dark as hell. Where are you, Madam?

Sir Sim. Here, Sir, here on the couch.

Capt. Spark. Quite punctual to the place of assignation, I find.—Where the devil can Mondish be? [*Aside.*] There, Madam, there, I am fafe now I thank you——I don't know, Madam, how to thank you enough, for that kind note your ladyship was so good as to send me.

Sir Sim O Lard! Sir.

Capt. Spark. I assure you, Madam, I think myself the happiest of mankind. I am, Madam, upon my honour, so in my own opinion—Pray, Madam, was not your ladyship at the last ridotto?

Sir Sim. No, Sir——I find he has had her 'till he is weary of her. [*Aside.*

Capt. Spark. I think you are a great lover of country dancing.

Sir Sim. Yes, I think it will do very well, when one can have nothing else to entertain one.

Capt. Spark. Very true, Madam; quadrille is very much before it, in my opinion.

Sir Sim. You and I have seen better entertainments than that, before now.

Capt. Spark. Oh, yes, yes, Madam—I am very fond of the entertainments at the new-house. I never go there for any thing else. Pray, which is your ladyship's favourite? Most ladies are fond of Perseus and Andromeda——What the devil is become of Mondish? [*Aside.*] But I think the operas are so far beyond all those things——Do you go to the drawing-room to-night, lady Raffler?

Sir Sim. I hope to pass my time better with you, as I have done.

Capt. Spark. I shou'd be proud to make one of a party at quadrille? but upon my honour, I am the most unfortunate person in the world, for I am engag'd.

Sir Sim. Engag'd!

Capt. Spark. I know what you think now—— If one does but name an engagement, to be sure— I protest, one wou'd think there was but one sort of engagement in the world—and I don't know how it comes to my share to be always suspected. To be sure, I have had some affairs in my life; that I don't deny, that I believe every one knows ——and therefore I am not oblig'd to deny——

Sir Sim. But you was not oblig'd to confess it to Sir Simon to-day.

Capt. Spark. Yes, ha! ha! The mistake of a name had like to have occasion'd some confusion; I am heartily sorry for it upon my word.

Sir Sim. And was it not me that you meant?

Capt. Spark. You are pleas'd to rally. You know it was impossible I shoo'd confess what never happen'd.

Sir Sim. What, did nothing ever pass between us?

Capt. Spark Either you have a mind to be merry with your humble servant, or I shall begin to suspect there is some likeness of mine happier than myself. For your ladyship and sister were both pleas'd to mention something about an auction; and I never care to contradict a lady. Upon my soul, compliments aside, I never had the honour to see your face till this afternoon!

Sir Sim. How, how! did you never see my wife till this afternoon.

Capt. Spark. Your wife!

Sir Sim. Lord, I'm delirious I think, I know not what I say.

Capt. Spark. I hope you are not subject to fits. I shall be frighten'd out of my senses. For heav'n's sake, let me call somebody—Lights! lights there! help! help!

Sir Sim. Hush! consider my reputation.

Capt. Spark. You had better lose you reputation than your life. Lights! lights! Help there, my lady faints.

Sir Sim. What shall I do?

Capt. Spark. Will nobody hear? Help! help!

Enter MONDISH *and* Lady RAFFLER *with a light.*

Lady Raff. What's the matter here?

Capt. Spark. For heav'n's sake bring some lights hither, somebody; my poor Lady Raffler is fallen into a fit.

Mon. My lady Raffler?

Lady Raff. What can this mean?

Capt. Spark. Ha! bless me, Madam, are you there? then who the devil is this?

Mon. Sir Simon!

Capt. Spark. Why, there's no masquerade to-night.

Sir Sim. It has happen'd just as I fear'd. There is some damn'd planet which attends all husbands, and will never let them be in the right. [*Aside.*

Lady Raff. Monster! how have you the assurance to look in my injur'd face?

Mon. Death and hell! I hope he did not overhear what pass'd between me and his wife. [*Aside.*

Sir Sim. What injury have I done you my dear?

Lady Raff. Can you ask it? Have you not laid a plot against my reputation? Have you not counterfeited my hand? Did you not write this letter? look at it,

Sir Sim. No, my dear, no,

Lady Raff. How came it seal'd then with this seal? which was only in your possession. Oh, I have no name bad enough.

Mon. Come, come, Sir Simon, confess all; it is the only amends you can make your lady.

Sir Sim. Oh, Sir, if you will endeavour to get it out of me, it will be in vain to deny———

Enter Colonel RAFFLER.

Col. Raff. Aye, indeed will it, for I will be evidence against you. Why sure, you wou'd not attempt to hold out any longer. If she forgives you, you have the most merciful, as well as the

most virtuous wife in the world. Come, come, in the first place, ask your wife's pardon for having ever suspected her; for having counterfeited an assignation from her, and being the occasion of the confusion which she is at present in.——In the second place, ask this gentleman's pardon for having ever suspected him. In the next place——

Sir Sim. Hold, hold, brother, not so fast. I own myself in the wrong! and, Sir, I ask your pardon, I do with all my heart.

Capt. Spark. That is sufficient: though I don't know your offence.

Sir Sim. And, my dear, I ask your pardon; I am convinc'd of your virtue, I am indeed.

Lady Raff. But what amends can you make me for your wicked jealousy? Do you think it is nothing for me, who have ever abhorred the very name, even the very thought of wantonness, to have had my name traduc'd? What devil cou'd tempt you to write an assignation in my name to this gentleman?

Capt. Spark. Ha!

Mon. Even so, faith! Captain, this was the Lady who writ to you, ha, ha!

Capt Spark. How, Sir?

Col. Raff. Nay, Sir, don't put on your angry face, good brother soldier. I do not perceive your expectations have been at all disappointed; and my brother seem'd as proper to carry on the amour with you, as his wife——for in the method you proceeded, you wou'd scarce ever have found out the difference.

Capt. Spark. Sir, I don't understand——

Mon. Nay, nay, no passion; here is nothing but raillery, no harm meant.

Capt. Spark. Is not there? Oh, 'tis very well if there is not.

Col. Raff. Why what a ridiculous figure do you make here—Ha, ha, ha! You know I am to have my fill of laughing. Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Sim. Nay, nay, I have more reason to laugh than you. For if I am convinc'd of my wife's virtue, I think you may be convinc'd——

Col. Raff. Of what? Come, I'll bring up my *Corps de reserve*, and put all your suspicions to flight at once. Come forth, my dear, come forth, and with the brightness of thy virtue dispel those clouds that wou'd eclipse it.

Enter MRS. RAFFLER.

I desire you would throw yourself at this gentleman's feet, and give him a thousand thanks for the hand he has had in your affair.

Sir Sim. He wou'd have had a hand in my affair, I thank him. Yes, I am damnably obliged to him indeed.

Col. Raff. Yes, Sir, that you are—for he knew you were listening, Sir. And all that love which you overheard him make to your wife, Sir, was intended to convince you of her virtue, Sir; it was a plot laid between my wife and him. Was it not my dear?

Mrs. Raff. Yes, indeed was it.

Mon. Tho' I am afraid this lady will find some difficulty to forgive me, I am oblig'd to own the truth.

Lady Raff. I can pardon any thing where the intention was good; tho', I confess, I do not like such jests.

Col. Raff. Come, come, you shall like 'em, and pardon 'em too; and you shall thank him for them. And, then, Sir, you shall ask my pardon.

Sir Sim. For what?

Col. Raff. Why, for being the occasion of my wife's imagining me as jealous-pated a fool as yourself: for you must know, Sir, that she imagin'd that I was in the closet with the same design, with which you disguis'd yourself in that pretty masquerade habit. Perhaps, tho', you did not guess that she knew I was in the closet all the time.

Sir Sim. No, upon my word.

Col. Raff. Oh! you did not—But that she did happen to know, Sir; and so did this gentleman too——Mr. Mondish, you are a wag to put your friend into a sweat: but it was kindly meant, and I thank you for it with all my heart.

Sir Sim. And so do I too—for having given me warning to keep my wife out of your clutches. [*Aside.*

Mon. Gentlemen, your humble servant! If I have serv'd my friends, the action carries its reward with it. [*To* Mrs. Raffler *aside.*] Excellent creature! I am now more in love with your wit, than I ever was with your beauty.

Sir Sim. And are you really, brother, wise enough to believe such a notable story as this? and are you thoroughly convinc'd?

Col. Raff. Why, are not you convinc'd?

Sir Sim. Yes, brother, I am.

Col. Raff. Oh! it is well.

Sir Sim. That you are an errant English cuckold, and our friend an errant rascal! [*Aside.*

Enter GAYLOVE *and* CLARINDA.

Gay. Your servant, good people!

Lady Raff. Oh! Niece, where have you been, pray?

Cla. Nay, that I'll give you a twelvemonth to guess.

Lady Raff. Indeed, Miss, it wou'd have become you better to have told us before you went.

Gay. The resolution was too sudden, Madam; we scarce knew ourselves 'till we put it in execution. But your neice, Madam, has been in very good company, for we have been at the opera.

Lady Raff. You do well, Madam, to make good use of your time; for please heaven you shall go into the country next week.

Cla. That, Madam, you and I both must ask this gentleman's leave for.

Gay. Upon my word, Madam, I have the honour to be this lady's protector, and shall take care henceforward she shall require no leave but her own, for any of her actions——To-morrow, Madam, she has promised to make me the happiest of men, in calling her mine for ever.

Lady Raff. I am glad her indiscretion is come to no worse an end.

Sir Sim. But methinks, Sir, as my niece is under my protection, you shou'd have ask'd my consent. For now I do not know whether I will give it you or no——I am sure I do not much care to have you in the family. [*Aside.*

Col. Raff. Indeed, Sir, but you shall give it him, and so shall your lady, and so shall my wife, and so will I. Mr. Gaylove, I think the family

is much honour'd by your alliance. Adod! the girl is happy in her choice.

Gay. I am infinitely oblig'd to your good opinion, Colonel.

Mon. Be not dismay'd—this will only put back your affair a little, you must only stand out the first game of the pool, that's all.

Col. Raff. Come come, gentlemen and ladies, I hear the bell ring to supper; let us go all down stairs, and be as merry as——as wit and good-humour can make us. I can't help saying my blood ran a little cold at one time, but I now defy appearances, and am convinc'd that jealousy is the foolishest thing in the world; and that it is not in the power of mankind to hurt me with my wife.

Sir Sim. That captain's likeness sticks still in my stomach: If I was sure there was nothing in that, I think I shou'd be a little easy: but that is not to be hop'd. I am convinc'd now, that I am a cuckold, and shall never find it out.

Mon. Sir Simon, here, shall be the merriest of us all. Believe me, Knight, if it be the last day of your jealousy, it is the first of your happiness:

You husbands grow from these examples wise,
View your wive's conduct still with partial eyes.
If your opinions err, they better stray
In the good Colonel's than Sir Simon's way.
At ease still sleeps the credulous husband's breast;
Spite of his wife, within himself he's blest.
The jealous their own miseries create,
And make themselves the very thing they hate.

EPILOGUE:

SPOKEN BY

Mrs. HERRON.

THE Play being done, according to our laws,
I come to plead with you our author's cause.
As for our smart gallants, I know they'll say,
'Damn him! There's one sad character in's Play.
What! on a couch, alone, and in the dark!
Ladies, there's no such fellow as this Spark.
What can he mean in such an age as this is,
When scarce a beau but keeps a brace of misses?'
They keep! why gentlemen, perhaps, 'tis true,
So do our sweet Italian singers too.
What can one think of all the beaus in town,
When with the ladies such gallants go down?
Th' Italian dames, should this report grow common,
Will surely pity us poor English women.
By the vast sums we pay them for their strains,
They'll think, perhaps, we don't abound in brains.
But should they hear their singers turn gallants;
Beaus, faith! they'll think brains not your only wants.
——Now for the wits—but they so nice are grown,
French only with their palates will go down.
French plays applause have, like French dishes got,
Only because you understand them not.

Happy old England, in those glorious days,
When good plain English food and sense could
please:
When men were dress'd like men, nor curl'd their
hair,
Instead of charming, to out-charm the fair.
They knew by manly means soft hearts to move,
Nor ask'd an eunuch's voice to melt their nymphs
to love.
——Ladies, 'tis yours to reinstate that age,
Do you assist the satire of the stage!
Teach foreign mimicks by a generous scorn,
You're not asham'd of being Britons born;
Make to it your eternal honour known,
That men must bear your frowns whenever
shewn
That they prefer all countries to their own.

PASQUIN:

A DRAMATIC SATIRE ON THE TIMES:

BEING

THE REHEARSAL OF TWO PLAYS:

VIZ.

A COMEDY,

CALLED

THE ELECTION;

AND

A TRAGEDY,

CALLED

The LIFE and DEATH of COMMON SENSE.

First acted in April, 1736.

DRAMAMIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Trapwit,	*Authors*	Mr. Roberts.
Fustian,	*Authors*	Mr. Lacy.
Sneerwell, a Critic		Mr. Machen.

Several Players and Prompter.

PERSONS IN THE COMEDY.

Lord Place,........	*Candidates* ..	Mrs. Charke.
Colonel Promise, ...	*Candidates*	Mr. Freeman.
Sir Henry Foxchace,	*Candidates*	Mr. Topham.
Squire Tankard, ...	*Candidates*	Mr. Smith.
Mayor		Mr. Jones.

Aldermen, Voters, &c.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Mayoress	Mrs. Egerton.
Miss Mayoress	Miss J. Jones.
Miss Stitch	Miss Burgess.

Servants, Mob, &c.

PERSONS IN THE TRAGEDY.

Queen Common-Sense	Mrs. Egerton.
Queen Ignorance	Mr. Strensham
Firebrand, Priest of the Sun	Mr. Roberts.
Law	Mr. Yates.
Physic	Mr. Jones.
Ghost of Tragedy	Mr. Pullen.
Ghost of Comedy	Mr. Jones.
Third Ghost	Mr. Wallis.
Harlequin	Mr. Pullen.
Officer	Mr. Pullen.
Messenger	Mr. Wallis.
Drummer	Mr. Lowder.

Attendants on Ignorance. Maids of Honour, &c.

SCENE THE PLAY-HOUSE.

PASQUIN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE the Play-house.

Enter several Players.

1*st Player.*

WHEN does the rehearsal begin?

2d Play. I suppose we shall hardly rehearse the comedy this morning; for the author was arrested as he was going home from King's coffee-house; and, as I heard, it was for upward of four pound; I suppose he will hardly get bail.

1st Play. Where's the tragedy-author then? I have a long part in both, and it's past ten o'clock.

Wom. Play. Aye, I have a part in both too; I wish any one else had them, for they are not seven lengths put together. I think it is very hard a woman of my standing, should have a short part put upon her. I suppose Mrs. Merit will have all our principal parts now, but I am resolved I'll advertise against her: I'll let the town know how I am injur'd.

1st Play. Oh! here comes our tragedy-poet.

Enter FUSTIAN.

Fust. Gentlemen, your servant; ladies, yours. I should have been here sooner, but I have been oblig'd, at their own requests, to wait upon some half-dosen persons of the first quality with tickets: upon my soul, I have been chid for putting off my play so long: I hope you are all quite perfect; for the town will positively stay for it no longer. I think I may very well put upon the bills, *At the particular desire of several ladies of quality*, the first night.

Enter Prompter.

Promp. Mr. Fustian, we must defer the rehearsal of your tragedy, for the gentleman who plays the first ghost is not yet up; and when he is, he has got such a church-yard cough, he will not be heard to the middle of the pit.

1st Play. I wish you could cut the ghost out, Sir; for I am terribly afraid he'll be damn'd if you don't.

Fust. Cut him out, Sir! He is one of the most considerable persons in the play.

Promp. Then, Sir, you must give the part to some body else; for the present is so lame he can hardly walk the stage.

Fust. Than he shall be carried; for no man in England can act a ghost like him; Sir, he was born a ghost: he was made for the part, and the part writ for him.

Promp. Well, Sir, then we hope you will give us leave to rehearse the comedy first.

Fust. Ay, ay, you may rehearse it first, if you please, and act it first too: If it keeps mine back

above three nights, I am mistaken. I don't know what friends the author may have——but if ever such stuff, such damn'd incoherent, senseless stuff, was ever brought on any stage—if the audience suffer it to go thro' three acts—Oh! he's here.

Enter TRAPWIT.

Dear Mr. Trapwit! your most humble servant, Sir; I read your comedy over last night, and a most excellent one it is; if it runs as long as it deserves, you will engross the whole season to yourself.

Trap. Sir, I am glad it met with your approbation, as there is no man whose taste and judgment I have a better opinion of. But, pray, Sir, why don't they proceed to the rehearsal of your tragedy? I assure, Sir, I had much difficulty to get hither so early.

2d Play. Yes, faith, I believe you had. [*Aside*

Fust. Sir, your comedy is to be rehearsed first.

Trap. Excuse me, Sir, I know the deference due to tragedy better.

Fust. Sir, I would not have you think I give up the cause of tragedy; but my ghost being ill, Sir, cannot get up without danger, and I would not risk the life of my ghost on any account.

Trap. You are in the right on't, Sir; for a ghost is the soul of tragedy.

Fust. Ay, Sir, I think it is not amiss to remind people of those things which they are, now-a-days, too apt to disbelieve; besides, we have lately had an act against witches, and I don't question but shortly we shall have one against ghosts. But come, Mr. Trapwit, as we are for this once to give the precedence to comedy, e'en let us begin.

Trap. Ay, ay, with all my heart. Come, come, where's the gentleman who speaks the prologue? This prologue, Mr. Fustian, was given me by a friend, who does not care to own it till he tries whether it succeeds or no.

Enter PLAYER *for the Prologue.*

Come, Sir, make a very low bow to the audience; and shew as much concern as possible in your looks.

PROLOGUE.

AS crafty lawyers, to acquire applause,
Try various arts to get a doubtful cause;
Or, as a dancing-master in a jig,
With various steps instructs the dancing prig;
Or as a doctor writes you different bills;
Or as a quack prescribes you different pills;
Or as a fiddler plays more tunes than one;
Or as a baker bakes more bread than brown;
Or as a tumbler tumbles up and down,
So does our Author, rummaging his brain,
By various methods try to entertain;
Brings a strange groupe of characters before you,
And shews you here at once both Whig and Tory;
Or court and country party you may call 'em:
But without fear and favour he will maul 'em.
To you, then, mighty sages of the pit——

Trap. Oh! dear Sir, seem a little more affected, I beseech you; advance to the front of the stage, make a low bow, lay your hand upon your heart, fetch a deep sigh, and pull out your handkerchief; To you, then, mighty sages of the pit——

Prol. To you, then, mighty sages of the pit,
Our Author humbly does his cause submit.
He tries to please——Oh! take it not amiss:
And tho' he should be dull, Oh! do not hiss;
Laugh—if you can—if you cannot laugh——weep:
When you can wake no longer——fall asleep.

Trap. Very well! very well, Sir! You have affected me, I am sure.

Fust. And so he will the audience, I'll answer for 'em.

Trap. Oh, Sir, you're too good-natur'd——but, Sir, I do assure you I had writ a much better prologue of my own; but as this came gratis, have reserv'd it for my next play; a prologue sav'd is a prologue got, brother Fustian. But come, where are your actors? Is Mr. Mayor and the Alderman at the table?

Promp. Yes, Sir, but they want wine, and we can get none from the Quaker's cellar without ready money.

Trap. Rat him! can't he trust till the third night?————Here, take sixpence, and fetch two pots of porter, put it into bottles, and it will do for wine well enough.

Fust. Ay, faith, and the wine will be as good as the wit, I'll answer for it. [*Aside.*

Trap. Mr. Fustian, you'll observe I do not begin this play like most of our modern comedies, with three or four gentlemen who are brought on only to talk wit; or to tell you the truth, Sir, I have very little, if any, wit in this play: No, Sir, this is a play consisting of humour, nature, and simplicity: It is written, Sir, in the exact and true spirit of Moliere; and this I will say for it, that except about a dozen, or a score, or so, there is

not one impure joke in it, But come, clear the stage, and draw the back scene: Mr. Fustian, if you please to sit down by me.

MAYOR *and* ALDERMEN *discover'd.*

Fust. Pray, Sir, who are these characters?

Trap. Sir, they are Mr. Mayor of the town and his brethren, consulting about the election.

Fust. Are they all of a side, Sir?

Trap. Yes, Sir, as yet; for you must know, Sir, that all the men in this borough are very sensible people, and have no party-principles, for which they cannot give a good reason; Mr. Mayor, you begin the play.

May. Gentlemen, I have summoned you together to consider of proper representatives for this borough: You know the candidates on the court-side are Lord Place and, Colonel Promise; the country candidates are Sir Henry Fox-chase, and 'Squire Tankard; all worthy gentlemen, and I wish with all my heart we could choose them all four.

1*st. Ald.* But since we cannot, Mr. Mayor, I think we should stand by our neighbours; gentlemen whose honesty we are witness of, and whose estates in our own neighbourhood render 'em not liable to be brib'd.

Fust. This gentleman, Mr. Trapwit, does not seem so unbias'd in his principles as you represented him.

Trap. Pugh, Sir, you must have one fool in a play; beside, I only writ him to set off the rest.

May. Mr. Alderman, you have a narrow way of thinking; honesty is not confined to a country; a man that lives an hundred miles off may be as honest as him who lives but three.

All. Ay, ay, ay, ay, [*Shaking their heads.*

May. Besides, gentlemen, are we not more oblig'd to a foreigner for the favours he does us, than to one of our own neighbours who has obligations to us; I believe, gentlemen, their is not one of us who does not eat and drink with Sir Harry at least twenty times in a twelve-month; now, for my part, I never saw or heard of either my Lord or the Colonel 'till within this fortnight; and yet they are as obliging, and civil, and familiar, as if we had been born and bred together.

1st. Ald. Nay, they are very civil, well-bred men, that is the truth on't; but won't they bring a standing army upon us?

May. Mr. Alderman, you are deceived; the country party will bring a standing army upon us; whereas if we choose my Lord and the Colonel, we shan't have a soldier in town. But, mum, here are my Lord and the Colonel.

Enter Lord PLACE, *and* Colonel PROMISE.

Lord Place. Gentlemen, your most humble servant; I have brought the Colonel to take a morning's whet with you.

May. Your Lordship and the Colonel do us great honour; pray, my lord, be pleased to sit down; pray colonel, be pleas'd to sit. More wine here.

Fust. I wish, Mr. Trapwit, your actors don't get drunk in the first act.

Trap. Dear Sir, don't interrupt the rehearsal.

Lord Place. Gentlemen, Prosperity to the corporation.

Fust. Sir, I am a well-wisher to the corporation, and if you please will pledge his lordship: Success to your comedy, Mr. Trapwit. [*Drinks.*

Trap. Give me a glass—Sir, here's to your tragedy—Now pray no more interruption; for this scene is one continual joke, and if you open your lips in it, you will break the thread of the jest.

May. My lord, we are sensible of your great power to serve this corporation; and we do not doubt but we shall feel the effect on't.

Lord Place. Gentlemen, you may depend on me; I shall do all in my power. I shall do you some services which are not proper at present to mention to you; in the mean time, Mr. Mayor, give me leave to squeeze you by the hand, in assurance of my sincerity.

Trap. You, Mr. that act my lord, bribe a little more openly if you please, or the audience will lose that joke, and it is one of the strongest in my whole play.

Lord Place. Sir, I cannot possibly do it better at the table.

Trap. Then get all up, and come forward to the front of the stage. Now, you gentlemen that act the mayor and aldermen, range yourselves in a line; and you, my lord, and the colonel, come to one end and bribe away with right and left.

Fust. Is this wit, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Yes, Sir, it is wit; and such wit as will run all over the kingdom.

Fust. But, methinks, colonel Promise, as you call him, is but ill-named; for he is a man of very few words.

Trap. You'll be of another opinion before the play is over; at present his hands are too full of business; and you may remember, Sir, I before told you this is none of your plays, wherein much is said, and nothing done. Gentlemen, are you all bribed?

Omn. Yes, Sir.

Trap. Then my lord and the colonel, you must go off, and make room for the other candidates to come on and bribe too.

[*Exeunt* Lord Place *and* Colonel Promise.

Fust. Is there nothing but bribery in this play of yours, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Sir, this play is an exact representation of nature? I hope the audience will date the time of action before the bill of bribery and corruption took place; and then I believe it may go down; but now, Mr. Fustian, I shall shew you the art of a writer, which is, to diversify his matter, and do the same thing several ways. You must know, Sir, I distinguish bribery into two kinds; the direct and the indirect: the first you have seen already; and now, Sir, I shall give you a small specimen of the other. Prompter, call Sir Harry and the 'Squire. But, gentlemen, what are you doing? How often shall I tell you that the moment the candidates are gone out you are to retire to the table, and drink and look wise; you, Mr. Mayor, ought to look very wise.

Fust. You'll take care he shall talk foolish enough, I warrant you. [*Aside.*

May. Come, here's a round to my lord, and the colonel's health; a Place, and a Promise, I say; they may talk of the pride of courtiers, but I am sure I never had a civiller squeeze by the hand in my life.

Trap. Ay, you have squeezed that out pretty well: but shew the gold at those words, Sir, if you please.

May. I have none.

Trap. Pray, Mr. Prompter, take care to get some counters against it is acted.

Fust. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word the courtiers have topt their part; the actor has out-done the author; this bribing with an empty hand is quite in the character of a courtier.

Trap. Come, enter Sir Harry and the 'Squire. Where are they?

1st. Play. Sir, Mr. Soundwell has been regularly summoned, but he has refused to act the part.

Trap. Has he been writ to?

1st. Play. Yes, Sir, and here's his answer.

Trap. Let both the letters be produced before the audience. Pray, Mr. Prompter, who shall we have to act the part?

1st. Play. Sir, I lik'd the part so well, that I have studied it in hope of some time playing it.

Trap. You are an exceeding pretty young fellow, and I am very glad of the exchange.

Sir Har. Halloo, hark, forwards; hark, honest Ned, good-morrow to you; how dost, master Mayor? What, you are driving it about merrily, this morning? Come, come, sit down; the 'squire and I will take a pot with yo. Come, Mr. Mayor, here's Liberty and property, and no excise.

May. Sir Harry, your health.

Sir Har. What, won't you pledge me? Won't you drink no excise?

May. I don't love party-healths, Sir Harry.

All Ald. No, no, no party-healths, no party-healths.

Sir Har. Say you so, gentlemen, I begin to smoke you; your pulses have been felt, I percrive: And will you be bribed to sell your country? Where do you think these courtiers get the money they bribe you with, but from you yourselves? Do you think a man, who will give a bribe, won't take one? If you would be served

faithfully, you must choose faithfully; and give your vote on no consideration but merit; for my part, I wou'd as soon suborn an evidence at an assize, as a vote at an election.

May. I do believe you, Sir Harry.

Sir Har. Mr. Mayor, I hope you receiv'd those three bucks I sent you, and that they were good.

May. Sir Harry, I thank you for them; but 'tis so long since I eat them, that I have forgot the taste.

Sir Har. We'll try to revive it, I'll order you three more to-morrow morning.

May. You will surfeit us with venison. You will indeed; for it is a dry meat, Sir Harry, a very dry meat.

Sir Har. We'll find a way to moisten it, I'l warrant you, if there be any wine in town; Mr. Alderman Stitch, your bill is too reasonable, you certainly must lose by it; send me in half a dozen more great-coats, pray; my servants are the dirtiest dogs! Mr. Damask, I believe you are afraid to trust me, by those few yards of silk you sent my wife——she likes the pattern so extremely, she is resolved to hang her rooms with it——pray let me have a hundred yards of it; I shall want more of you. Mr. Timber——and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too——

Fust. Would not that getting into books have been more in the character of the courtier, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. Go on, go on, Sir.

Sir Har. That gentleman interrupts one so—— Oh, now I remember——Mr. Timber, and you Mr. Iron, I shall get into your books too; tho' if I do, I assure you I won't continue in them long.

Trap. Now, Sir, would it have been more in the character of a courtier? But you are like all our modern criticks, who damn a man before they have heard a man out; when if they would but stay till the joke came——

Fust. They would stay to hear your last words, I believe. [*Aside.*

Sir Har. For you must know, gentlemen, that I intend to pull down my old house, and build a new one.

Trap. Pray, gentlemen, observe all to start at the word *house*. Sir Harry, that last speech again, pray.

Sir Har. For you, *&c.*——Mr. Mayor, I must have all my bricks of you.

May. And do you intend to rebuild your house, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Positively.

May. Gentlemen, methinks, Sir Harry's toast stands still; will no body drink Liberty and property, and no excise? [*They all drink and huzza.*

Sir Har. Give me thy hand, Mayor, I hate bribery and corruption: if this corporation will not suffer itself to be bribed, there shall not be a poor man in it.

May. And he that will deserves to be poor; for my part, the world should not bribe me to vote against my conscience.

Trap. Do you take that joke, Sir?

Fust. No faith, Sir?

Trap. Why, how can a man vote against his conscience, who has no conscience at all?

1*st Ald.* Come gentlemen, here's a Fox-chace, and a Tankard!

Omnes. A Fox-chace, and a Tankard! Huzza!

Sir Har. Come, let's have one turn in the market-place, and then we'll to dinner.

May. Let's fill the air with our repeated cries,
Of liberty, and property, and no excise.
[*Exeunt* Mayor *and* Aldermen.

Trap. How do you like that couplet, Sir?

Fust. Oh! very fine, Sir?

Trap. This is the end of the first act, Sir.

Fust. I cannot but observe, Mr. Trapwit, how nicely you have opposed 'squire Tankard to colonel Promise; neither of whom have yet utter'd one syllable.

Trap. Why, you would not have every man a speaker, would you? One of a side is sufficient; and let me tell you, Sir, one is full enough to utter all that the party has to say for itself.

Fust. Methinks, Sir, you should let the audience know they can speak, if it were but an *aye* or a *no*.

Trap. Sir, the audience must know that already; for if they could not say *aye* and *no*, they would not be qualified for candidates.

Fust. Oh! your humble servant, I am answer'd: but pray, Sir, what is the action of this play?

Trap. The action, Sir?

Fust. Yes, Sir, the fable, the design?

Trap. Oh! you ask who is to be married? Why, Sir, I have a marriage; I hope you think I understand the laws of comedy, better than to write without marrying somebody.

Fust. But is that the main design to which every thing conduces?

Trap. Yes, Sir,

Fust. Faith, Sir, I can't for the soul of me see, how what has hitherto past can conduce at all to that end.

Trap. You can't; indeed, I believe you can't;

for that is the whole plot of my play: and do you think I am like your shallow writers of comedy, who publish the banns of marriage between all the couples in their play, in the first act? No, Sir, I defy you to guess my couple till the thing is done, slap all at once; and that too by an incident arising from the main business of the play, and to which every thing conduces.

Fust. That will, indeed, surprise me.

Trap. Sir, you are not the first man my writing have surprised——But what's become of all our players? Here, who begins the second act? Prompter.

Enter 1st Player.

1*st Play.* Sir, the prompter and most of the players, are drinking tea in the Green-room.

Trap. Mr. Fustian, shall we drink a dish of tea with them? Come Sir, as you have a part in my play, you shall drink a dish with us.

1*st. Play.* Sir, I dare not go into the Green-room; my salary is not high enough: I shall be forfeited if I go in there.

Trap. Pshaw, come along; your sister has merit enough for herself, and you too; if they forfeit you, I'll warrant she'll take it off again.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Trapwit, Fustian, Prompter, Lord Place, Mrs. Mayoress *and* Miss.

Trapwit.

I AM afraid, Mr. Fustian, you have hitherto suspected that I was a dabbler in low comedy: Now, Sir, you shall see some scenes of politeness and fine conversation among the ladies. Come, my Lord, come, begin.

Lord Place. Pray, Mrs. Mayoress, what do you think this lace cost a yard?

Fust. A very pretty beginning of a polite conversation, truly.

Trap. Sir, in this play I keep exactly up to nature: nor is there any thing said in this scene, that I have not heard come out of the mouths of the finest people of the age. Sir, this scene has cost me ten shillings in chair-hire, to keep the best company, as it is call'd.

Mrs. May. Indeed, my Lord, I cannot guess it at less than ten pounds a yard.

Lord Place. Pray, Madam, was you at the last ridotto?

Fust. Ridotto! the devil! a country mayoress at a ridotto! Sure, that is out of character, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. Sir, a conversation of this nature cannot be carried on without these helps; besides, Sir,

this country mayoress, as you call her, may be allow'd to know something of the town; for you must know, Sir, that she has been woman to a woman of quality.

Fust. I am glad to hear that.

Mrs. May. Oh, my Lord! mention not those dear ridotto's to me, who have been confined these twelve long months in the country; where we have no entertainment, but a set of hideous, strolling players; nor have I seen any one human creature, till your lordship came to town; heaven send us a controverted election, then I shall go to that dear delightful place once more.

Miss. Yes, Mamma, and then we shall see Faribelly, the strange man-women that they say is with child; and the fine pictures of Merlin's cave at the play-houses; and the rope-dancing, and the tumbling.

Fust. By Miss's taste I believe she has been bred up a woman of quality too.

Lord Place. I cannot but with pleasure observe, Madam, the polite taste miss shews in her choice of entertainments; I dare swear she will be much admired in the *Beau Monde*, and I don't question but will be soon taken into keeping by some man of quality.

Miss. Keeping, my Lord!

Lord Place. Ay, that surprise looks well enough in one so young, that does not know the world: but, Miss, every one now keeps, and is kept: there are no such things as marriages now-a-days, unless merely Smithfield contracts, and that for the support of families; but then the husband and wife both take into keeping within a fortnight.

Mrs. May. My Lord, I would have my girl act

like other young ladies; but she does not know any men of quality, who shall introduce her to 'em?

Lord Place. That, madam, must be your part; you must take a house, and see company; in a little while you may keep an assembly, and play at cards as high as you can; and almost all the money that is won, must be paid into the box, which you must call, *paying for the cards;* tho' it is indeed paying for your candles, your cloaths, your lodgings, and in short ev'ry thing you have: I know some persons who make a very considerable figure in town, whose whole estate lies in the card-box.

Mrs. May. And I have been so long contented to be the wife of a poor country tradesman, when I might have had all this happiness?

Fust. How comes this lady, Mr. Trapwit, considering her education, to be so ignorant of all these things?

Trap. 'Gad that's true; I had forgot her education, faith, when I writ that speech; it's a fault I sometimes fall into——a man ought to have the memory of a devil to remember every little thing: but come, go on, go on—I'll alter it by and by.

Lord Place. Indeed, Madam, it is a miserable state of life; I hope we shall have no such people as tradesmen shortly; I can't see any use they are of; if I am chose, I'll bring in a bill to extirpate all trade out of the nation.

Mrs. May. Yes, my Lord, that would do very well amongst people of quality, who don't want money.

Fust. Again! Sure Mrs. Mayoress knows very little of people of quality, considering she has lived amongst them.

Trap. Lord, Sir, you are so troublesome—— then she has not lived amongst people of quality, she has lived where I please; but suppose we should suppose she had been woman to a lady of quality, may we not also suppose she was turn'd away in a fortnight, and then what could she know, Sir?——Go on, go on.

Lord Place. A-lack-a-day, Madam, when I mention trade, I only mean low, dull, mechanick trade: such as the Canaille practise; there are several trades reputable enough, which people of fashion may practise; such are gaming, intriguing voting, and running in debt.

Trap. Come, enter a servant, and whisper my lord. [*Enter a servant.*] Pray, Sir, mind your cue of entrance. [*Exit servant.*

Lord Place. Ladies, a particular affair obliges me to lose so good company——I am your most obedient servant. [*Exit.*

Mrs. May. He is a prodigious fine gentleman.

Miss. But must I go into keeping, Mamma?

Mrs. May. Child, you must do what's in fashion.

Miss. But I have heard that's a naughty thing.

Mrs. May. That can't be, if your betters do it; people are punish'd for doing naughty things; but people of quality are never punish'd; therefore they never do any naughty things.

Fust. An admirable syllogism, and quite in character.

Trap. Pshaw, dear Sir, don't trouble me with character; it's a good thing; and if it's a good thing, what signifies who says it?———Come, enter the mayor drunk.

Enter MAYOR.

May. Liberty and property, and no excise, wife.

Mrs. May. Ah! filthy beast, come not near me.

May. But I will tho'; I am for liberty and property; I'll vote for no courtiers, wife.

Mrs. May. Indeed, but you shall, Sir.

Miss. I hope you won't vote for a nasty stinking tory, papa.

May. What a pox! are you for the courtiers too?

Miss. Yes, I hope I am a friend to my country; I am not for bringing in the pope.

May. No, nor I an't for a standing army.

Mrs. May. But I am for a standing army, Sir; a standing army is a good thing: you pretend to be afraid of your liberties and your properties ——You are afraid of you wives and daughters: I love to see soldiers in the town; and you may say what you will, I know the town loses nothing by 'em.

May. The women don't I believe.

Mrs. May. And I'll have you know, the women's wants shall be consider'd, as well as yours. I think my lord and the colonel do you too much honour, in offering to represent such a set of clownish, dirty, beggarly animals——Ah! I wish we women were to choose.

May. Ay, we shou'd have a fine set of members then, indeed.

Mrs. May. Yes, Sir, you would have none but pretty gentlemen——there should not be one man in the house of commons without a lac'd coat.

Miss. O la! what a delicate, fine, charming

sight that would be! Well, I like a lac'd coat; and if ever I am taken into keeping, it shall be by a man in a lac'd coat.

May. What's that you say, Minx? What's that you say?

Mrs. May. What's that to you, Sir!

May. Why Madam, must not I speak to my own daughter?

Mrs. May. You have the greater obligation to me, Sir, if she is: I am sure, if I had thought you would have endeavour'd to ruin your family, I would have seen you hang'd before you should have had any by me.

May. I ruin my family!

Mrs. May. Yes, I have been making your fortune for you with my lord; I have got a place for you, but you won't accept on't.

Miss. You shall except on't.

Mrs. May. You shall vote for my lord and the colonel.

Miss. They are the finest men——

Mrs. May. The prettiest men——

Miss. The sweetest men——

Mrs. May. And you shall vote for them.

May. I won't be brib'd——

Mrs. May. A place is no bribe——ask the parson of the parish if a place is a bribe.

May. What is the place?

Mrs. May. I don't know what the place is; nor my lord does not know what it is, but it is a great swinging place.

May. I will have the place first, I won't take a bribe, I will have the place first; liberty and property!—I'll have the place first. [*Exit.*

Mrs. May. Come, my dear, follow me; I'll

see whether he shall vote according to his conscience, or mine.

I'll teach mankind while policy they boast,
They bear the name of power, we rule the roast.

Trap. There ends act the second. [*Exeunt* Mayoress *and* Miss.] Mr. Fustian, I inculcate a particular moral at the end of every act; and therefore might have put a particular motto before every one, as the author of Cæsar in Egypt has done; thus, Sir, my first act sweetly sings, Bribe all, bribe all; and the second gives you to understand that we are all under petticoat-government; and my third will——but you shall see—— Enter my Lord Place, Colonel Promise and several voters. My Lord, you begin the third act.

Enter Lord PLACE, Colonel PROMISE, *and several Voters.*

Lord Place. Gentlemen, be assured, I will take care of you all; you shall all be provided for as fast as possible; the customs and the excise afford a great number of places.

1st Voter. Could not your Lordship provide for me at court?

Lord Place. Nothing easier, what sort of a place would you like?

1st Voter. Is not there a sort of employment, Sir, call'd———beef-eating? If your lordship please to make me a beef-eater,——I would have a place fitted for my capacity.

Lord Place. Sir, I will be sure to remember you.

2nd Voter. My lord, I should like a place at court too; I don't much care what it is, provided

I wear fine cloaths, and have something to do in the kitchen, or the cellar, I own I should like the cellar, for I am a devilish lover of sack.

Lord Place. Sack, say you? Odso, you shall be poet-laureat.

2nd Vot. Poet! no, my Lord, I am no poet, I can't make verses.

Lord Place. No matter for that,——you'll be able to make odes.

2nd. Vot. Odes, my Lord! what are those?

Lord Place. Faith, Sir, I can't tell what they are; but I know you may be qualified for the place without being a poet.

Trap. Now, my Lord, do you file off, and talk apart with your people: and let the colonel advance.

Fust. Ay, faith, I think it is high time for the colonel to be heard.

Col. Depend upon it, Sir; I'll serve you.

Fust. Upon my word the colonel begins very well; but has not that been said already?

Trap. Ay, and if I was to bring an hundred courtiers into my play, they should all say it—— none of them do it.

3d. Vot. An't please your honour, I have read in a book call'd Fog's Journal, that your honour's men are to be made of wax; now, Sir, I have serv'd my time to a wax-work maker, and desire to make your honour's regiment.

Col. Sir, you may depend on me.

3d. Vot. Are your officers to be made of wax too, Sir? because I would prepare a finer sort for them.

Col. No, none but the chaplain.

3d. Vot. O! I have a most delicate piece of black wax for him

Trap. You see, Sir, the colonel can speak when military affairs are on the carpet; hitherto, Mr. Fustian, the play has gone on in great tranquillity; now you shall see a scene of a more turbulent nature. Come, enter the mob of both sides, and cudgel one another off the stage. Colonel, as your business is not to fight at present, I beg you would go off before the battle comes on; you, and your brother candidate, come into the middle of the stage, you Voters range yourselves under your several leaders. [*The mob attempt to break in.*] Pray, Gentlemen, keep back; mind the colonel's going off is the cue for the battle to enter. Now, my Lord and the Colonel, you are at the head of your parties——but hold, hold, hold, you Beef-eater, go you behind my lord, if you please; and you Soldier-maker, come you behind the colonel: now, Gentlemen, speak.

Lord Place. } *Col. Pro.* } Gentlemen, we'll serve you.

[*My Lord and the Colonel file off at different doors, the parties following.*

Enter mob on each side of the stage, crying out promiscuously, Down with the Rump, no Courtiers! no Jacobites! down with the Pope! no Excise! a Place *and a* Promise! *a* Fox-chace *and a* Tankard! *At last they fall together by the ears, and cudgel one another off the stage.*

Enter Sir HARRY, SQUIRE, *and* MAYOR.

Sir Har. Bravely done, my boys, bravely done; faith, our party has got the day.

May. Ay, Sir Harry, at dry blows we always come off well; if we could but disband the army, I warrant we carried all our points, But faith, Sir, I have fought a hard battle on your account; the other side have secured my wife; my lord has promised her a place, but I am not to be gull'd in that manner; I may be taken like the fish in the water, by a bait, but not like the dog in the water, by a shadow.

Sir Har. I know you are an honest man, and love your country.

May. Faith, that I do, Sir Harry, as well as any men; if my country will but let me live by it, that's all I desire.

Fust. Mr. Mayor seems to have got himself sober very suddenly.

Trap. Yes, so would you too, I believe, if you had been scolded at by your wife as long as he has; but if you think that is not reason enough, he may be drunk still, for any reasou I see to the contrary: pray, Sir, act this scene as if you was drunk.

Fust. Nay, I must confess, I think it quite out of character the mayor to be once sober during the whole election.

Squire. [*drunk.*] A man that won't get drunk for his country is a rascal.

May. So he is, noble Squire; there's no honesty in a man that won't be drunk——a man that won't drink is an enemy to the trade of the nation.

Sir Har. Those were glorious days when honest English hospitality flourished; when a country gentleman could afford to make his neighbours drunk, before your damn'd French fashions were brought over; why, Mr. Mayor, would you think it? there are many of these courtiers who have six

starved footmen behind a coach, and not half a hogshead of wine in their house; why, how do you think all the money is spent?

May. Faith, I can't tell.

Sir Har. Why, in houses, pictures, lace, embroidery, nick-nacks, Italian singers, and French tumblers; and those who vote for them will never get a dinner of them after the election is over.

May. But there is a thought comes often into my head, which is this; if these courtiers be turn'd out, who shall succeed them?

Sir Har. Who! why we?

Squire. Ay, we!

Sir Har. And then we may provide for our friends; I love my country, but I don't know why I may not get something by it as well as another; at least to reimburse me.——And I do assure you, tho' I have not bribed a single vote, my election will stand me in a good five thousand pounds.

Squire. Ay, and so will mine me,—but if ever we should get uppermost, Sir Harry, I insist upon immediately paying off the debts of the nation.

Sir Har. Mr. Tankard, that shall be done with all convenient speed.

Squire. I'll have no delay in it, Sir.

May. There spoke the spirit of a true Englishman: eh! I love to hear the squire speak, he will be a great honour to his country in foreign parts.

Sir Har. Our friends stay for us at the tavern; we'll go and talk more over a bottle.

Squire. With all my heart; but I will pay off the debts of the nation.

May. Come to the tavern then.

There while brisk wine improves our conversation,
We at our pleasure will reform the nation.

Trap. There ends act the third.

[*Exeunt* Sir Harry, Squire, *and* Mayor.

Fust. Pray, Sir, what's the moral of this act?

Trap. And you really don't know?

Fust. No, really.

Trap. Then I really will not tell you; but come, Sir, since you cannot find that out, I'll try whether you can find out the plot; for now it is just going to begin to open, it will require a very close attention, I assure you; and the devil take me if I give you any assistance.

Fust. Is not the fourth act a little too late to open the plot, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. Sir, 'tis an error on the right side: I have known a plot open in the first act, and the audience, and the poet too, forget it before the third was over; now, Sir, I am not willing to burden either the audience's memory, or my own; for they may forget all that is hitherto past, and know full as much of the plot as if they remember'd it.

Promp. Call Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayoress and Miss.

Enter Mr. Mayor, Mrs. Mayoress, *and* Miss.

Mrs. May. O! have I found you at last, Sir! I have been hunting for you this hour.

May. Faith, my dear, I wish you had found me sooner, I have been drinking to the good old cause with Sir Harry and the Squire; you would have been heartily welcome to all the company.

Mrs. May. Sir, I shall keep no such company; I shall converse with no clown, or country squires.

Miss. My mamma will converse with no Jacobites.

May. But, my dear, I have some news for you; I have got a place for myself now.

Mrs. May. O, ho! then you will vote for my lord at last?

May. No, my dear, Sir Harry is to give me a place.

Mrs. May. A place in his dog-kennel?

May. No, 'tis, such a one as you never could have got me from my lord, I am to be made an embassador.

Mrs. May. What, is Sir Harry going to change sides then, that he is to have all this interest?

May. No, but the sides are going to be changed; and Sir Harry is to be——I don't know what to call him, not I,——some very great man; and as soon as he is a very great man, I am to be made an embassador of.

Mrs. May. Made an ass of! Will you never learn of me, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush?

May. Yes, but I can't find that you had the bird in the hand; if that had been the case, I don't know what I might have done; but I am sure any man's promise is as good as a courtier's.

Mrs. May. Look'e Mr. Embassador, that is to be; will you vote as I would have you or no; I am weary of arguing with a fool any longer; so Sir, I tell you, you must vote for my lord and the colonel, or I'll make the house too hot to hold you; I'll see whether my poor family is to be ruin'd because you have whims.

Miss. I know he is a Jacobite in his heart.

Mrs. May. What signifies what he is in his

heart; have not a hundred, whom every body knows to be as great Jacobites as he, acted like very good whigs? What has a man's heart to do with his lips? I don't trouble my head with what he thinks, I only desire him to vote.

Miss. I am sure mamma is a very reasonable woman.

Mrs. May. Yes, I am too reasonable a woman, and have used gentle methods too long; but I'll try others.

[*Goes to the corner of the stage and takes a stick.*

May. Nay, then, Liberty and property and no excise! [*Runs off.*

Mrs. May. I'll excise you, you villain.

[*Runs after him.*

Miss. Hey ho! I wish somebody were here now; would the man that I love best in the world were here, that I might use him like a dog.

Fust. Is not that a very odd wish, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. No, Sir; don't all the young ladies in plays use all their lovers so? Should we not lose half the best scenes in our comedies else?

Promp. Pray, gentlemen, don't disturb the rehearsal so; where is this servant? [*Enter Servant.*] Why don't you mind your cue?

Servant. O, ay, dog's my cue.———Madam, here's Miss Stitch, the taylor's daughter, come to wait on you.

Miss. Shew her in.—What can the impertinent flirt want with me? She knows I hate her too, for being of the other party: however, I'll be as civil to her as I can.

Enter Miss STITCH.

Dear Miss! your servant; this is an unexpected favour.

Miss Stitch. I am sure, Madam, you have no reason to say so; for tho' we are of different parties, I have always coveted your acquaintance. I can't see why people may not keep their principles to themselves. [*Aside.*

Miss. Pray, Miss sit down. Well, have you any news in town.

Miss Stitch. I don't know, my dear; for I have not been out these three days; and I have been employ'd all that time in reading one of the Craftsmen; 'tis a very pretty one; I have almost got it by heart.

Miss. [*Aside.*] Saucy flirt! she might have spared that to me, when she knows that I hate the paper.

Miss Stitch. But I ask your pardon, my dear, I know you never read it.

Miss. No, madam, I have enough to do to read the Daily Gazetteer. My father has six of 'em sent him every week, for nothing; they are very pretty papers, and I wish you would read them, Miss.

Miss Stitch. Fie upon you; how can you read what's writ by an old woman?

Miss. An old woman, Miss?

Miss Stitch. Yes, Miss, by Mrs. Osborne—— Nay, it is in vain to deny it to me.

Miss. I desire, Madam, we may discourse no longer on this subject; for we shall never agree on it.

Miss Stitch. Well then, pray let me ask you

seriously—are you thoroughly satisfied with this peace?

Miss. Yes, Madam, and I think you ought to be so too.

Miss Stitch. I should like it well enough, if I were sure the Queen of Spain was to be trusted.

Miss. [*Rising.*] Pray, Miss, none of your insinuations against the Queen of Spain.

Miss Stitch. Don't be in a passion, Madam.

Miss. Yes, Madam, but I will be in a passion, when the interest of my country is at stake.

Miss Stitch. [*Rising.*] Perhaps, Madam, I have a heart as warm in the interest of my country as you can have; tho' I pay money for the papers I read, Madam, and that's more than you can say.

Miss. Miss, Miss, my papers are paid for too by somebody, tho' I don't pay for them; I don't suppose the Old Woman, as you call her, sends 'em about at her own expence; but I'd have you to know, Miss, I value my money as little as you in my country's cause; and rather than have no army, I would part with every farthing of these sixteen shillings to maintain it.

Miss Stitch. And if my sweetheart was to vote for the colonel, tho' I like this fan of all the fans I ever saw in my life, I would tear it all to pieces, because it was his Valentine's gift to me——Oh! heavens! I have torn my fan; I would not have torn my fan for the world! Oh! my poor dear fan!—I wish all parties were at the devil, for I am sure I shall never get a fan by them.

Miss. Notwithstanding all you have said, Madam, I should be a brute not to pity you under this calamity; comfort yourself, child, I have a fan the exact fellow to it; if you bring your sweetheart over to vote for the colonel, you shall have it.

Miss Stitch. And can I sell my country for a fan?—What's my country to me? I shall never get a fan by it.—And will you give it me for nothing?

Miss. I'll make you a free present of it.

Miss Stitch. I am asham'd of your conquest, but I'll take the fan.

Miss. And now, my dear, we'll go and drink a dish of tea together.

And let all parties blame me if they can,
Who're brib'd by honours trifling as a fan.

[*Exeunt Misses.*

Trap. There ends act the fourth. If you want to know the moral of this, the devil must be in you: Faith, this incident of the fan struck me so strongly, that I was once going to call this comedy by the name of the Fan. But, come, now for act the fifth.

Promp. Sir, the player who is to begin it is just stept aside on some business; he begs you wou'd stay a few minutes for him.

Trap. Come, Fustian, you and I will step into the green-room, and chat with the actresses mean while.

Fust. But don't you think these girls improper persons to talk of parties?

Trap. Sir, I assure you it is not out of nature: And I have often heard these affairs canvass'd by men, who had not one whit more understanding than these girls. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter TRAPWIT, FUSTIAN *and* SNEERWELL.

Trapwit.

FIE upon't, fie upon't, make no excuses.

Sneer. Consider, Sir, I am my own enemy.

Trap. I do consider that you might have past your time, perhaps, here as well as in another place.

Sneer. But I hope I have not transgress'd much—

Trap. All's over, Sir; all's over; you might as well have stay'd away entirely; the fifth act's beginning, and the plot's at an end.

Sneer. What's the plot at an end before the fifth act is begun?

Trap. No, no, no, no, I don't mean at an end, ———but we are so far advanced in it, that it will be impossible for you to comprehend or understand any thing of it.

Fust. You have too mean an opinion of Mr. Sneerwell's capacity; I'll engage he shall understand as much of it as I, who have heard the other four.

Trap. Sir, I can't help your want of understanding, or apprehension; 'tis not my fault if you cannot take a hint, Sir? would you have a catastrophe in every act? Oons and the devil, have not

I promised you, you should know all by and by ———but you are so impatient.———

Fust. I think you have no reason to complain of my want of patience; Mr. Sneerwell, be easy; 'tis but one short act before my tragedy begins; and that I hope will make you amends for what you are to undergo before it. Trapwit, I wish you would begin.

Trap. I wish so too. Come, prompter! are the members in their chairs?

Promt. Yes, Sir.

Trap. Then carry them over the stage; but hold, hold, hold, where is the woman to strew the flowers? [*The members are carried over the stage*] Hollow, mob, hollow, hollow; Oons, Mr. Prompter, you must get more mob to hollow, or these gentlemen will never be believed to have had the majority.

Prompt. Sir, I can get no more mob, all the rest of the mob are gone to St. James's Park, to see the show.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, who are these gentleman in the chairs?

Trap. Ay, Sir, this is your staying away so long; if you had been here the first four acts, you would have known who they were.

Fust. Dear Sneerwell, ask him no more questions; if yon enquire into every absurdity you see, we shall have no tragedy to-day.

Trap. Come, Mr. Mayor and Mrs. Mayoress.

Enter Mayor *and* Mrs. Mayoress.

May. So, now you have undone yourself your own way; you have made me vote against my con-

science and interest too, and now I have lost both parties.

Mrs. May. How have you lost both parties?

May. Why, my lord will never remember my voting for him, now he has lost the day; and Sir Harry, who has won it, will never forgive my voting against him, let which side will be uppermost, I shall have no place till the next election.

Mrs. May. It will be your own fault then, Sir; for you have it now in your power to oblige my lord more than ever; go and return my lord and the colonel as duly elected, and I warrant you I do your business with him yet.

May. Return 'em, my dear? Why there was a majority of two or three score against 'em.

Mrs. May. A fig for a majority of two or three score; if there had been a majority of as many hundred, you'll never be call'd to an account for returning them; and when you have return'd 'em, you'll have done all in your power: How can you expect that great men should do any thing to serve you, if you stick at any thing to serve them?

May. My conscience boggles at this thing—— but yet it is impossible I should ever get any thing by the other side.

Mrs. May. Ay, let that satisfy your conscience, that it is the only way to get any thing.

May. Truly, I think it has.

Sneer. I think, Mr. Trapwit, Interest would be a better word there than Conscience.

Trap. Ay, Interest, or Conscience, they are words of the same meaning: but I think Conscience rather politer of the two, and most used at court.

Mrs. May. Besides, it will do a service to your

town, for half of them must be carried to London at the candidates' expence; and I dare swear there is not one of them, whatever side he votes of, but would be glad to put the candidate to as much expence as he can in an honest way. [*Exit* Mayor.

Enter Miss *crying*.

Miss. Oh, Mamma, I have grieved myself to death at the court party's losing the day; for if the others should have a majority in the house, what would become of us: alas we should not go to London!

Mrs. May. Dry up your tears, my dear, all will be well; your father shall return my lord and the colonel; and we shall have a controverted election, and we will go to London, my dear.

Miss. Shall we go to London; then I am easy; but if we had staid here, I should have broke my heart for the love of my country.——Since my father returns them, I hope justice will find some friends above where people have sense enough to know the right side from the left; however, happen what will, there is some consolation in going to London.

Mrs. May. But I hope you have considered well what my lord told you; that you will not scruple going into keeping: perhaps you will have it in your power to serve your family, and it would be a great sin not to do all you can for your family.

Miss. I have dreamt of nothing but coaches and six, and balls, and treats, and shows, and masquerades ever since.

Fust. Dreamt, Sir, Why, I thought the time of

your comedy had been confined to the same day, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. No, Sir, it is not; but suppose it was, might she not have taken an afternoon's nap?

Sneer. Ay, or dreamt waking, as several people do.

Enter Lord Place *and* Colonel Promise.

Lord Place. Madam, I am come to take my leave of you; I am very sensible of my many obligations to you, and shall remember them till the next election, when I will wait on you again; nay I don't question but we shall carry our point yet, tho' they havegtven us the trouble of a petition.

Mrs. May. No, no, my Lord, you are not yet reduced to that; I have prevail'd on my husband to return you and the colonel.

Lord Place. To return us, Madam?

Mrs. May. Yes, my lord, as duly elected; and when we have return'd you so, it will be your own fault if you don't prove yourself so.

Lord Place. Madam, this news has so transported my spirits, that I fear some ill effect, unless you instantly give me a dram.

Mrs. May. If your lordship please to walk with me into my closet, I'll equip your lordship. [*Exit.*

Trap. How do you like that dram, Sir?

Sneer. Oh! most excellent!

Fust. I can't say so, unless I tasted it.

Trap. Faith, Sir, if it had not been for that dram, my play had been at an end.

Fust. The devil take the dram with all my heart.

Trap. Now, Mr. Fustian, the plot which has hitherto been only carried on by hints, and open'd

itself like the infant spring by small and imperceptible degrees to the audience, will display itself, like a ripe matron, in its full summer's bloom; and cannot, I think, fail with its attractive charms, like a loadstone, to catch the admiration of every one like a trap, and raise an applause like thunder, till it makes the whole house like a hurricane. I must desire a strict silence through this whole scene. Colonel, stand you still on this side of the stage; and, Miss, do you stand on the opposite.——There, now look at each other.

[*A long silence here.*

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, is nobody ever to speak again?

Trap. Oh! the devil, you have interrupted the scene; after all my precautions the scene's destroyed; the best scene of silence that ever was penn'd by man. Come, come, you may speak now; you may speak as fast as you please.

Col. Madam, the army is very much obliged to yo you for the zeal you shew for it: me it has made your slave for ever; nor can I ever think of being happy, unless you consent to marry me.

Miss. Ha! and can you be so generous to forgive all my ill usage of you?

Fust. What ill usage, Mr. Trapwit! For if I mistake not, this is the first time these lovers spoke to one another.

Trap. What ill usage, Sir? a great deal, Sir.

Fust. When, Sir? Where, Sir?

Trap. Why, behind the scenes, Sir. What would you have every thing brought upon the stage? I intend to bring ours to the dignity of the French stage; and I have Horace's advice on my side; we have many things both said and done in our comedies, which might be better perform'd

behind the scenes: the French, you know, banish all cruelty from their stage; and I don't see why we should bring on a lady in ours, practising all manner of cruelty upon her lover: besides, Sir, we do not only produce it, but encourage it; for I could name you some comedies, if I would, where a woman is brought in for four acts together, behaving to a worthy man in a manner for which she almost deserves to be hang'd; and in the fifth, forsooth, she is rewarded with him for a husband; now, Sir, as I know this hits some tastes, and am willing to oblige all, I have given every lady a latitude of thinking mine has behaved in whatever manner she would have her.

Sneer. Well said, my little Trap; but pray let us have the scene.

Trap. Go on, Miss, if you please.

Miss. I have struggled with myself to put you to so many trials of your constancy; nay, perhaps have indulged myself a little too far in the innocent liberties of abusing you, tormenting you, coqueting, lying, and jilting; which as you are so good to forgive, I do faithfully promise to make you all the amends in my power, by making you a good wife.

Trap. That single promise, Sir, is more than any of my brother authors had ever the grace to put into the mouth of any of their fine ladies yet; so that the hero of a comedy is left in a much worse condition than the villain of a tragedy, and I would choose rather to be hang'd with the one, than married with the other.

Sneer. Faith Trapwit, without a jest, thou art in the right on't.

Fust. Go on, go on, dear Sir, go on.

Col. And can you be so generous, so great, so

good? Oh! load not thus my heart with obligations, lest it sink beneath its burden: Oh! could I live a hundred thousand years, I never could repay the bounty of that last speech; Oh! my paradise!

Eternal honey drops from off your tongue!
And when you spoke, then Farinelli sung!

Trap. Open your arms, Miss, if you please; remember you are no coquet now; How pretty this looks! don't it? [*Mimicking her.*] Let me have one of your best embraces, I desire; do it once more, pray——There, there, that's pretty well; you must practise this behind the scenes.

[*Exeunt* Miss *and* Col.

Sneer. Are they gone to practise, now, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. You're a joker, Mr. Sneer-well; you're a joker.

Enter Lord PLACE, MAYOR, *and* MRS. MAYORESS.

Lord Place. I return you my hearty thanks' Mr. Mayor, for this return? and in return of the favor I will certainly do you a very good turn very soon.

Fust. I wish the audience don't do you an ill turn, Mr. Trapwit, for that last speech.

Sneer. Yes, faith, I think I wou'd cut out a turn or two.

Trap. Sir, I'll sooner cut off an ear or two; Sir, that's the very best thing in the whole play ——Come, enter the Colonel and Miss——married.

Sneer. Upon my word they have been very expeditious.

Trap. Yes, Sir; the Parson understands his business, he has ply'd several years at the Fleet.

Enter Colonel *and* Miss. [*They kneel.*

Col.
Miss. } Sir and Madam, your blessing.

May.
Mrs. May. } Ha!

Col. Your daughter, Sir and Madam, has made me the happiest of mankind.

Mrs. May. Colonel, you know you might have had my consent; why did you choose to marry without it? However I give you both my blessing.

May. And so do I.

Lord Place. Then call in my brother candidates, we will spend this night in feast and merriment.

Fust. What has made these two parties so suddenly friends, Mr. Trapwit?

Trap. What? why the marriage, Sir; the usual reconciler at the end of a comedy. I would not have concluded without every person on the stage for the world.

Lord Place. Well, Colonel, I see you are setting out for life, and so I wish you a good journey.
And you, gallants, from what you've seen to-night,
If you are wrong, may set your judgments right;
Nor like our Misses, about bribing quarrel,
When better herring is in neither barrel.

[*Manent* Fust. Trap. *and* Sneer.

Trap. Thus ends my play, Sir.

Fust. Pray, Mr. Trapwit, how has the former part of it conduced to this marriage?

Trap. Why Sir, do you think the Colonel would ever have had her, but on the prospect her father has from this election?

Sneer. Ay, or to strengthen his interest with the returning officer.

Trap. Ay, Sir, I was just going to say so.

Sneer. But where's your epilogue?

Trap. Faith, Sir, I can't tell what I shall do for an epilogue.

Sneer. What! have you writ none?

Trap. Yes faith, I have writ one, but———

Sneer. But what?

Trap. Faith, Sir, I can get no one to speak it; the actresses are so damn'd difficult to please—— When first I writ it they would not speak it, because there were not double entendres enough in it; upon which I went to Mr. Watt's, and borrow'd all his plays; went home, read over all the epilogues, and cram'd it as full as possible; and now, forsooth, it has too many in it. Oons, I think we must get a pair of scales, and weigh out a sufficient quantity of that same——

Fust. Come, come, Mr. Trapwit, clear the stage if you please.

Trap. With all my heart; for I have overstay'd my time already; I am to read my play to-day to six different companies of quality.

Fust. You'll stay and see the tragedy rehears'd I hope.

Trap. Faith, Sir, it is my great misfortune that I can't; I deny myself a great pleasure, but cannot possibly stay————to hear such damn'd stuff as I know it must be. [*Aside*.

Sneer. Nay, dear Trapwit, you shall go—— Consider your advice may be of some service to Mr. Fustian; besides he has stay'd the rehearsal of your play——

Fust. Yes, I have——and kept myself awake with much difficulty [*Aside*.

Trap. Nay, nay, you know I can't refuse you —tho' I shall certainly fall asleep in the first act. [*Aside.*

Sneer. If you'll let me know who your people of quality are, I'll endeavour to bring you off.

Trap. No no, hang me if I tell you, Ha, ha, ha! I know you too well——But, pr'ythee now, tell me, Fustian, how dost thou like my play; Dost think it will do.

Fust. 'Tis my opinion it will.

Trap. Give me guinea, and I'll give you a crown a night as long as it runs.

Sneer. That's laying against yourself, Mr. Trapwit.

Trap. I love a hedge, Sir.

Fust. Before the rehearsal begins, Gentlemen I must beg your opinion of my dedication; you know a dedication is generally a bill drawn for value therein contained; which value is a set of nauseous fulsome compliments, which my soul abhors and scorns; for I mortally hate flattery, and therefore have carefully avoided it.

Sneer. Yes, faith, a dedication without flattery will be worth the seeing.

Fust. Well, Sir, you shall see it. Read it, dear Trapwit; I hate to read my own works.

Trap. [*Reads*] "My Lord, at a time when "nonsense, dulness, lewdness, and all manner of "profaneness and immorality are daily practised "on the stage, I have prevail'd on my modesty to "offer to your lordship's protection a piece, which, "if it has no merit to recommend it, has at least, "no demerit to disgrace it; nor do I question at "this, when every one else is dull, you will be "pleas'd to find one exception to the number.

"I cannot indeed help assuming to myself some

"little merit from the applause which the town "has so universally conferr'd upon me."——

Fust. That you know, Mr. Sneerwell, may be omitted, if it should meet with any ill-natur'd opposition; for which reason I shall not print off my dedication till after the play is acted.

Trap. [*Reads.*] "I might here indulge myself "with a delineation of your lordship's character; "but as I abhor the least imputation of flattery, "and as I am certain your lordship is the only "person in this nation that does not love to hear "your praises, I shall be silent——only this give "me leave to say, That you have more wit, sense, "learning, honour and humanity, than all mankind "put together; and your person comprehends in it "every thing that is beautiful; your air is every "thing that is graceful, your look every thing that "is majestic, and your mind is a storehouse where "every virtue and every perfection are lodged: to "pass by your generosity, which is so great, so "glorious, so diffusive, that like the sun it eclipses "and makes stars of all your other virtues——I "could say more——

Sneer. Faith, Sir, that's more than I could——

Trap. "But shall commit a violence upon my- "self, and conclude with assuring your lordship, "that I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedi- "ent, most devoted, most obsequious, and most "obliged humble servant."

Fust. There you see it, Sir, concise, and not fulsome.

Sneer. Very true, Sir, if you had said less it would not have done.

Fust. No, I think less would have been downright rude, considering it was to a person of the first quality.

Sneer. Pr'ythee, Trapwit, let's see yours.

Trap. I have none, Sir.

Fust. How, Sir, no dedication?

Trap. No, Sir, for I have dedicated so many plays, and received nothing for them, that I am resolved to trust no more: I'll let no more flattery go out of my shop without being paid beforehand.

Fust. Sir, flattery is so cheap and every man of quality keeps so many flatterers about him, that e'gad our trade is quite spoil'd; but if I am not paid for this dedication, the next I write shall be a satirical one; if they won't pay me for opening my mouth, I'll make them pay me for shutting it. But since you have been so kind, gentlemen, to like my dedication, I'll venture to let you see my prologue. Sir, I beg the favour of you to repeat the prologue, if you are perfect in it. [*To a Player*

Play. Sir, I'll do it to the best of my power.

Fust. This prologue was writ by a friend.

PROLOGUE.

When death's sharp scythe bas mow'd the hero down,
The muse again awakes him to renown:
She tells proud fate that all her darts are vain,
And bids the hero live, and strut about again:
Nor is she only able to restore,
But she can make what ne'er was made before:
Can search the realms of Fancy, and create
What never came into the brain of fate.
Forth from these realms, to entertain to-night,
She brings imaginary kings and queens to light,
Bids Common-sense in person mount the stage,
And Harlequin to storm in tragic rage.

Britons, attend; and decent reverence show
To her, who made th' Athenian bosoms glow;
Whom the undaunted Romans could revere,
And who in Shakespear's time was worship'd here;
If none of these can her success presage,
Your hearts at least a wonder may engage:
Oh! love her like her sister monsters of the age.

Sneer. Faith, Sir, your friend has writ a very fine prologue.

Fust. Do you think so? Why then, Sir, I must assure you, that friend is no other than myself. But come, now for the tragedy. Gentlemen, I must desire you all to clear the stage, for I have several scenes which I could wish it as big again for.

2d PLAYER *enters, and whispers* TRAPWIT.

2d Play. Sir, a gentlewoman desires to speak to you.

Trap. Is she in a chair?

2d Play. No, Sir, she is in a riding-hood, and says she has brought you a clean shirt.

[*Exit* Player.

Trap. I'll come to her—Mr. Fustian, you must excuse me a moment; a lady of quality hath sent to take some boxes. [*Exit* Trap.

Promp. Common-sense, Sir, desires to speak with you in the green-room.

Fust. I'll wait upon her.

Sneer. You ought, for it is the first message, I believe you ever received from her. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt* Fust. *and* Sneer.

Enter a DANCER.

Danc. Look'e, Mr. Prompter, I expect to dance first goddess; I will not dance under Miss Minuet; I am sure I shew more to the audience than any lady upon the stage.

Promp. Madam, it is not my business.

Danc. I don't know whose business it is; but I think the town ought to be the judges of a dancer's merit; I'm sure they are on my side; and if I am not us'd better, I'll go to France; for now we have got all their dancers away, perhaps they may be glad of some of ours.

Promp. Hey-day, what's the matter?

[*A noice within.*

Enter PLAYER.

Play. The author and Common-sense are quarrelling in the green-room.

Promp. Nay, then that's better worth seeing than any thing in the play. [*Exit* Promp.

Danc. Hang this play, and all plays; the dancers are the only people that support the house; if it were not for us, they might act their Shakespear to empty benches.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter FUSTIAN *and* SNEERWELL.

Fustian.

THESE little things, Mr. Sneerwell, will sometimes happen. Indeed a poet undergoes a great deal before he comes to his third night; first with the muses, who are humourous ladies, and must be attended; for if they take it into their head at any time to go abroad and leave you, you will pump your brain in vain: then, Sir, with the master of a play-house to get it acted, whom you generally follow a quarter of a year before you know whether he will receive it or no; and then perhaps he tells you it won't do, and returns it to you again, reserving the subject, and perhaps the name, which he brings out in his next pantomime; but if he should receive the play, then you must attend again to get it writ out into parts and rehears'd. Well, Sir, at last the rehearsals begin; then, Sir, begins another scene of trouble with the actors, some of whom don't like their parts, and all are continually plaguing you with alterations: at length, after, having waded thro' all these difficulties, his play appears on the stage, where one man hisses out of resentment to the author; a second out of dislike to the house; a third out of dislike to the actor; a fourth out of dislike to the play; a fifth for the joke sake; a sixth to keep all the rest in company. Enemies abuse him, friends

give him up, the play is damn'd, and the author goes to the devil: so ends the farce.

Sneer. The tragedy rather, I think, Mr. Fustian. But what's become of Trapwit?

Fust. Gone off, I suppose; I knew he would not stay; he is so taken up with his own performances, that he has no time to attend any others. But come, Prompter, will the tragedy never begin?

Enter PROMPTER.

Promp. Yes, Sir, they are all ready; come draw up the curtain.

FIREBRAND, LAW, *and* PHYSICK *discover'd.*

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, who are these personages?

Fust. That in the middle, Sir, is Firebrand, priest of the Sun; he on the right represents Law, and he on the left Physick.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!

Fust. What omens? where the devil is the thunder and lightning?

Promp. Why don't you let go the thunder there? and flash your rosin?

[*Thunder and lightning.*

Fust. Now, Sir, begin if you please. I desire, Sir, you will get a larger thunderbowl, and two pennyworth more of lightning against the representation. Now, Sir, if you please.

Fireb. Avert these omens, ye auspicious stars!
Oh Law! oh Physick! As last even late
I offered sacred incense in the temple,
The temple shook: strange prodigies appear'd:

A cat in boots did dance a rigadoon,
While a huge dog play'd on the violin;
And whilst I trembling at the altar stood,
Voices were heard i' th' air, and seem'd to say,
Awake my drowsy sons, and sleep no more:
They must mean something!———

Law. Certainly they must———
We have our omens too! The other day
A mighty deluge swam into our hall,
As if it meant to wash away the law:
Lawyers were forc'd to ride on porters' shoulders;
One, O prodigious omen! tumbled down,
And he and all his briefs were sous'd together.
Now, if I durst my sentiments declare,
I think it is not hard to guess the meaning.

Fireb. Speak boldly; by the powers I serve, I swear
You speak in safety, even tho' you speak
Against the gods, provided that you speak
Not against priests.

Law. What then can the powers
Mean by these omens, but to rouse us up
From the lethargic sway of Common-sense?
And well they urge, for while that drowsy queen
Maintains her empire, what becomes of us?

Phys. My Lord of Law, you speak my sentiments;
For tho' I wear the mask of loyalty,
And outward shew a reverence to the queen,
Yet in my heart I hate her: yes, by heav'n
She stops my proud ambition! keeps me down
When I would soar upon an eagle's wing,
And thence look down and dose the world below.

Law. Thou know'st my Lord of Physic, I had long
Been privileg'd by custom immemorial,

In tongues unknown, or rather none at all,
My edicts to deliver thro' the land;
When this proud queen, this Common-sense, abridg'd
My power, and made me understood by all.

Phys. My Lord, there goes a rumour thro' the court,
That you descended from a family
Related to the queen; Reason is said
T' have been the mighty founder of your house.

Law. Perhaps so; but we have rais'd ourselves so high,
And shook this founder from us off so far,
We hardly deign to own from whence we came.

Fireb. My Lords of Law and Physic, I have heard,
With perfect approbation, all you've said;
And since I know you men of noble spirit,
And fit to undertake a glorious cause,
I will divulge myself: know, thro' this mask,
Which to impose on vulgar minds I wear,
I am an enemy to Common-sense;
But this not for ambition's earthly cause,
But to enlarge the worship of the Sun:
To give his priests a just degree of power,
And more than half the profits of the land.
Oh! my good Lord of Law, would'st thou assist,
In spite of Common-sense it may be done.

Law. Propose the method.

Fireb. Here survey this list,
In it you'll find a certain set of names,
Whom well I know sure friends to Common-sense;
These it must be our care to represent
The greatest enemies to the gods and her.
But hush, the queen approaches.

Enter the QUEEN, *attended by two Maids of Honour.*

Fust. What! but two maids of honour?

Promp. Sir, a Jew carried off the other, but I shall be able to pick up some more against the play is acted.

Q. C. S. My Lord of Law, I sent for you this morning;
I have a strange petition given to me;
Two men, it seems, have lately been at law
For an estate, which both of them have lost,
And their attornies now divide between them.

Law. Madam, these things will happen in the law.

Q. C. S. Will they, my lord? then better we had none:
But I have also heard a sweet bird sing,
That men unable to discharge their debts
At a short warning, being sued for them,
Have, with both power and will their debts to pay,
Lain all their lives in prison for their costs.

Law. That may perhaps be some poor person's case,
Too mean to entertain your royal ear.

Q. C. S. My Lord, while I am queen I shall not think
One man too mean, or poor to be redress'd;
Moreover, Lord, I am inform'd your laws
Are grown so large, and daily yet increase,
That the great age of old Methusalem
Would scarce suffice to read your statutes out.

Fireb. Madam, a more important cause demands
Your royal care; strange omens have appear'd,
Sights have been seen, and voices have been heard;
The gods are angry and must be appeas'd,

Nor do I know to that a readier way
Than by beginning to appease their priests,
Who groan for power, and cry out after honour.
Q. C. S. The gods indeed, have reason for their anger.
And sacrifices shall be offer'd to them;
But would you make 'em welcome; Priest, be meek,
Be charitable, kind, nor dare affront
The Sun you worship, while yourselves prevent
That happiness to men you ask of him.

Enter an OFFICER.

Q. C. S. What means this hasty message in your looks?
Offic. Forgive me, Madam, if my tongue declares
News for your sake, which most my heart abhors;
Queen Ignorance is landed in your realm,
With a vast power from Italy and France
Of singers, fiddlers, tumblers, and rope-dancers.
Q. C. S. Order our army instantly to get
Themselves in readiness; ourself will head 'em.
My Lords, you are concern'd as well as we,
T'oppose this foreign force, and we expect
You join us with your utmost levies straight;
Go, Priest, and drive all frightful omens hence;
To fright the vulgar they are your pretence,
But sure the gods will side with Common-sense.
[*Exit cum suis.*
Fireb. They know their interest better; or at least
Their priests do for 'em, and themselves. Oh! Lords,
This Queen of Ignorance, whom you have heard
Just now describ'd, in such a horrid form,

Is the most gentle, and most pious queen;
So fearful of the gods, that she believes
Whate'er their priests affirm. And by the Sun,
Faith is no faith, if it fall short of that.
I'd be infallible; and that, I know,
Will ne'er be granted me by Common-sense:
Wherefore I do disclaim her, and will join
The cause of Ignorance. And now, my Lords,
Each to his post——The rostrum I ascend,
My Lord of Law, you to your courts repair;
And you, my good Lord Physick, to the Queen;
Handle her pulse, potion and pill her well.

Phys. Oh! my good Lord, had I her royal ear,
Would she but take the counsel I would give,
You'd need no foreign power to overthrow her:
Yes, by the gods! I would with one small pill
Unhinge her soul, and tear it from her body;
But to my heart and me a deadly foe,
She has averr'd, ay, in the publick court.
That Water Gruel is the best physician;
For which, when she's forgiven by the college,
Or when we own the sway of Common-sense,
May we be forc'd to take our own prescriptions.

Fireb. My Lord of Physick I applaud thy spirit;
Yes, by the Sun, my heart laughs loud within me,
To see how easily the world's deceiv'd;
To see this Common-sense thus tumbled down
By men, whom all the cheated nations own
To be the strongest pillars of her thrones

[*Exeunt* Fireb. Law *and* Phys.

Fust. Thus ends the first act, Sir.

Sneer. This tragedy of your's, Mr. Fustian, I observe to be emblematical; do you think it will be understood by the audience?

Fust. Sir, I cannot answer for the audience;

tho' I think the panegyrick intended by it is very plain, and very seasonable.

Sneer. What panegyrick?

Fust. On our clergy, Sir, at least the best of them, to shew the difference between a heathen and a christian priest. And as I have touch'd only on generals, I hope I shall not be thought to bring any thing improper on the stage, which I would carefully avoid.

Sneer. But is not your satire on law and physick somewhat too general?

Fust. What is said here cannot hurt either an honest lawyer, or a good physician; and such may be, nay, I know such are: if the opposites to these are the most general, I cannot help that; as for the professors themselves, I have no great reason to be their friend, for they once joined in a particular conspiracy against me.

Sneer. Ay, how so?

Fust. Why, an apothecary brought me in a long bill, and a lawyer made me pay it.

Sneer. Ha, ha, ha! a conspiracy indeed.

Fust. Now, Sir, for my second act; my tragedy consists but of three.

Sneer. I thought that had been immethodical in tragedy.

Fust. That may be; but I spun it out as long as I could keep Common-sense alive; ay, or even her ghost. Come begin the second act.

The Scene draws, and discovers COMMON-SENSE *asleep.*

Sneer. Pray, Sir, who's that, upon the couch there?

Fust. I thought you had known her better, Sir, that's Common-sense, asleep.

Sneer. I should rather have expected her at the head of her army.

Fust. Very likely, but you do not understand the practical rules of writing as well as I do; the first and greatest of which is protraction, or the art of spinning, without which the matter of a play would lose the chief property of all other matter, namely, extension; and no play, Sir, could possibly last longer than half an hour. I precieve, Mr. Sneerwell, you are one of those who would have no character brought on, but what is necessary to the business of the play——Nor I neither——But the business of the play, as I take it, is to divert, and therefore every character that diverts, is necessary to the business of the play.

Sneer. But how will the audience be brought to conceive any probable reason for this sleep?

Fust. Why, Sir, she has been meditating on the present general peace of Europe, 'till by too intence an application, being not able thoroughly to comprehend it, she was over-power'd, and fell fast asleep. Come, ring up the first ghost. [*Ghost arises.*] You know that ghost?

Sneer. Upon my word, Sir, I can't recollect any acquaintance with him.

Fust. I am surpris'd at that, for you must have seen him often: that's the ghost of Tragedy, Sir; he has walk'd all the stages of London several years; but why are not you flower'd?——What the devil is become of the barber?

Ghost. Sir, he's gone to Drury-Lane play-house to shave the Sultan in the new entertainment.

Fust. Come, Mr. Ghost, pray begin.

Ghost. From the dark regions of the realms below,
The ghost of Tragedy has ridden post;
To tell thee, Common-sense, a thousand things,
Which do import thee nearly to attend;
[*Cock crows.*
But ha! the cursed cock has warn'd me hence;
I did set out too late, and therefore must
Leave all my business to some other time.
[*Ghost descends.*

Sneer. I presume this is a character necessary to divert; for I can see no great business he has fulfill'd.

Fust. Where's the second ghost?

Sneer. I thought the cock had crow'd,

Fust. Yes, but the second ghost need not be supposed to have heard it. Pray, Mr. Prompter, observe, the moment the first ghost descends, the second is to rise: they are like the twin-stars in that. [*Second ghost rises.*

2d. Ghost. Awake great Common-sense and sleep no more.
Look to thyself; for then, when I was slain,
Thyself was struck at: think not to survive
My murder long; for while thou art on earth,
The convocation will not meet again.
The lawyers cannot rob men of their rights!
Physicians cannot dose away their souls:
A courtiers promise will not be believ'd;
Nor broken citizens again be trusted.
A thousand news-papers cannot subsist,
In which there is not any news at all.
Play-houses cannot flourish, while they dare
To nonsense give an entertainment's name.
Shakespear and Johnson, Dryden, Lee, and Row,
Thou wilt not bear to yield to Sadler's-wells;

Thou wilt not suffer men of wit to starve,
And fools, for only being fools, to thrive.
Thou wilt not suffer eunuchs to be hired,
At a vast price to be impertinent.

[*Third ghost rises.*

3d. Ghost. Dear ghost, the cock has crow'd; you cannot get
Under the ground a mile before 'tis day.

2d. Ghost. Your humble servant then, I cannot stay. [*Ghost descends.*

Fust. Thunder and lightning! thunder and lightning! Pray don't forget this when it is acted.

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, why must a ghost always rise in a storm of thunder and lightning? for I have read much of that doctrine, and don't find any mention of such ornaments.

Fust. That may be, but they are very necessary: they are indeed properly the paraphernalia of a ghost.

Sneer. But, pray, whose ghost was that?

Fust. Whose should it be, but Comedy's. I thought when you had been told the other was Tragedy, you would have wonted no intimation who this was. Come, Common-sense, you are to awake and rub your eyes.

Q. C. S. [*Waking.*] Who's there?

Enter a Maid of Honour.

Did you not hear or see some wond'rous thing?

Maid. No, may it please your majesty, I did not.

Q. C. S. I was a-dream'd I over-heard a ghost.

Maid. In the next room I closely did attend.
And had a ghost been here I must have heard him.

Enter FIREBRAND.

Q. C. S. Priest of the Sun, you come most opportune,
For here has been a dreadful apparition:
As I lay sleeping on my couch, methought
I saw a ghost.

Sneer. Then I suppose she sleeps with her eyes open.

Fust. Why, you would not have Common-sense see a ghost, unless in her sleep, I hope.

Fireb. And if such toleration
Be suffer'd, as at present you maintain,
Shortly your court will be a court of ghosts.
Make a huge fire and burn all unbelivers,
Ghosts will be hang'd ere venture near a fire.

Q. C. S. Men cannot force belief upon themselves,
And shall I then by torture force it on them?

Fireb. The Sun will have it so.

Q. C. S. How do I know that?

Fireb. Why I, his priest infallible, have told you.

Q. C. S. How do I know you are infallible?

Fireb. Ha? do you doubt it? nay, if you doubt that,
I will prove nothing——But my zeal inspires me,
And I will tell you, Madam, you yourself
Are a most deadly enemy to the Sun,
And all his priests have greatest cause to wish
You had been never born.

Q. C. S. Ha! says't thou, priest?
Then know, I honour and adore the Sun!
And when I see his light, and feel his warmth,
I glow with flaming gratitude towards him;

But, know, I never will adore a priest.
Who wear pride's face beneath religion's mask,
And makes a pick-lock of his piety,
To steal away the liberty of mankind.
But while I live, I'll never give thee power.

Fireb. Madam, our power is not deriv'd from you,
Nor any one: 'twas sent us in a box
From the great Sun himself, and carriage paid:
Phæton brought it when he overturn'd
The chariot of the Sun into the sea.

Q. C. S. Shew me the instrument, and let me read it.

Fireb. Madam, you cannot read it, for being thrown
Into the sea, the water has so damag'd it,
That none but priests could ever read it since.

Q. C. S. And do you think I can believe this tale?

Fireb. I order you to believe it, and you must.

Q. C. S. Proud and imperious man, I can't believe it.
Religion, law, and physick, were design'd,
By heaven the greatest blessings on mankind;
But priests and lawyers, and physicians made
These general goods to each a private trade;
With each they rob, with each they fill their purses,
And turn our benefits into our curses. [*Exit.*

Fust. Law and Physick. Where's Law?

Enter PHYSICK.

Phys. Sir, Law, going without the play-house passage, was taken up by a lord, chief-justice's warrant.

Fireb. Then we must go on without him.

Fust. No, no, stay a moment; I must get somebody else to rehearse the part. Pox take all warrants for me; if I had know this before, I would have satirized the law ten times more than I have.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter FUSTIAN, SNEERWELL, PROMPTER, FIREBRAND, LAW, *and* PHYSICK.

Fustian.

I AM glad you have made your escape; but I hope you will make the matter up before the day of action: come, Mr. Firebrand, now if you please go on; the moment Common-sense goes off the stage, Law and Physick enter.

Fireb. Oh! my good Lords of Physick and of Law,
Had you been sooner here you would have heard
The haughty queen of Common-sense throw out
Abuses on us all.

Law. I am not now
To learn the hatred which she bears to me.
No more of that——for now the warlike Queen
Of Ignorance, attended with a train
Of foreigners, all foes to Common-sense,
Arrives at Covent-Garden; and we ought
To join her instantly with all our force.
At Temple-Bar some regiments parade,

The colonels, Clifford, Thaives, and Furnival,
Thro' Holborn lead their powers to Drury-Lane,
Attorneys all completely arm'd in brass;
These, bailiffs and their followers will join;
With justices, and constables, and watchmen.

Phys. In Warwick-Lane, my powers expect me now,
A hundred chariots with a chief in each,
Well-fam'd for slaughter, in his hand he bears
A feather'd dart, that seldom errs in flight.
Next march a band of choice apothecaries,
Each arm'd with deadly pill; a regiment
Of surgeons terrible maintain the rear,
All ready first to kill, and then dissect.

Fireb. My Lords, you merit greatly of the Queen,
And Ignorance shall well repay your deeds;
For I foretell, that by her influence,
Men shall be brought, (what scarce can be believ'd,)
To bribe you with large fees to their undoing.
Success attend your glorious enterprize;
I'll go and beg it earnest of the Sun:
I, by my office, am from fight debarr'd,
But I'll be with you ere the booty's shar'd.

[*Exeunt* Firebrand, Law, *and* Physick.

Fust. Now, Mr. Sneerwell, we shall begin my third and last act; and I believe I may defy all the poets who have ever writ, or ever will write, to produce its equal: it is, Sir, so cram'd with drums and trumpets, thunder and lightning, battles and ghosts, that I believe the audience will want no entertainment after it: it is as full of shew as Merlin's cave itself, and for wit——no rope-dancing or tumbling can come near it.——Come, begin. [*A ridiculous march is played.*

Enter Queen IGNORANCE, *attended with Singers, Fiddlers, Rope-dancers, Tumblers*, &c.

Q. Ign. Here fix our standard; what is this place call'd?

1st. Atten. Great Madam, Covent-Garden is its name.

Q. Ign. Ha! then methinks we have ventured too far,
Too near those theatres where Common-sense
Maintains her garrisons of mighty force;
Who, should they sally on us ere we're join'd
By Law and Physick, may offend us much.
[*Drum beats, within.*
But ha! what means this drum?

1st. Atten. It beats a parley, not a point of war.

Enter HARLEQUIN.

Harl. To you, great Queen of Ignorance, I come
Embassador from the two theatres.
Who both congratulate you on your arrival;
And to convince you with what hearty meaning
They sue for your alliance, they have sent
Their choicest treasure here as hostages,
To be detain'd 'till you are well convinc'd,
They're not less foes to Common-sense than you.

Q. Ign. Where are the hostages?

Harl. Madam, I have brought
A catalogue, and all therein shall be
Deliver'd to your order: but consider,
Oh mighty Queen! they offer you their all;

And gladly, for the least of these would give
Their poets and their actors in exchange.

Q. Ign. Read the catalogue.

Harl. [*Reads.*] A tall man, and a tall woman, hired at a vast price.

A strong man, exceeding dear.

Two dogs that walk on their hind legs only, and personate human creatures so well, they might be mistaken for them.

A human creature that personates a dog so well, that he might almost be taken for one.

Two human cats.

A most curious set of puppies.

A pair of pigeons.

A set of rope-dancers and tumblers from Sadler's-wells.

Q. Ign. Enough, enough; and is it possible
That they can hold alliance with my friends
Of Sadler's-wells? then are they foes indeed
To Common-sense, and I'm indebted to 'em.
Take back their hostages, for they may need 'em;
And take this play, and bid 'em forthwith act it;
There is not in it either head or tail.

Harl. Madam, they will most gratefully receive it.
The character you give would recommend it,
Tho' it had come from a less powerful hand.

Q. Ign. The Modish Couple is its name; myself
Stood gossip to it, and I will support
This play against the town.

1st. Atten. Madam, the Queen
Of Common-sense advances with her powers.

Q. Ign. Draw up my men; I'll meet her as I ought;
This day shall end a long dispute between us.

Enter Queen COMMON-SENSE *with a* DRUMMER.

Fust. Hey day! where's Common-sense's army?

Prompt. Sir, I have sent all over the town, and could not get one soldier for her, except that poor Drummer, who was lately turn'd out of an Irish regiment.

Drum. Upon my shoul but I have been a drummer these twenty years, master, and have seen no wars yet; and I was willing to learn a little of my trade before I died.

Fust. Hush, sirrah, don't you be witty; that is not in your part.

Drum. I don't know what is in my part, Sir; but I desire to have something in it; for I have been tired of doing nothing a great while.

Fust. Silence.

Q. C. S. What is the reason, Madam, that you bring
These hostile arms into my peaceful realm?

Q. Ign. To ease your subjects from that dire oppression
They groan beneath, which longer to support
Unable, they invited my redress.

Q. C. S. And can my subjects then complain of wrong;
Base and ungrateful! what is their complaint?

Q. Ign. They say you do impose a tax of thought
Upon their minds, which they're too weak to bear.

Q. C. S. Would'st thou from thinking then absolve mankind!

Q. Ign. I wou'd, for thinking only makes men wretched;

And happiness is still the lot of fools.
Why should a wise man wish to think, when thought
Still hurts his pride? In spite of all his art,
Malicious fortune, by a lucky train
Of accidents, shall still defeat his schemes,
And set the greatest blunderer above him.

Q. C. S. Urgest thou that against me, which thyself
Has been the wicked cause of? Which thy power,
Thy artifice, thy favourites have done?
Could Common-sense bear universal sway,
No fool could ever possibly be great.

Q. Ign. What is this folly, which you try to paint
In colours so detestable and black?
Is't not the general gift of fate to men?
And tho' some few may boast superior sense,
Are they not call'd odd fellows by the rest?
In any science, if this sense peep forth,
Shew men the truth, and strive to turn their steps
From ways wherein their gross forefathers err'd,
Is not the general cry against them straight?

Sneer. This Ignorance, Mr. Fustian, seems to know a great deal.

Fust. Yes, Sir, she knows what she has seen so often; but you find she mistakes the cause, and Common-sense can never beat it into her.

Q. Ign. Sense is the parent still of fear; the fox,
Wise beast, who knows the treachery of men,
Flies their society, and sculks in woods,
While the poor goose in happiness and ease,
Fearless grows fat within its narrow coop,
And thinks the hand that feeds it is its friend,

Then yield thee, Common-sense, nor rashly dare
Try a vain combat with superior force.

Q. C. S. Know queen, I never will give up the cause
Of all these followers; when at the head
Of all these heroes I resign my right,
May my curst name be blotted from the earth.

Sneer. Methinks Common-sense tho' ought to give it up, when she has no more to defend it.

Fust. It does indeed look a little odd at present; but I'll get her an army strong enough against it's acted. Come, go on.

Q. Ign. Then thus I hurl defiance at thy head.
Draw all your swords:

Q. C. S. And, Gentlemen, draw yours.

Q. Ign. Fall on, have at thy heart. [*A fight*

Q. C. S. And have at thine.

Fust. Oh, fy upon't, fy upon't I never saw a worse battle in all my life upon any stage. Pray, Gentlemen, come some of you over to the other side.

Sneer. These are Swiss soldiers, I perceive, Mr. Fustian: they care not which side they fight of.

Fust. Now, begin again, if you please, and fight away; pray fight as if you were in earnest, Gentlemen. [*They fight.*] Oons, Mr. Prompter, I fancy you hired these soldiers out of the train'd-bands, they are afraid to fight even in jest. [*They fight again.*] There, there, pretty well; I think, Mr. Sneerwell, we have made a shift to make out a good sort of a battle at last.

Sneer. Indeed I cannot say I ever saw a better—

Fust. You don't seem, Mr. Sneerwell, to relish this battle greatly.

Sneer. I cannot profess myself the greatest ad-

mirer of this part of tragedy; and I own my imagination can better conceive the idea of a battle from a skilful relation of it, than from such a representation; for my mind is not able to enlarge the stage into a vast plain, nor multiply half a score into several thousands.

Fust. Oh! your humble servant! but if we write to please you, and half a dozen others, who will pay the charges of the house? Sir, if the audience will be contented with a battle or two, instead of all the raree-fine shows exhibited to them in what they call entertainments——

Sneer. Pray, Mr. Fustian, how came they to give the name of entertainments to their pantomimical farces?

Fust. Faith, Sir, out of their peculiar modesty: intimating that after the audience had been tired with the dull works of Shakespear, Johnson, Vanbrugh, and others, they are to be entertain'd with one of these Pantomimes, of which the master of the play-house, two or three painters, and half a score dancing-masters are the compilers: What these entertainments are, I need not inform you who have seen 'em; but I have often wonder'd how it was possible for any creature of human understanding, after having been diverted for three hours with the production of a great genius, to sit for three more, and see a set of people running about the stage after one another, without speaking one syllable; and playing several juggling tricks, which are done at Fawks's after a much better manner; and for this, Sir, the town does not only pay additional prices, but lose several fine parts of their best authors, which are cut out to make room for the said farces.

Sneer. 'Tis very true, and I have heard a hun-

dred say the same thing, who never fail'd being present at them.

Fust. And while that happens, they will force any entertainment upon the town they please, in spite of its teeth. [*Ghost of* Common-sense *rises.*] Oons, and the devil, Madam; What's the meaning of this? You have left out a scene; was ever such an absurdity, as for your ghost to appear before you are kill'd.

Ghost. I ask pardon, Sir, in the hurry of the battle I forgot to come and kill myself.

Fust. Well, let me wipe the flour off your face then; and now if you please rehearse the scene; take care you don't make this mistake any more tho'; for it would inevitably damn the play, if you should. Go to the corner of the scene, and come in as if you had lost the battle.

Q. C. S. Behold the ghost of Common-sense appears.

Fust. 'Sdeath, Madam, I tell you, you are no ghost, you are not kill'd.

Q. C. S. Deserted and forlorn, where shall I fly? The battle's lost, and so are all my friends

Enter a POET.

Poet. Madam, not so, still you have one friend left.

Q. C. S. Why, what art thou?

Poet. Madam, I am a poet.

Q. C. S. Whoe'er thou art, if thou'rt a friend to misery,
Know Common-sense disclaims thee.

Poet. I have been damn'd
Because I was your foe, and yet I still
Courted your friendship with my utmost art.

Q. C. S. Fool, thou wert damn'd because thou didst pretend
Thyself my friend; for hadst thou boldly dar'd,
Like Hurlothumbo, to deny me quite;
Or like an opera or pantomime,
Profess'd the cause of Ignorance in publick,
Thou might'st have met with thy desir'd success;
But men can't bear even a pretence to me.

Poet. Then take a ticket for my benefit night.

Q. C. S. I will do more, for Common-sense will stay
Quite from your house, so may you not be damn'd.

Poet. Ha! Say'st thou? By my soul a better play
Ne'er came upon a stage; but since you dare
Contemn me thus, I'll dedicate my play
To Ignorance, and call her Common-sense:
Yes, I will dress her in your pomp, and swear
That Ignorance knows more than all the world.
[*Exit.*

Enter FIREBRAND.

Fireb. Thanks to the Sun for this desir'd encounter.

Q. C. S. Oh! Priest, all's lost; our forces are o'erthrown,
Some gasping lie, but most are run away.

Fireb. I knew it all before, and told you too
The Sun has long been out of humour with you.

Q. C. S. Dost thou then lap upon the Sun the faults
Of all those cowards, who forsook my cause?

Fireb. Those cowards all were most religious men.

And I beseech thee, Sun, to shine upon them.

Q. C. S. Oh impudence, and dar'st thou to my face?——

Fireb. Yes, I dare more——the Sun presents you this, [*Stabs her.*
Which I his faithful messenger deliver.

Q. C. S. Oh! Traitor, thou has murder'd Common-sense.
Farewell vain world? to Ignorance I give thee.
Her leaden sceptre shall henceforward rule.
Now, Priest, indulge thy wild ambitious thoughts,
Men shall embrace thy schemes, 'till thou hast drawn
All worship from the Sun upon thyself:
Henceforth all things shall topsy-turvy turn;
Physick shall kill, and Law enslave the world:
Cits shall turn beaus, and taste Italian songs,
While courtiers are stock-jobbing in the city.
Places, requiring learning and great parts,
Henceforth shall all be hustled in a hat.
And drawn by men deficient in them both.
Statesmen——but oh! cold death will let me say
No more——and you must guess et cætera. [*Dies*

Fireb. She's gone, but ha? It may beseem me ill
T' appear her murderer; I'll therefore lay
This dagger by her side, and that will be
Sufficient evidence, with a little money,
To make the coroner's inquest find self-murder.
I'll preach her funeral sermon, and deplore
Her loss with tears, praise her with all my art;
Good Ignorance will still believe it all. [*Exit.*

Enter Queen IGNORANCE, &c.

Q. Ign. Beat a retreat, the day is now our own,

The powers of Common-sense are all destroy'd;
Those that remain are fled away with her.

I wish, Mr. Fustian, this speech be common-sense.

Sneer. How the devil should it, when she's dead?

Fust. One would think so, when a cavil is made against the best thing in the whole play; and I would willingly part with any thing else but those two lines.

Harl. Behold! where welt'ring in her blood
she lies.———

I wish, Sir, you would cut that line, or alter it if you please.

Fust. That's another line that I won't part with; I would consent to cut out any thing but the chief beauties of my play.

Harl. Behold the bloody dagger by her side,
With which she did the deed.

Q. Ign. 'Twas nobly done!
I envy her her exit, and will pay
All honours to her dust,—bear hence her body,
And let her lie in state in Goodman's-fields.

Enter MESSENGER.

Mess. Madam, I come an envoy from Crane-court,
The great society that there assemble
Congratulate your victory, and request
That firm alliance henceforth may subsist
Between your Majesty's society
Of Grub-street and themselves: They rather beg
That they may be united both in one;
They also hope your Majesty's acceptance

Of certain curiosities, which in
That hamper are contain'd; wherein you'll find
A horse's tail, which has an hundred hairs
More than are usual in it; and a tooth
Of elephant, full half an inch too long;
With turnpike ticket like an ancient coin.

Q. Ign. We gratefully accept their bounteous gifts;
And order they be kept with proper care,
Till we do build a place most fit to hold
These precious toys: Tell your society
We ever did esteem them of great worth,
And our firm friends: and tell 'em 'tis our pleasure
They do prepare to dance a jig before us.

[*Exit Messenger*

My Lords of Law and Physick, you shall find
I will not be ungrateful for your service:
To you, good Harlequin, and your allies,
And you, Squeekaronelly, I will be
A most propitious queen———But ha!

[*Music under the stage*

What hideous music, or what yell is this?
Sure 'tis the ghost of some poor opera tune.

Sneer. The ghost of a tune, Mr. Fustian?

Fust. Ay, Sir, did you never hear one before? I had once a mind to have brought the apparition of music in person upon the stage, in the shape of an English opera. Come, Mr. Ghost of the Tune, if you please to appear in the sound of soft music, and let the ghost of Common-sense rise to it. [*Ghost of* Common-sense *rises to soft music.*

Ghost. Behold the ghost of Common-sense appears.
Caitiffs avaunt, or I will sweep you off,
And clean the land from such infernal vermin

Q. Ign. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! haste, scamper off
My friends; we've kill'd the body, and I know
The ghost will have no mercy upon us.

Omn. A ghost! a ghost! a ghost! [*Run off.*]

Ghost. The coast is clear, and to her native realms
Pale Ignorance with all her host is fled;
Whence she will never dare invade us more:
Here, tho' a ghost, I will my power maintain,
And all the friends of Ignorance shall find,
My ghost, at least, they cannot banish hence.
And all henceforth, who murder Common-sense,
Learn from these scenes that tho' success you boast,
You shall at last be haunted with her ghost.

Sneer. I am glad you make Common-sense get the better at last; I was under terrible apprehensions for your moral.

Fust. Faith, Sir, this is almost the only play where she has got the better lately. But now for my epilogue: if you please to begin, Madam.

EPILOGUE.

GHOST.

THE play once done, the Epilogue, by rule,
Should come and turn it all to ridicule;
Should tell the ladies that the tragic bards,
Who prate of virtue and her vast rewards,
Are all in jest, and only fools should heed 'em;
For all wise Women flock to Mother Needham.
This is the method Epilogues pursue,
But we to-night in every thing are new.
Our Author then in jest thro'out the play,
Now begs a serious word or two to say.
Banish all childish entertainments hence;
Let all that boast your favour have pretence,
If not to sparkling wit, at least to sense.
With soft Italian notes indulge your ear,
But let those singers, who are bought so dear,
Learn to be civil for their cheer at least;
Nor use like beggars those who give the feast.
And tho' while Music for herself may carve,
Poor Poetry, her sister-art, must starve;
Starve her, at least with shew of approbation,
Nor slight her, while you search the whole creation,
For all the tumbling-scum of every nation.

Can the whole world in science match our soil?
Have they a Locke, a Newton or a Boyle?
Or dare the greatest genius of their stage,
With Shakespeare, or immortal Ben engage?

Content with nature's bounty, do not crave
The little which to other lands she gave;
Nor like the cock a barley-corn prefer
o all the jewels which you owe to her.

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

London: Hazard and Carthew, Printers 49, Beech-street, Barbican.